





For
Hughie with his
Grandmas
love.

Dec. 20th 89.



COLUMBUS'S FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.

WUNDERFUL STORIES.

Daring Enterprise, and Salvation.

AUTHOR OF "ALL THIS IS MY OWN," "THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD," "THE HISTORY OF THE
OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE," "THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD," "THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD,"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. H. H. H. H.

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WONDERFUL STORIES

OF

Daring, Enterprise, and Adventure.

BY

DR. MACAULAY

AUTHOR OF "ALL TRUE " "STIRRING STORIES OF PEACE AND WAR;" "TRUE TALES
OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE;" "THRILLING TALES OF ENTERPRISE
AND PERIL," ETC.

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P R E F A C E.

I N the evening of a long life of literary and editorial labour, I find no work more congenial, and certainly there is none more important, than providing suitable reading for the young. In my boy days, books of travel by sea and land, tales of peril and adventure, and stories of heroic deeds in peace as well as in war, were devoured by young readers. Sensational or sentimental fiction, such as is the staple of most books for boys and girls, was then little known. The most popular of all stories for boys, "Robinson Crusoe," owes much of its power to its being founded on real incidents. Truth is often stranger than fiction, and is likely to prove more profitable, while equally attractive.

In attempting to revive and encourage a taste for such reading, I have prepared a series of volumes, the distinctive feature of which appears in the title of the first of them, "ALL TRUE." The success of

the venture, and the favourable notices of the press, show that such books are appreciated. The *Times* said, that "young people never like a story the less because it is true," and the *Scotsman* said that "no tales of imaginary heroes could be more entertaining." As to the comparative usefulness of truth and fiction, for inspiring and fostering all good and noble feelings in the young, there can be no question. The author hopes that the present volume may prove as acceptable and useful as its predecessors. It is commended to parents and teachers as a book suitable for prizes or presents, as well as to the youthful readers for whose entertainment it has been prepared.

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THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

IN the latter half of the fifteenth century the great problem that filled the minds of men of enterprise and adventure was to find a way by sea to India. It was this which led the Portuguese to push their voyages of exploration down the western coasts of Africa, till at last the efforts of Bartholomew Diaz, who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope (A.D. 1487), and of Vasco de Gama, who first crossed the Indian Ocean (A.D. 1498), were crowned with success.

Already, some years earlier, in 1492, a more wonderful and brilliant discovery had been made, surpassing in fame and in importance all other events in the history of maritime adventure. Not merely a new route to historic regions of the old world but a new world destined to equal in wealth and power all lands hitherto known, was the discovery which has made immortal the name of Columbus.

The story of the discovery of America has been told a hundred times, yet there is always a freshness of romance about the narrative, even for those who do not hear about it for the first time. Ever new to successive generations of readers are the incidents of the first voyage of Columbus, and ever memorable are the lessons of courage, daring, and endurance presented by his career.

The fame of the Portuguese discoveries attracted to Lisbon the most adventurous spirits of every maritime nation. Among these was "Cristoforo Colombo," a Genoese subject. Whether he was a native of Genoa is doubtful; more than

one village in other territories has been named as his birth-place. Certain it is that his ancestors held an honourable position, and the family had been reduced to poverty during the petty Italian wars and revolutions. His father sent him to school at Pavia, then the most noted seat of learning in Italy, but he showed a desire for a seafaring life at so early a period, that he was allowed to go to sea when only fourteen years of age. He had made good use of his time. Some knowledge of Latin he necessarily had, for it was only in that tongue that any science was taught in those days. He had lessons in geometry, astronomy, and especially in cosmography, and the art of drawing. In all these studies he took deep interest as bearing on his favourite subject of navigation.

His first voyages were to those ports in the Mediterranean which his countrymen, the Genoese, frequented. Longing for larger adventure, he made a voyage to the northern seas in 1467, and passing beyond Iceland, the *ultima Thule* of the ancients, he had some experience of Arctic navigation. After returning from this voyage he served for some years with a sea captain of his own family and name, who commanded a small squadron in the Mediterranean. In those times privateering was common, and the cruises of armed ships were little better than piratical expeditions. In fact, the exploits of Raleigh and other famous English notables, even at a later period, were much of the same character, and were regarded as honourable and legitimate sources of wealth. Sometimes against Mohammedans, and sometimes against the Venetians, the rivals of the Genoese in trade, Columbus led his ships, and was no less distinguished for his courage than his naval skill. It is recorded that on one occasion, when in single combat with one of a fleet of Venetian caravels, returning richly laden from the Low countries, the ship of Columbus, and the Venetian ship to which it was fast grappled, both took fire. It was only by throwing himself into the sea and striking for the shore, about two leagues distant, that his life was saved.

After a short interval he repaired to Lisbon, where one of his brothers was already settled, employed in making maps and charts, for which there was great demand. At Lisbon he became acquainted with Bartholomew Perestrello, one of the favourite captains of Prince Henry, by whom he had been appointed to the command of the expedition which discovered the islands of Porto Santo and Madeira. A daughter of this Perestrello became the wife of Columbus. In the home of his father-in-law he heard much that intensified his love of adventure and his zeal for exploration. The journals and maps of this experienced navigator he eagerly studied, learned many things about the countries he had visited, and heard the tales and legends which were current among Portuguese seamen. Several voyages he made to the Portuguese settlements on the African coast, and to the Canaries, the Azores, and other islands of the Atlantic Ocean. He became known as one of the most skilful navigators of his time, but his mind was all the while busy with ideas beyond those which most seamen around him dreamed of.

It was in studying the old maps of early navigators, and in supplementing them by the records of the vast regions of which Marco Polo and other travellers by land had described, that the idea entered his mind of finding a shorter way to India than had hitherto been imagined. The spherical figure of the world was perfectly known to the learned, and its size ascertained with some degree of accuracy, although such knowledge was hidden from the illiterate. No authentic reports were attainable of the magnitude of the countries east of the limits of ancient geography, but it seemed to Columbus that the distance necessary to complete the circle of the globe must be less than that required for the long voyage round the African continent, which was already talked of by the Portuguese navigators.

This was the central idea, around which there gradually gathered many facts and fancies to strengthen the conjecture and bring it to a fixed purpose. For instance, he found on

some of the maps coasts or islands marked far to the west of Europe. These were legendary or fabulous lands, such as the islands of Antilia and of St. Brandon, the latter a Scottish saint, of whose existence the people of Madeira may have got the notion and the name from the Northmen, whose voyages reached to those southern seas. In their case the idea of land to the west may really have been founded on fact, or vestiges of ancient tradition, as their ancestors had occasionally reached the northern coasts of America, though not permanently settling there. Young Perestrello told his brother-in-law that, when in Madeira, he had found a piece of timber washed ashore with strange carving, and a similar piece of wood had once been found floating upon the sea by a Portuguese pilot. There were reports also of trees of unknown kind driven upon the coasts of the Azores, after a long course of westerly gales; and it was even alleged that the bodies of two men had been washed ashore there with features unlike those of any known races of Europe or Africa. All these things were treasured in the mind of Columbus, and helped to mature the plan he cherished of sailing due west to the remote regions of the east.

It appears that as long ago as 1474 he had communicated his ideas on this matter to a physician at Florence, distinguished for his knowledge of cosmography, and by him he was encouraged to cherish the design, and strive to carry his plan into execution. He afterwards laid his scheme before the senate of Genoa, and offered to sail under the flag of the Republic, and secure for it the benefits of the enterprise. But he was regarded as a chimerical enthusiast, and his proposal was treated with contempt if not ridicule.

Having fulfilled his supposed duty in making the first proposal to his own countrymen, he made his next overture to the sovereign of the land of his adoption. But John II., then king of Portugal, after referring the question to some of his learned counsellors, declined to patronise this new undertaking. It is said that these counsellors had strongly advocated the route to

India by the Cape, and could not recommend the scheme of Columbus without appearing to condemn their former advice, and admitting the superior sagacity of the Italian navigator. They had the meanness, however, to obtain from the sanguine projector a full account of his plans, which they resolved to verify privately, while pretending to postpone their final decision. A pilot was sent out with a vessel, but after proceeding to a considerable distance his courage failed, and he returned to Lisbon to denounce the scheme as chimerical and perilous.

On hearing of this dishonourable transaction Columbus felt the utmost indignation, and resolved to break off all intercourse with a nation capable of such treacherous dealing. His own convictions were stronger than ever, but he had not the means to organise an expedition in order to verify them. He thought that he might find a patron in the rulers either of England or of Spain, both of which nations were famed for naval enterprise, and both would gladly become rivals of Portuguese enterprise.

To England he sent his brother Bartholomew, that he might lay his plans before the king, Henry VII., who was regarded as one of the most enlightened as well as richest princes in Europe. The voyage was unfortunate. The ship was taken by pirates, who stripped him of all that he possessed, and detained him for several years as a captive. At length he escaped from them, and contrived to reach London, but in such poverty that he was obliged to occupy himself for a considerable time in drawing and selling charts and maps in order to get his living, and to obtain money enough to purchase suitable apparel for appearing at Court. The king listened with interest to the proposals, and promised to take the matter into consideration. But meanwhile Columbus, having heard nothing for years of his brother, and meditating a personal visit to England, was encouraged by Juan Perez, guardian of the monastery of Rabida, near Palos, the seaport of Seville, to lay his plans before Ferdinand the king of Castile, whose

queen Isabella corresponded with Perez. She desired him to send Columbus to Santa Fe, where the king then was, while engaged in the siege of Granada. The king was, however, too much occupied with the Moorish war to give attention to the schemes of a visionary adventurer, as he thought this mariner to be. The queen, however, kept the matter in remembrance, with the purpose of bringing it forward at a more favourable season.

It would be tedious to recount all the delays, disappointments, and difficulties that almost drove Columbus to despair. He was again on the point of setting out for England, when a message from Queen Isabella summoned him back to the royal presence. Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., took this as the subject of a painting exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1887, with the title "The New World for Spain or for England?" The description in the catalogue thus reads: "Columbus, broken down at last and poverty stricken, while on his way to seek aid in England for his project, is overtaken on the bridge (which still exists) of Pinos, and there receives another promise of aid from the queen. Being urged by the messenger to return to Santa Fe, he ponders, and replies, 'I will take the word of the noble queen.'" Whatever may be thought of the painting as a work of art, it is certainly a fine historical picture.

After the conquest of Granada, and the triumphant entry into the Alhambra, the friends of Columbus induced the queen at once to bring his proposals before Ferdinand. So sanguine was Isabella of the success of the enterprise, and so generous in her friendly sympathy, that she offered to pledge her own jewels to raise enough money for fitting out the expedition. The friends of Columbus at court, especially Luis de Santangel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of Aragon, would not hear of the queen's risking the loss she had offered to make, and they undertook to advance the sum that was requisite. The king then sanctioned the enterprise, and among other terms in the negotiation they, as sovereigns of the ocean, con-

stituted Columbus their High Admiral in all the seas, and ruler of all the lands that he might discover in his voyage. With this treaty Columbus hastened back to his faithful friend Juan Perez, who at once busied himself in forwarding the equipment of the expedition. By him chiefly the aid was secured of three brothers named Pinzon, men of considerable wealth, and also of great experience in navigation, who were willing to give their personal assistance in the outfit and the conduct of the expedition.

It was on Friday, the 3rd of August, 1492, that Columbus set sail from Palos, in Andalusia, on this ever-memorable voyage. A vast crowd assembled to witness the departure, and to offer hearty supplications for the success of the undertaking. Columbus himself and his companions were imbued with pious feeling, and in solemn procession they all repaired to the chapel of the monastery of Rabida to implore the Divine protection and blessing, and to receive the holy sacrament from the hands of Juan Perez. There is no doubt that a sincere desire to spread the Christian faith, as they understood it, was joined, in the leaders of the expedition, with the romance and the ambition of this voyage of discovery.

Contrasted with the mighty purpose of the expedition, the fleet under command of the High Admiral seemed strangely and almost ludicrously small. There were three vessels, hardly worthy to be called ships, but such as were used for coasting trips from port to port. We have ourselves seen the same sort of vessels in the harbour of Palos, where the imagination readily conjures up the scene witnessed four centuries ago. Two of the vessels were little larger than the fishing boats on the beach at Brighton, or other of our sea-coast towns; while the admiral's ship, with the imposing name of the *Santa Maria*, so called in honour of the Blessed Virgin, was less in size than many of the fishing smacks in the German seas. Of the second ship, the *Pinta*, Martin Pinzon was the commander, with his brother Francis as pilot. The third, the *Niña*, was under the command of Vincent Pinzon.

8. *The First Voyage of Columbus.*

The united crews of the three ships numbered less than a hundred men, and these were not all sailors, for there were some adventurers who went to try their fortune, together with some gentlemen of the court, appointed by the queen to accompany the admiral. The whole expense in fitting out the expedition was about four thousand pounds, or less than twenty thousand Spanish dollars. The ships were victualled for twelve months.

It was the 13th of August when Columbus reached the Canary Islands. Some days were required for repairing damages done during the short voyage from Palos. He left Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the 6th of September. The first day was calm, and little way was made, but on the second they were out of sight of land, on the vast unknown ocean.

The sailors were almost all mere along-shore men, and none of them had even the experience of the Portuguese seamen on their African voyages. Columbus soon perceived that he had to combat a spirit of fear and dejection in his crews, as well as to brave the perils of the sea. Little respite could he obtain from his continuous watching, and he could snatch only a few irregular hours of sleep occasionally. At other times he was ever on deck, superintending the execution of every order, and constantly watching and noting in his journal every occurrence and appearance in the ocean or the sky. As they advanced westward, the variations of the compass puzzled the admiral as well as the seamen, whose alarm was increased day by day as they sailed further from their homes.

By the 14th of September the ships were above two hundred leagues from the point they had left in the Canary Islands, a distance from land greater than any Spaniard had ever been before. Still the course was kept west, as nearly as possible in the same latitude. Presently there were encountered steady winds, before which the ships moved swiftly, and with need seldom to shift a sail. They were in the

trade winds, of which nothing then was known. When about four hundred leagues from the Canaries the sea was dense with weeds, like a vast green meadow, a strange phenomenon which increased the terror of the sailors. Columbus, ever quick and ingenious in cheering his desponding crew, persuaded them that this sign ought rather to be an encouragement, as proof of land not far off. A brisk gale arising soon after carried them through the grassy sea,—an oceanic region familiar to modern navigators.

On the 1st of October the admiral's reckoning made out that they were seven hundred leagues west of the Canaries, but he deemed it prudent to use artifice, and to announce a far inferior progress. It was given out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues, and there were none who had skill to correct the error or discover the artifice. Birds had from time to time been seen hovering about the ship, and directing their flight towards the west. Incidents of that kind aided the admiral in his attempts to sustain their patience and keep alive their hope. When the signs proved fallacious, the most resolute and trusty of the seamen joined the timid and discontented, till a spirit of insubordination threatened to break out in open mutiny. They contended that the attempt to reach land had now been demonstrated to be hopeless, and that it was necessary to retrace their course while the frail ships were yet capable of keeping afloat. Officers and men united in these representations, and Columbus knew that plans were formed to compel him by force to accede to their wishes, and even to throw him into the sea if he proved obstinate.

Never was commander or leader of men, by sea or land, in any age of the world, in a position of greater difficulty than Columbus in those days and nights of anxiety. Were all his years of hope and effort to be now blighted, after advancing so far towards the object of his desire, in the realisation of which he himself still had full confidence? He strove to maintain calmness of demeanour, as well as firmness of pur-

pose. Sometimes he affected to be ignorant of the extent and depth of the feeling among his crew. He said much to sustain their hope, with every argument that could appeal to their ambition, their curiosity, and even their avarice. He threw out hints, too, as to the anger of their sovereign if they returned when he had assured them of the nearness of success. He appealed to their patriotism, to their profession of religion, and every motive that might weigh with them to abandon their desire to return.

There were occasionally new occurrences to strengthen these appeals, as when flocks of birds were seen making toward the south-west. He had read in Portuguese books of travel that this was a sure sign of land in the direction to which they were flying, and he changed the ship's course accordingly. For thirty days this time of anxiety lasted, and then the mutinous spirit, which ruled in all the ships, could be restrained no longer. Officers and men assembled on the deck, mingling threats with expostulations, and requiring their leader to return to Europe.

The critical moment had come at last, and Columbus felt he could resist no longer. Yet was there enough good feeling and respect towards one whom they had been accustomed to reverence to induce them to agree to the compact proposed by him,—that he would turn after three days' further effort.

Fortunately during these days the signs and omens of approaching land became more numerous and encouraging. The sounding line now easily reached the bottom, and brought up soil that gave indications of land not far distant. The flights of birds were evidently of species that could not travel far towards the ocean. Pieces of cane and of newly-cut wood floated near the ships, and the clouds and the winds were different from what had been familiar when far out at sea. So the three days were passed, without fresh outbursts of impatience, but rather with renewal of interest and of hope.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, watching anxiously as he stood on the forecastle, thought he saw a

light in the distance. He pointed it out to one of the queen's household who was near, and he called Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, as he was officially called. As they peered through the darkness the light was observed to be in motion, as if carried from place to place.

A little after midnight the joyful sound of "Land, land!" was heard from the *Pinta*, which was ahead of the other ships. The light soon after disappeared, and all longed impatiently for the return of day. Then were all doubts and fears dispelled. This was on the morning of October 12th. Every eye could now plainly see the outlines of the coast, and the trees, and verdancy of what seemed a beautiful and fertile land.

The crew of the *Pinta* first broke out in joyous praise, chanting the *Te Deum* as a hymn of thanksgiving. This act of pious devotion showed that all good feeling had not been lost, and prepares us for understanding how it was followed by demonstrations of gratitude to the commander, not without shame and self-condemnation, on account of their previous distrust, and the vexation they had caused to him. Those who had shown the mutinous spirit most strongly, were now the most warm and effusive in their expressions of honour and reverence.

As soon as the sun arose all the boats of the ships were manned. They rowed toward the shore—which they had perceived to be an island—with colours flying, music sounding, and other martial pomp. The men were well armed, but it was soon evident that they were coming among a gentle and peaceful people. The gestures and attitudes of the natives only expressed wonder and admiration, without sign of fear, much less of hostility.

Columbus was the first to step on shore,—the first European who set foot on the new world he had discovered. He was clothed in a rich dress, and had a drawn sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down they kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. Then a crucifix was

raised, and prostrate before it they returned thanks to Almighty God for bringing the voyage to such a happy issue. They then formally took possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, following in this ceremony the usage of the Portuguese who were the first discoverers of new lands beyond the bounds of European kingdoms.

The land thus discovered and taken possession of was one of the Bahama Isles, in the Gulf of Mexico. He called it San Salvador, as more expressive of ideas that filled their minds than the native name of Guanhani, the meaning of which they did not know.

We speak now of this being the discovery of a "new world," but to Columbus and his companions this was only one of the islands which he supposed to be situated in the great ocean adjacent to India. This idea remained for some time, and the islands of central America hence came to be called the West Indies, and the natives spoken of as Indians.

Many things were observed by the Admiral both on the first island and on the coasts of others which he saw but did not land at. Several natives of San Salvador were taken on board to be exhibited in Spain, and to be taught Spanish, so as to serve as guides and interpreters in future voyages. One of these islands was called Cuba by these natives, and this name it retains to the present day, as does the other great island sighted on that first voyage, Hayti, although both had other names at the time bestowed by the European discoverers.

For the sequel of the adventures of Columbus in this first voyage—the search for golden regions vaguely indicated by the Indians, the disastrous wreck of the *Santa Maria*, the disappearance of Pinzon with the *Pinta*, and the return of the Admiral to Europe in the little *Niña*, in enfeebled health and with a small handful of the men who started on the expedition—the reader must be referred to biographies and histories of those times.

On the 15th of February, 1493, the *Niña* reached the island of St. Mary, one of the Azores. There was no sign of the



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Pinta, from which he had been separated by a hurricane a month before. Neither did he obtain any tidings at Lisbon, where he arrived on March 5th. He stayed there only five days, with an uncomfortable feeling lest Pinzon might have returned to Spain before him, and obtained the glory and rewards of the great discoveries.

On the 15th of March he anchored in the harbour of Palos, seven months and eleven days from the time of his starting on his voyage. The rejoicings and thanksgivings were unbounded. Such ringing of bells and booming of cannon had never been heard before in the quiet old place. He had, moreover, the satisfaction of seeing Pinzon with the *Pinta* enter the harbour that very evening, a tempest having driven him too far north to get sooner to Palos, though his ship had always been the fastest sailor.

Soon after began the journey to court, at Barcelona, where Ferdinand and Isabella then happened to be. It was a triumphal progress all the way, especially on entering the town, for all Spain had soon caught the rumour of the successful enterprise. What was the remaining history of Columbus we have not now to relate, the first voyage being the great event of his life, and of the modern history of the world.

THE CAPE OF STORMS;
AFTERWARDS CALLED THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE most important event in the history of maritime enterprise, next to the discovery of America by Columbus, was the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope. Both these events took place near the close of the fifteenth century. Columbus sailed on the first of his memorable voyages in August 1492. Six years before, in 1486, Bartholomew Diaz, of Portugal, started on the voyage in which

the Cape was first doubled, at least in modern times. He returned to Lisbon in December 1487, after exploring part of the eastern coast of Africa. Having encountered violent tempests near the southern promontory, he gave it the name of Cabo Tormentoso, or the stormy cape. The king, Emanuel, fearing that seamen might be deterred by so sinister an appellation, and auguring great advantages from this new discovery, changed the name to that which it has ever since retained, the Cape of Good Hope.

It was not, however, till 1497, five years after the discovery of the New World, that King Emanuel carried out his purpose of sending a fleet to India by the Cape. Three vessels, carrying in all about sixty men, were fitted out for this great expedition, which sailed on the 8th of July, under the command of Vasco de Gama. The enterprise proved a splendid success. The Cape was doubled, on the return voyage, in March 1499 ; Lisbon was reached in September, little more than two years after the departure. The king received the chief with great magnificence, bestowed on him patents of nobility, and created him Admiral of the Indies.

It is my purpose briefly to tell the story of these two famous voyages, that of Bartholomew Diaz, by whom the Cape was discovered, and that of Vasco de Gama, who first reached the Indies by the new route. We shall also speak of other enterprises, by sea and land, which raised the Portuguese to a high pitch of renown and prosperity in the fifteenth century.

The reader may like to know how it came to pass that Portugal, one of the least of the nations of Europe, was in those days in the very van of adventurous enterprise, and acquired vast colonial possessions both in the Old World and the New. It is a romantic story all through, but we need only touch upon a few points in order to understand how this little kingdom obtained so much power and influence, the traces of which still remain in modern history. Except on the African coast, the foreign possessions of the Portuguese are now comparatively few and unimportant. In South America they have no longer

a footing, the great colony of Brazil having become an independent empire since 1822 under a sovereign of the House of Braganza. In the Atlantic they still possess the Cape Verde Islands, the Azores, and Madeira. In Asia the only possessions are Goa and some dependent islands on the west coast of India; the island of Kambing, and about a third of Timor; and the island of Macao in the Canton river in China. In Africa, both on the east and west coasts, the Portuguese settlements are more extensive. The principal are on the Guinea coast; Angola and Benguela on the south-west coast; Mozambique, Zambesi, Sofala, and other colonies on the south-east coast. In fact, the extent of the possessions on the African coast is so great as to interfere with the more useful colonising of the interior by other nations. Dr. Livingstone found the Portuguese in some parts as troublesome as the Dutch were in South Africa, and equally zealous in support of slavery. From the Portuguese also has come the chief opposition to fair commerce and peaceful colonisation, down to the time of Stanley's founding the independent Congo state. But our present concern is only with the successful enterprise of the nation in the sixteenth century, when founding their colonial empire.

It so happened that Portugal was the first country from which the Moors were completely expelled, after having long held possession of the Spanish peninsula and other parts of southern Europe. King John followed up his victories by pursuing the defeated Moors to the shores of Africa. In 1415 he took the city of Ceuta. On his return he conferred on his fifth son, Henry, the dukedom of Viseu, and appointed him governor of the territories recently conquered. Don Henry was a prince of most enlightened mind, as well as a brave soldier, and he had taken interest in Africa before the conquest of Ceuta by his father. In 1412 he had sent a vessel to explore the African coast. It was the first voyage of discovery undertaken by the Portuguese. Other expeditions followed, but navigation was at that time a rude art, and the mariners thought that a great feat was achieved when they doubled

Cape Nun or Non, so called probably because it had hitherto been the limit of exploration.

When residing in Africa Don Henry gathered much information about more distant parts of the coast as well as the interior. In 1418 two gentlemen of the prince's household volunteered their services in an expedition to double Cape Bojador, and explore the coast beyond. They steered as usual near the shore, but a violent gale arising they were driven out to sea, and when the storm abated they were cheered by seeing an island, which they called, in gratitude for their safety, Porto Santo. Overjoyed at the discovery they hastened back to Portugal, and reported to the prince the events of the voyage. What they said of the soil and climate of Porto Santo and the mild nature of its inhabitants induced the prince to agree to their proposal to form a settlement there. A new expedition was fitted out, consisting of three vessels, commanded by Zarco, Vaz, and Perestrelo. They were provided with all implements and with seeds for the plantation, but unfortunately they also carried with them some rabbits. These multiplied with such amazing rapidity (as they have done in our own day in the Australian colonies), that all the vegetation in the island was destroyed, and the infant colony had to be abandoned.

Before they left the island their attention was directed to an object too far off to be distinctly visible, yet always holding the same position to their view. They were not long in making an expedition to satisfy their curiosity, and then was discovered the far-famed island of Madeira. It was so named from its being everywhere covered with forests. The scenery was magnificent, the soil rich, and the climate delightful, but the island was uninhabited, although far larger and more attractive than Porto Santo.

Perestrelo hastened home to tell of the discovery, leaving Vaz and Zarco on the island. Prince Henry at once resolved to establish a colony there, and the new colonists took with them the vine and the sugar-cane as the most suitable plants

afterwards called the Cape of Good Hope. 17

for cultivation. These first vines came from Cyprus, then most famous for its wines, and were the beginning of the future wealth of the vineyards of Madeira.

There is an older story about the discovery of this lovely island, but whether it belongs to history or to fiction it is not easy to determine. According to this legend, an Englishman named Macham, with a fair young bride, Anna Dorset, unable to gain the consent of her family to their union, and threatened with vengeance, sought some place of tranquil security over the sea. By a tempest the vessel was driven to the shores of Madeira. When the loving pair, with three or four of the crew, were resting from the fatigues of the voyage, the vessel put to sea and deserted those who were on shore. The lady, enfeebled by the rough voyage and the scanty fare, sickened and died. Macham's grief was unbearable, and he expired not many days after his Anna had been laid in her grave. The survivors raised a rude wooden cross over the grave of the lovers. Having constructed a canoe-raft, they reached the Moorish coast with favouring wind, and from Morocco were sent into Spain, and thence reached England. It is by Portuguese writers that the story is recorded, and they add that the port and district of Machico take their name from the inscription found there on the tomb of Macham. The date of the legend is 1344, and it is certain that the existence of the island was obscurely known to seamen in the latter part of the fourteenth century.

But we must return to the Portuguese explorers, and their renowned chief, Don Henry, of whom much is said in the history of these times, and in poetry also. The great poet of the Portuguese, Camoens, in his "*Lusiad*" celebrates his praises, and our own Thomson, in after times, speaks of

"The Lusitanian Prince, who, Heaven-inspired,
To love of useful glory roused mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world."

In the year 1433, one of Prince Henry's ships, commanded by

Giliane, doubled Cape Bojador, which had hitherto been the boundary of African navigation, and had till then been deemed impassable. It was now known that a vast continent stretched to the south, washed by the Atlantic Ocean. A new impetus was given to exploration. The Portuguese mariners advanced within the tropics, and in a few years discovered the river Senegal, and all the coast from Cape Blanco to Cape de Verde. As far as the Senegal the native population resembled in appearance the Moors of Barbary and northern Africa. But as they pushed their discoveries southward they beheld men of true negro type, black as ebony, with woolly hair, flat noses, and thick lips. The changes in the human frame and complexion they attributed to the fierce solar heat, and for some time there was dread of advancing further south. But Prince Henry was determined to proceed with his plans of exploration, and was supported by his brother Pedro, now governor of the kingdom, as guardian of their nephew Alphonso V., who succeeded to the throne in 1438, during his minority.

Prince Henry, both for the encouragement of his own people, and as a precaution against rivalry from other nations, thought it advisable to get the sanction of the Pope for his proceedings. Eugene IV., who was then Pontiff, gladly seized the opportunity of posing as the arbiter of nations and the patron of princes. He issued a Bull, in which, after praising the enterprise of the Portuguese, he granted to them the exclusive right to all the countries which they should discover, from Cape Non to the continent of India. Prince Henry was already certain that he could reach the far east by the African seas. He promised that the chief object in all his expeditions would be to spread the knowledge of the Christian religion, and to establish in new regions the authority of the Holy See.

This compact proved of practical benefit. Zeal for the faith added fresh power to the love of adventure and the desire for gain which had mainly actuated the first voyagers. When the fame of the Portuguese discoveries spread through Europe other nations longed to join in the career of African explora-

tion and conquest. Our own Edward IV., at a later period of the century, was preparing an expedition, but the King of Portugal then reigning sent to remind him of the Papal Bull, and the English had to relinquish the design. Adventurers of many lands, however, flocked to Portugal, and sought to be employed in the service of Prince Henry. Among these were Genoese and Venetian seamen skilled in navigation, and in emulation of these strangers the Portuguese showed new enterprise and daring. The occupation of the Azores, islands nine hundred miles from any continent, showed that there was now less fear of venturing into the open seas.

Yet, with all this activity, at the time of the death of Prince Henry, in 1463, little more than fifteen hundred miles of the African coast had been explored. The spirit of this enlightened and energetic leader, nevertheless, animated his countrymen. King John II., who succeeded to Alphonso V. in 1481, showed enthusiasm almost equal to that of Prince Henry in earlier years. In 1484 a powerful fleet was fitted out, by which the regions of Benin and the Congo rivers were discovered, and, sailing far to the south, under the stars of another hemisphere, new regions were added to Portuguese power and commerce. When they found that the continent, instead of growing broader, as the geography of Ptolemy led them to believe, became narrower—as the direction of the coast line proved—on their progress southward, they recalled the ancient accounts of Phœnician voyages, long deemed fabulous, but now giving fresh hope of sailing round the whole of Africa. To Prince Henry these Phœnician records had been no fables, as his application to the Pope, and the grant of all countries as far as India, gave testimony. King John resolved to attempt the long and arduous task of the circumnavigation of the African continent.

He chose as the leader of the expedition one of his courtiers, Bartholomew Diaz, whose courage, prudence, and experience marked him as equal to such an undertaking. While the preparations for the voyage were being made, the King busied

himself with another design, also full of romantic interest, of which we must give some account in a future chapter. This was an expedition direct to the eastern regions of the dark continent, from which there had often come mysterious rumours of a mighty potentate, supposed to be the Emperor of Abyssinia, professing the Christian religion, and known in history and legend by the name of Prester John. Leaving this expedition for the present, we return to the projected voyage entrusted to Bartholomew Diaz, which was ready for starting in 1486.

It was towards the end of August that the expedition started. It was a tedious voyage, but the leader had courage and perseverance equal to the undertaking. He advanced boldly to the south, far beyond the limits of any previous attempts of his countrymen, nearly a thousand miles of new country having been discovered. Seldom has any navigator encountered such a succession of trials. Tempests imperilled his ship, the crew became thoroughly demoralised and mutinous, his storeship was lost, and famine threatened their total destruction. They would probably have taken the life of the commander, but that to his skill they looked for the only hope of safety. He had the courage to continue his southward course, and at length his perseverance was rewarded by descrying the lofty cape which bounds the continent. He only obtained a glimpse of the high land of the promontory. Another violent tempest drove him to sea, and he had to satisfy himself with surveying part of the coast beyond, on the eastern shores of Africa. No wonder that he called this Cape the Cabo Tormentoso, or Stormy Cape. With his ship disabled and his crew disheartened, he had to return, and had the good fortune to reach Lisbon after a voyage of sixteen months.

DISCOVERY OF ROUTE TO INDIA BY THE CAPE.

THE discovery of the route to India round the African continent was now only a matter of time. The result of the voyage of Bartholomew Diaz was found to agree with reports that reached Portugal in another way. An embassy had been despatched to Abyssinia, and letters sent from there assured the king and his councillors that the eastern shores of Africa, even down to the Cape,—now no longer called the Cape of Storms, but of Good Hope,—were well known to Indian and Arab navigators. How this information came will be explained in our next chapter. The king, Emanuel, came to the resolution of sending a fleet direct to India. The discovery of the New World by Columbus gave a fresh impulse to this design, and great preparations were made for the enterprise.

The command of the fleet was entrusted to Vasco de Gama, a gentleman of the Portuguese court, distinguished for his prudence, courage, and skill in navigation. Three vessels, carrying in all about sixty men, formed the expedition. It was thus an armament less imposing than the little company that first crossed the then unknown ocean, the Atlantic, under Columbus. Vasco de Gama set sail on the 8th of July, 1497. He steered straight for the Cape de Verde islands, and passing them made his course south till he reached St. Helena, where he remained a few days. Thence he arrived in two days at the Cape, although he had to encounter the south-east winds which prevail in that latitude during the summer season. His crews, like most of the seamen in those early voyages, were rather troublesome, and were inclined to disobey orders, but Vasco de Gama, by his address as well as his firmness, retained his authority, and restrained their impatience. Steering eastward along the southern coasts, he anchored in the Bay of St. Blaise, and soon after reached the little island of La Cruz, where the discoveries of Diaz had terminated.

22 *Discovery of Route to India by the Cape.*

From this place the trending of the coast was northerly, and the little fleet was soon sailing in the Indian seas. He took the precaution to keep the shores in sight as far as possible, and thus cautiously advancing he at length, in the beginning of March, 1498, anchored in the roadstead of the city of Mozambique. This place he found in the possession of Moors or Mohammedan Arabs, under a prince of their own creed, and trading with the Red Sea and the Indies.

The arrival of these strange ships created no small excitement among the Moors, especially among the navigators and traders. As soon as it was ascertained that the strangers were Christians, every stratagem and effort was made to get them into durance, doubtless with the result of slavery or death. Vasco de Gama was too watchful to be overpowered or circumvented. Securing a pilot, he sailed northward for Quiloa. The port was overpassed, and the currents being too strong for retracing his course, he steered on to Mombassa. Here he encountered similar people and similar treatment. The Moors everywhere in those days were artful and treacherous, where not used to intercourse with other nations.

Meeting with no hospitality, and obtaining no information at Mombassa, he proceeded northward to Melinda. Here he was more fortunate. Although the people were Mohammedans, it was found that their commercial pursuits had enlarged their ideas, and softened their manners toward strangers. The ruler of the region showed marked pleasure on the arrival of the strangers; he went on board Gama's ship, and invited him on shore to return the visit. The commander declined accepting the invitation, probably from lingering dread of treachery. He allowed some of his officers and men to go on shore, and they returned with good report of the honour and hospitality with which they had been treated.

More important was it to find in the harbour of Melinda several ships from India. These were Arab ships regularly trading with the East across the Indian Ocean. He even found on board some native Indian Christians, who were able

to give to Gama valuable information, privately warning him at the same time not to trust himself too much to Moorish appearances of friendship. The king or ruler of Melinda seems, however, to have behaved very honourably, and even kindly, for he gave to Gama, as his pilot, one of the most experienced navigators of those seas, Malemo Cana, an Indian of Gujerat. It is said that this pilot expressed no surprise when he saw the astrolabe, with which the Portuguese observed the meridian altitude of the sun; he said that the pilots of the Red Sea made use of instruments of similar construction.

Thus far there was really little of novelty or enterprise in the Portuguese voyage. The character of Vasco de Gama certainly grows upon us, and we admire his skill and courage, his perseverance and his address, in the management of his ships and of his men. But there was nothing of the romance that throws a halo of glory around the name of Columbus. Gama had at first only to follow the track of Diaz, and when he pushed northwards to regions already explored and peopled by Arab adventurers, he had the good fortune to find at Melinda that he was on the path of regular trade between Africa and India. Not the less, however, was the practical importance of his enterprise up to this point. He had still to show, in the eastern region whither he proceeded, the wonderful strength of will and loftiness of character which have made his name so renowned.

The voyage from Melinda to Calicut, under the direction of the Gujerat pilot, took twenty-three days. Calicut was at that time the busiest and richest seaport in India, being the chief emporium of the trade with Arab vessels from the Red Sea and the African coast. The prince who reigned there was named Zamorin. He gave permission to the Portuguese ships to enter the port, and consented to receive the commander with the same honours that were usually shown to ambassadors from foreign potentates. Gama's officers warned him to be aware of treachery, but he resolved to go on shore

the next day, giving to his brother the command of the fleet during his absence, and charging him, if any evil befel himself, he was not to attempt to avenge his death, but at once to depart, and, returning to Europe, to announce to the king the results of the voyage.

Next morning Gama went on shore, accompanied by twelve of his trustiest and most resolute men. He was received with great pomp and ceremony, and as he had to cross the city in order to reach Zamorin's country palace, the whole population turned out, full of curiosity at the appearance and dress of the strangers, so unlike anything hitherto seen in India. The reception by the king was most gracious, and Gama flattered himself that he might easily obtain a treaty for carrying on an advantageous trade with Calicut in Portuguese ships.

This hope was frustrated through the machinations of Mohammedan merchants, who viewed with jealousy the proceedings of these Christian strangers, and probably rival traders. Crafty insinuations were made that these strangers were not merchants but pirates, who had come chiefly to spy out the land, and to pioneer the way for expeditions of pillage or conquest. Colour was given to these suggestions by the fact that the Portuguese had brought no regular cargoes of merchandise, and Zamorin was also led to believe that the commander was not a person of official dignity because he had not brought presents, such as the envoys of foreign states were accustomed to bring to the ruler of Calicut. Some slight gifts to the king's attendants were rejected with contempt. The misunderstanding increased, and while some worked on the king's mind, others managed to convey to Gama the idea that there was a design to lure his ships into a position where they could be easily seized and the crews captured. He contrived to send a message of warning to his brother, while he himself resolved to remain with the king, whom he convinced, by his bold confidence and his earnest appeals, through an interpreter, of the advantages to be gained by an alliance with the Portuguese nation. The king was on the whole favourably

impressed by the conduct and words of his visitor, and dismissed him with courtesy and honour.

As soon as Gama got back to his ships he sailed without loss of time. He did not even wait to get some necessary repairs effected, but went for this purpose to the Angedine Islands, a little north of Calicut. He steered for Melinda, where he left his trusty pilot, and took on board an envoy from the king, who had all through seemed sincere in his friendship, and now professed a desire to enter into an alliance with Portugal. Retracing his course down the eastern coast of Africa, he doubled the Cape of Good Hope in March, 1499, and arrived in Lisbon in September of the same year, about two years after setting out on his memorable voyage. King Emanuel received him with great magnificence, celebrated his safe return with festivities, bestowed upon him titles of nobility, and appointed him Admiral of the Indies.

This narrative must not be closed without a reference to the greatest poet of Portugal, Camoens, who in the time when the discovery of the route to India was yet fresh in the memory of his countrymen, sang the praises of the Portuguese (os Lusíadas) in his grand poem "The Lusíad." "Their past history," says Hallam, "chimes in, by means of episodes, with the great event of Gama's voyage to India." One of the finest passages of the poem is where "the spirit of the Cape," rising in the midst of his stormy seas, threatens the daring adventurers who violate the hitherto unploughed waters.

IN QUEST OF PRESTER JOHN.

FROM the time that the Portuguese first made settlements on the northern and western coasts of Africa, there came rumours of a mighty ruler in the far east of the continent who professed the Christian religion. King John, after consulting

his learned men, came to the conclusion that this must be the emperor or king of Abyssinia, for it was known that the Moslem conquests had not extended to that region. Ambassadors from the negro kings of Benin and Congo and other places in the interior confirmed these rumours, telling how many moons (after their way of counting the length of caravan journeys) this greater ruler was beyond their own territories. The information about the eastern side of Africa being very meagre, and the ideas of history being very confused, the popular belief among the Portuguese, and, indeed, throughout Europe, was that at last they were on the track of Prester John, the mysterious potentate about whom there had been so many rumours and conjectures in past times.

Those who identified the ruler of Abyssinia with Prester John jumped to a hasty and baseless conclusion. That name had a far more venerable antiquity. It was first heard of in Europe more than two hundred years before, in the middle of the thirteenth century. At that time the conquests of the celebrated Genghis Khan in Asia, and the invasion of the south-east of Europe by Mongolian hordes, had spread alarm among the rulers and nations of the west. Poland and Hungary had already been overrun by these Tartar barbarians. They threatened Syria, and the strange sight was imminent of a three-cornered war, when the struggling Christians and Moham-medans would be confronted by a formidable foe hostile to both of them, and caring nothing for the Holy Sepulchre and other places for which the old rivals contended. The Pope, Innocent IV., thought it expedient to send envoys to the Mongol camp, where they delivered to the generals and chiefs their message from the head of the Christian Church, the great enemy of the Moslems. Before being admitted to an audience with the Khan himself, they were told of the ceremonial obeisances to be made before the Grand Khan, who called himself the Son of Heaven. The papal envoys, refusing this abject submission, and claiming for their master the supremacy over all people, were treated with much contempt, and would have

been put to death but for the intercession of the mother of the Great Khan.

A second mission, entrusted to an Italian friar, Giovanni Carpini, appeared afterwards, and met with greater favour. Carpini and his companions acted with more discretion than the previous envoys. They travelled by way of Bohemia, Silesia, and Poland to Kieff, then the Russian capital. They were everywhere received with great honour, and obtained useful hints as to their dealings with the Mongols. By careful attention to ceremonies, and by judicious distribution of presents, the friendliness of some influential generals and chiefs was secured, and in due time Carpini was in the presence of the Great Khan. His prudent behaviour secured for him greater opportunities of obtaining information than the previous envoys. It was during his sojourn at the camp and court of the emperor that he was told of Christians in Cathay or some region of eastern India. He heard that when Genghis Khan had conquered Cathay, he sent one of his sons with an army into India, and he came to a country the king of which was known by the name of Prester John.

Not many years after Carpini's return, St. Louis of France, then leading a crusade against the Saracens, sent an embassy to the Mongol prince, Erkaltay, one of the lieutenants of Genghis Khan, who was advancing westward from Persia. The envoy was a Dutch friar, Van Ruysbroeck, better known in history as William de Rubruquis. His travels begun in the summer of 1253. He found the Mongol chiefs ignorant and indifferent about religious creeds, but with a certain superstitious belief in a Supreme Power. They allowed professors of various religions to live among them, and gave encouragement to priests of different persuasions to use rites and prayers. Among others with whom Rubruquis conversed were Nestorians, who seemed specially protected by the Mongol chiefs. From them he learned that the Nestorian Christians had entered into China as early as the sixth or seventh century and that they were still numerous in some provinces of the

Empire. Rubruquis, like Carpini, speaks of a Christian prince named Prester John, and says he was brother of a Mongol prince who flourished in the beginning of the thirteenth century, or about fifty years before. Rubruquis travelled through the territories which tradition assigned to Prester, but adds that no one there knew anything about him except a few Nestorians.

The wonderful travels of the Venetian, Marco Polo, did not terminate till near the close of the fourteenth century, and it was before his time that the legendary fame of Prester John was spread throughout Europe. The truth is that the old rumours revived at successive periods, and were associated with the same name of Prester John, without any intelligent consideration either of time or of locality. All the early travellers agree in giving the title to a prince whose name among the Mongols and other informants was Ung or Unc Khan. Rubruquis, indeed, conjectured Prester John to be a brother of this prince, hoping, perhaps, to get rid in this way of the confusion of names. The dominions of the Christian monarch were also unanimously placed in Tartary, or some remote part of north-eastern Asia; but when Unc Khan was put to death by his relative Genghis Khan in 1202, the religion as well as the kingdom of the Christian Mongols disappeared from the narratives of Eastern story-tellers.

The traditions, however, survived; and European travellers in after ages transferred Prester John to any part of remote regions where there appeared traces or rumours of Christianity. It seems to have been a revival of these rumours that led John, the King of Portugal, to send the mission of which we are now about to narrate the results.

While Bartholomew Diaz was prosecuting the voyage in which he first descried the Cape of Good Hope, King John of Portugal was preparing an expedition in quest of Prester John, now supposed to be alive and flourishing in eastern Africa, as Emperor of Abyssinia. As leaders of the expedition he selected Pedro de Covillam and Alphonso de Payva, both of

whom were men of tried courage and capacity, and both perfect masters of the Arabic language. They were to find their way to the court of the Christian ruler, and to make offers of alliance and friendship. They had, moreover, private instructions to procure all possible information in the countries visited, especially with respect to the trade with India, and the course of navigation to that continent from the shores of Arabia and the African coast. It was known that the treasures of the East, silks and spices and precious metals, were brought by sea by the Arab traders, through whom they were afterwards distributed throughout Europe, first by caravans through the desert, and then by the Genoese, Venetian, and other ships that sailed on the Mediterranean for the enterprising cities of Italy.

Covillam and Payva, in obedience to the king's orders, first made for Egypt. At Cairo they joined a caravan of Arab merchants from Fez on their journey to Arabia Petræa, where they had the satisfaction of seeing the supposed scenes of some of the wanderings of the ancient Israelites, and they camped at the foot of Mount Sinai. While their eyes were busy their ears also were open. From the merchants they got valuable information about the trade with Calicut in India. After their Arabian travels they embarked in an Arab ship on the Red Sea for Aden. Here the envoys parted, with the intention of again meeting at Cairo. Payva sailed from Aden for Abyssinia, where he was cruelly murdered. Covillam proceeded from Aden across the Indian Ocean, to verify the reports he had heard from the Arab traders. He visited Calicut, Goa, and other cities on the Malabar coast. Thence he crossed to Sofala, on the east coast of Africa, to explore the gold mines of which he had heard. When here he obtained the first distinct account of the great island of the Moon, as it was called, the Madagascar of later geography. Satisfied with the information he had gathered during his travels, of which he had kept an accurate record, he returned to Cairo.

At Cairo he heard of the death of his comrade Payva. He

was hastening to return to Portugal, when he met with two Jews who had been sent by the King of Portugal to tell him of the murder of Payva, and to bring new instructions.

He resolved to go himself to Abyssinia in search of Prester John, in whose existence he still believed, having at Cairo received assurance that the people in that southern region were Christians, as they indeed nominally were, and still are.

One of the Jews was sent back to Portugal, and to him were entrusted the journals of his travels by sea and land, with maps of the coasts on which he had touched, and remarks on the Arab trade with India.

Covillam then prepared for his journey to Abyssinia, in which the other Jew from Portugal accompanied him. They met with the most honourable reception from the king, or Negus, as he was termed, who soon found that he could turn the knowledge and experience of the travellers to profitable use. What became of the Jew is not recorded. He probably made his way back to Europe. Covillam married and settled in Abyssinia. He was raised to high dignity, held important offices, and became a rich man. The chroniclers have wondered why he never returned to Europe. Perhaps his marriage was the hindrance. If his wife did not prevent him, he was detained by command of the king, which is the usual explanation. At all events, he remained in Abyssinia for above thirty years, and he was found there by Rodriguez de Lima, who went as ambassador for Lisbon in 1525. The old man wept for joy on seeing his countrymen, and hearing his native tongue, but in vain they attempted to induce him to go with them on their departure. He had ever since his first arrival in Abyssinia continued to send letters to the King of Portugal, and the earliest of these letters had satisfied King John of the possibility of sailing to India round the continent of Africa. Thus was procured far more important tidings than the discovery of the fabled Prester John.

A TRIP TO SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

IN the "ancient geography" taught in our school days we heard much about Scylla and Charybdis. However small the manual or class-book of geography might be, these venerable names always had a prominent place. Sicily, we were told, is separated from Italy by the *Fretum Siculum*, or Straits of Messina, called also the Faro, fifteen miles long, and in some places so narrow that the barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be distinctly heard from one side to the other. This strait, we were further told, is thought by some to have been formed by an earthquake breaking the isthmus which joined Sicily with the mainland, and by the Tuscan and Ionian Seas rushing in.

On the Italian side of this narrow strait was Scylla, a rock dangerous to mariners; and on the other side Charybdis, a whirlpool, said to swallow up ships, and on the return of the tide to throw them up again in broken fragments. All this was stated on the authority of Pliny and other philosophers, confirmed by Ovid, Virgil, and other poets. So many stories were told about this perilous strait that Seneca calls it *Fretum fabulosum*, that is, celebrated, or exaggerated, in fabulous legend. The dangers were forcibly expressed in a proverbial saying, either in prose or in verse, as in this famous line:—

"Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,"

a classical form of the more homely vernacular saying about "jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire,"—the case of a man who, wishing to avoid one danger, falls into a greater.

According to the poets, the rock, or rocky promontory, of Scylla, was the abode of a sea monster, a sort of gigantic mermaid, who drew ships to the shore that she and her fierce dogs might prey upon those on board. Even Virgil tells how some of the mariners of Ulysses were torn in pieces by these sea-dogs. The howling of the dogs was the poetical way of

describing the noise of the billows driven into the cavities of the rocky shore during tempests. As to Charybdis, the reports of wrecks and ruin in ancient times form a dreary and tragic record.

These stories of old disasters, and the fears of ancient mariners, only show the frailty of the ships, and the inexpertness of the sailors, in those early times of the world. The rocky shores of Calabria, and the currents of the Straits of Messina, present no difficulties in modern navigation. Any narrow sea or rocky coast will be avoided by ships in tempestuous weather, and in these days of steam a vessel passes easily through troubled waters which might have terrified sailors in frailer crafts. The shores of southern Italy have no special dangers, and the "whirlpool" of Charybdis is only a small example of tidal currents meeting together, and causing superficial disturbance of the waters. Far more dangerous are the eddies and tidal currents among the Hebrides on the western coast of Scotland, or the famous Maelstrom, on the coast of Norway. The whirlpool of Charybdis, now marked Galaforo on the Italian charts, is no longer a terror to mariners, and probably has never been heard of at Lloyd's in the records of shipwreck and disaster at sea.

Curious to see what is said about Scylla and Charybdis in modern times, I have consulted the usual guide-books to South Italy and Sicily, and many books of voyage and travels. The old stories are mentioned, but with little information of recent and authentic kind. Near the Scyllean rocks there is a town, Scilla, once of more importance than now, being overwhelmed by the terrible earthquake of February, 1783. Nearly three thousand of the inhabitants then perished, chiefly through an inundation of the sea, where they had sought safety on the beach during the night to avoid the falling houses. More than forty thousand persons perished that night in the southern region of Italy and the opposite coast of Sicily.

In the old posting days Scylla was the last stage but one on

the road from Naples to Reggio, now, as in ancient times, the chief landing port for travellers from Sicily. The Apostle Paul mentions his touching at Rhegium, on his way from Syracuse to Rome. The classical writers abound in references to this place. Below Scylla and Rhegium is the ville S. Giovanni, with its little port where some travellers used to stop instead of going on to Reggio, because here the Straits are the narrowest, scarcely above an Italian mile for a boat to cross.

In a volume of travels published in 1820 I find the narrative of an excursion specially made to Scylla and Charybdis from Messina by a lively and intelligent Frenchman, M. Gourbillon. He seems to have been travelling merely for amusement and information, and gives an account of these famous places. He prefaces his notes by a description of the port and quay of Messina, which is worth giving, as being very droll in style, and as showing how the place appeared to a stranger in 1819.

The quay of Messina is nearly half a league in length, and fifty feet in breadth. It extends, at first, in a semicircle, and then runs in a straight line, from the gate of the arsenal to the gate of the city named the lower imperial gate. The view from this is one of the finest that can be imagined. On one side presents itself a forest of masts of ships-of-war, merchantmen, feluccas, boats, and vessels of every description, and of all nations; and on the other, a line of houses newly erected, and so regular and elegant that they would be taken rather for one continued and regular palace than for the dwellings of individuals. From thirty to thirty-five gates, ornamented with columns, open upon an equal number of streets.

About the centre of the quay, at a little distance from each other, are two statues, one of marble and the other of bronze, respectively representing Charles III. and Neptune. As to the first, it would be difficult to imagine anything less dignified than the attitude given to the aged monarch. The Neptune, so much praised by Brydone, and so severely criticised by Borch, does not merit either the criticism or the eulogy.

The same remark is applicable to the other works of the same kind, scattered in different parts of this city. They are works which, without doubt, would be much better placed, if they were still in the foundry, or in the workshop of the artist.

I do not know where Brydone could gather the idea, that the Neptune in question holds Charybdis and Scylla in chains. The two latter figures are, indeed, part of the monument; but they are ornaments purely accessory, and foreign to the action of the principal figure, who is not represented as a god ready to crush the monsters under his feet, but in the attitude of a feeble old man; who, with one hand, scarcely sustains a trident, and with the other points to some object. The artist has certainly kept the meaning of his work to himself. The Charybdis and Scylla, however, are executed in a style much superior to the principal figure.

In front of the statue of Neptune appears the new palace of the senate, which opens upon Ferdinand Square. It is of the Doric order. This place is ornamented with a pedestrian statue of the reigning prince; but its entire aspect does not correspond with the grandeur of the palace.

The street named Ferdinand is handsome. Running parallel with the quay, it commences with the arsenal, and extends in a direct line beyond the quay, to the square called Saleo, whence (under the latter name) it traverses the suburbs, and ends at the foot of the mountains which bound the city on the north. The only two inns of Messina are situated in this street, and are respectively called the City of London and the City of Paris. They are both of them indifferent inns, but are not equally dear, the difference in their prices being much the same as would be found between those of London and Paris themselves. The same apartments and style of living as would cost me eight guineas per month at one of those inns, would cost me at least double the sum at the other. This circumstance does not form the only advantage which one has over the other. The City of London is so situated as to be entirely shut out of a view of the port. The City of Paris

commands not only the greater part of that, but also the entire view of the bay. From the window where I sit I have before me Charybdis, Scylla, and the Pharos. Such a panorama is well worth the whole price of the lodging.

I have said, there are only two inns at Messina, and those not the most excellent. The truth is that, if fish be excepted, the provisions here are generally very inferior to ours. The butcher's meat and vegetables are hard and dry; game is scarce and indifferent; the oil and butter are bad; fruit, with the exception of oranges and figs, not so fine as at Paris, or even in London; the grapes, as they are throughout all Sicily and the kingdom of Naples, are of an inferior kind. The bread only is excellent.

Foreign Consulates.—Nothing is more remarkable than the constitution of the consulates in this city. The American consul is a Russian; the Russian consul, a German; the German consul, a Dutchman; the Dutch consul, a Swiss; the Neapolitan consul, a Frenchman; and the French consul is a Neapolitan. Not one of them has ever been in the country which employs him, nor can speak its language. Here are six nations very singularly represented! These consuls are, however, a good sort of people, who occupy themselves very steadily with their affairs; and the last-mentioned of them is a musician and poet, and plays, ill enough indeed, on the flute.

Theatres, Coffee-houses, Casinos, and Promenades.—Messina has a theatre, but it is not that in which it may be said most to excel. Its coffee-houses offer no resource against weariness. No one goes there, but to drink hastily a cup of sufficiently bad coffee, or glass of lemonade. You find no foreign journal there; not even the journal of Palermo. As to the houses themselves, they have neither windows nor doors, and rather resemble a public-house, than a place to receive persons who never visit the public-house.

The casino is the same here as in all other parts of Italy: that is to say, a species of club, open only to a certain number of subscribers, who are generally persons of the first rank of

the city. Strangers, introduced by a subscriber, are well received at these clubs. But the amusements you find in them are no better than you find in our coffee-houses, with this exception, that you yawn freely in our coffee-rooms, and in the casino you must yawn according to form and ceremony.

The Ringho.—The promenades here are of two sorts; the streets themselves, and the promenades properly so called. The fine streets of the Corso, and of Ferdinand, constitute the first, and the avenues of the Terra-Nova and the Ringho the last. I have spoken of the former, and now will describe the latter.

The Ringho is merely a public road; but this road is superior, in my opinion, to the finest public gardens of the other cities of Europe. The Ringho leads to a pretty village of the same name, and runs along the shore which forms one of the sides of the bay of Messina. An arm of the sea, which in its widest part is not more than four leagues and a half in breadth, is the only barrier which here separates you from the mountainous coast of the farther Calabria; and the distance is diminished to the view by numberless vessels and boats by which it is navigated in all directions.

This promenade is the point of union of all classes of the inhabitants of Messina. The carriages of the gentry frequent this place in numbers, besides a multitude of *petits-maitres* mounted on asses. This animal abounds here. The scarcity of horses and the badness of the roads make them invaluable. This humble and modest creature, valued like man in the opposite direction of his utility, everywhere excels his proud rival in patience and other useful qualities; but in a country which, like Sicily, offers on all sides torrents, ravines, precipices, and mountains, the horse becomes a mere object of luxury, and the useful ass claims and re-enters into his rights.

The whole range of the Ringho is ornamented with handsome country houses scattered up and down, and with villages and cottages, of which the animated and smiling aspect is a perfect contrast to the shore of the dreary Calabria, a country

which seems abandoned by God and man, and more especially by its government. On the Calabrian coast some miserable villages show themselves, here and there, in the midst of a barren, uncultivated, mountainous, desert, and savage country.

In the midst of the waves the proud Scylla raises its superb front, and all that surrounds it is humbled and eclipsed before its grandeur.

The forms of the Sicilian administration, very useful, no doubt, to the revenue and the landlords of inns, tried my patience a little when I proposed to visit Scylla. At the end of three or four days, going backwards and forwards to the consuls of our respective nations, to the ministry of the high police, the intendant-general, the commander-in-chief of the forces by land and sea, the consistory, the monarchy, the junta, the tribunal of conscience, sacred and royal, the office of health, the custom-house, and the inquisition, we were at last permitted to sail from the port of Messina, and to pass freely, according to the usages of free countries, to the other extremity of the bay; that is to say, to the distance of four leagues.

On the 17th of August, at five o'clock in the morning, I was at the place agreed upon for our rendezvous.

Charybdis.—Scarcely had we doubled the little promontory on which rises the castle of Saint Salvador, and were arrived at the Cape called the Point of the Lighthouse, than our bark pressed upon the bosom of the redoubtable Charybdis.

Those currents, which are known on the spot by no other name than that of *Calofaro*, a Greek word corrupted by a vicious pronunciation, and meaning a beautiful and good pharos, an epithet derived no doubt from the lighthouse, which warns vessels of their danger; these currents are at the distance of a league and one-third from the military column of the arsenal of Messina. They run along the eastern and southern coast of the point of the Lighthouse, directly fronting the two convents of Saint Francis and Saint Salvador, at a third of a league from the first, and a league and a third from

the latter. As to the coast of Calabria, they are situated in front of the villages of Saint John and Catona, at two leagues and a third from one, and two leagues two-thirds from the other.

Charybdis, or Calofaro, forms, in the middle of the sea, a circle which may be about 100 feet in circumference. Its greatest depth is about 500 feet.

While we traversed these currents in every direction, the depth of the sea did not prevent us from seeing its bottom as clearly as if we had been in shallow water; for, notwithstanding the turbulence of the waves, they are so clear and limpid, that you are perfectly deceived as to the depth.

The celebrated and learned Buffon, deceived, like many other authors, by the fictions of the poets, saw in Charybdis a dangerous whirlpool, which swallowed and vomited the waters of the sea thrice in twenty-four hours. Spallanzani was the first to correct this error. We have seen, he says, how many authors, beginning with Homer, have supposed that Charybdis is in fact a whirlpool, or gulf, whose currents draw within itself every vessel which passes its circle, and bury them within its centre. Yet, it is generally far from being dangerous. When its currents become strong, and it is even dangerous, Charybdis still presents nothing of its pretended whirlpool, but merely a violent agitation of its waves. And, in this state, it is so far from drawing vessels within its circle and swallowing them up, that it actually repels them, and drives them to a distance, although with violence.

After having ascertained, for ourselves, the accuracy of this account, we quitted this celebrated place, altogether astonished at the length of time which is required to remove old prejudices, and to lead men to receive the truth.

Scylla.—At length we pursued our route to this famous rock, which, thanks to the fine weather and the tranquil seas, was rather an object of pleasure than of terror.

It is situated on the eastern shore of the farther Calabria. The shore forms here a deep bay, in the midst of which a

pointed rock, about 550 feet above the surface of the sea, which is itself in this place more than a thousand feet in depth, rears its head amidst the waves, and forms a promontory, which has been the theme of poets, beginning with Homer, and terror of navigators, commencing with Ulysses.

Three reefs of rocks, unequal in height and form, raise their dark heads around Scylla ; and a number of other reefs, less elevated, are scattered also around the principal rock.

But I confess we could not discover the profound caverns so clearly perceived by Brydone and Borch, and also by a more modern traveller, Spallanzani, much less accustomed than the two gentlemen just mentioned to found assertions upon popular tales and the fables of credulous antiquity. It was equally in vain we sought to catch the sound of those terrible groans, that species of thunder, and barking of dogs which (according to the two first writers) still confirm the recitals of Virgil and Homer. During three different courses which we made round the rock, and in which we approached at times so near as to touch it with our hands, we could observe some fissures indeed, of more or less magnitude, and could hear some murmurings of the wind, more or less loud ; but these were far enough removed from being either real caverns or frightful groans.

After having sufficiently examined every object connected with the redoubtable Scylla, we fastened our skiff to the rock itself, determined to dine on board moored to the foot of this terrible monster ; and there, in fact, we tranquilly drank to the memory of Homer, Virgil, and Horace, and even to that of Borch and Brydone.

Our dining-room floated over the rocks ; and, sitting beneath an awning, we had around us one of those rare pictures which nature alone can trace, and which she has given to man alone the power to appreciate. This picture is more easy to be admired than adequately described.

SHIPWRECK IN THE RED SEA.

DURING the great French war, early in the present century, many Germans and Swiss were employed as foreign legionaries, both at home and abroad. They were so numerous as to form separate regiments, usually named after the country from which they came, or after their commanding officer. One of these, "the regiment of Mueron," was in garrison at Madras in 1801. It was one of the soldiers of this regiment, Hendrick Portenger, who met with the extraordinary adventures which we are about to relate. The narrative is published as it was taken down, in the soldier's own words, by Captain May of the same regiment, who testifies that the narrator was a man of good sense, and of a very retentive memory, not addicted to exaggeration, and well known as a man of truth and probity. The following is the story as narrated at Seringapatam, where the regiment was stationed in October, 1802.

On the 2nd of February, 1801, the regiment de Mueron being then in garrison at Madras, a detachment of the said regiment, composed of one sergeant, one corporal, and eighteen privates, of which I was one, was ordered to accompany General Lake to Bengal, as a guard of honour. We embarked with him on board the company's packet-boat the *Swallow*, and left Madras on the 3rd February. We arrived at Fort William on the 12th of the same month, and disembarked on the 13th. We remained at Calcutta until the 1st of April following, and were extremely well treated.

On the 1st of April we were sent down the river Hoogly, and embarked, on the 4th, on board the company's ship *Weissheim*, a very large vessel of two decks, commanded by Captain Baer. We set sail on the 7th following, in the supposition that we were going to Madras to rejoin our regiment and our friends and comrades, of which our whole detachment were naturally desirous; but a few days after we were un-



deceived, in a very unpleasant manner, by learning that our ship was loaded with provisions, and destined to carry them to the British army in Egypt, without being allowed to touch anywhere on the way.

We sailed to the end of April without seeing any land, when we came in view of the high land of Cape Comorin, round which we steered.

On the 4th of June the captain of our ship, after the celebration of the king's birthday, gave an entertainment to the officers and crew, of which we made a part, and it lasted the whole day.

The 7th of June, in the afternoon, we saw high land, which proved to be the coast of Africa. At seven o'clock in the evening the captain ordered the officer of the watch to be very careful to keep the ship at the distance from land which he had pointed out to him, and to be careful to avoid some rocks at no great distance; a watch of four men was placed on the fore-top, with orders to be very vigilant and keep a good lookout, for fear of getting too near the land.

But soon after, the sentry on the fore-top cried out, "Breakers ahead!" on hearing which, the officer on watch, who seemed to be just awakened from a profound sleep, exclaimed, "What is that you say? you lie, you scoundrel!" but at the same instant the men at the helm also cried out, that the ship became unmanageable, and did not obey the helm any longer, which we found proceeded from the force of the waves breaking on the rocks; on this the officer of the watch ran to the compass; but he seemed as much frightened as any one, so he sent for the captain immediately, who, depending on the vigilance of the officer and the orders he had given, had retired to take some rest. As soon as he came on deck, which he did immediately, he saw what had happened, and gave what orders he judged necessary on this melancholy occasion; but it was unfortunately too late; the ship was surrounded on every side with rocks and breakers, on which the sea broke tremendously. He ordered the guns to be thrown overboard, but it could not

be effected, the ship filling so fast, that the water was already gaining the main deck ; soon after, the ship struck on a rock, and the shock was so violent that the whole stern part of the vessel, with the mizzen-mast, was separated from the ship and broken to pieces. Judge of our deplorable situation ; all our boats destroyed, the night setting in dark and stormy, the land far off yet, surrounded by rocks and breakers, on which the sea broke mountains high, and was continually making over the wreck of our unfortunate vessel ; which, however, fortunately for us, stuck fast between the two rocks, where it had struck the last time, when it was broken in two. We had, therefore, no hope of preservation left, but that the wreck might hold together and be able to resist the waves until next morning, when, with the help of daylight, we might make an attempt to reach the shore.

We spent the night in the best manner we could, and a horrid dismal night it was for us all ; at last, the wished-for daylight came, and found us in the same situation. The fury of the waves, breaking all around the wreck, appalled the stoutest hearts, and left but little hopes that we should be able to reach the shore alive. However, life is sweet, and the trial must be made ; so every one laid hold of what he could get, a plank, a spar, casks, hen-coops, etc., and, trusting to an Almighty Providence, committed himself to the waves. The greater part arrived on shore, but dreadfully bruised and lacerated by the rocks, against which they were repeatedly thrown ; others seemed quite dead, though still holding fast to the piece of wreck which they had seized when quitting the ship. I had the good fortune to arrive safe and sound. Of the twenty men composing our detachment, six perished on this occasion, amongst whom was the corporal. How many of the crew perished at the same time I cannot tell. All those who had the good fortune to reach the shore alive were so worn out and weak, that every one looked out for a place to lie down and get that repose he so much wanted. Our captain had also providentially reached the shore without accident, as

did also the three mates of the ship. A subaltern of the 80th regiment was cast on shore dead, whom, as well as all the other bodies that were thrown on shore by the waves, we buried as well as we could in our then situation.

Although we now found ourselves in a most desolate and destitute condition, yet we were all happy, and blessed God for our great deliverance, except one of the mates, the same who had the watch when our misfortune took place ; this man, as soon as he had a little recruited his strength, laid hold of a small keg of rum, of which plenty had floated on shore, with many other things, from the wreck, and applying it to his mouth, drank until he was perfectly intoxicated ; he then went to the top of a rock overhanging the sea, and threw himself headlong into the waves, where he finished his miserable life.

The country seemed barren and little cultivated, but showed some signs of being inhabited by human beings, true savages, as they proved to us afterwards. When the day was more advanced, we perceived at a distance one of the native inhabitants of this inhospitable coast ; he seemed to be almost naked, and carried a long stick like a pike, and a sack on his shoulder. When he perceived us he ran towards us, and in a few moments was followed by a considerable number of these monsters, which name they richly deserve for the horrid cruelties they practised upon us. They were all naked like the first, and were armed, some with matchlocks, and some with bows and arrows, but all carried a large knife like a sabre, and a pike. The country, farther inland, must contain a considerable population, from the number of these savages we saw afterwards. As soon as they had joined us we were surrounded and plundered of the few articles of clothing we had been able to save and bring with us to shore, and stripped perfectly naked ; resistance was out of the question, and would have been perfectly useless, as we had not been able to save any arms whatever, and their number was greatly superior to ours. The captain tried to defend himself, but one of these

savages laid him senseless at his feet by a blow on the head with a stick, and they would have cut him to pieces if we had not ourselves, in the greatest hurry, undressed him and delivered his clothes to them. Far more cruel and ferocious was the treatment a few unfortunate Hindoos, servants to the officers received from these monsters; they happened to have on their arms some silver bracelets; in their eagerness to seize this glittering prey they did not take the trouble to take off the bracelets, but cut them off the poor fellows' arms with their long knives, to get at them the quicker. They treated, however, the Lascars, or Hindoo sailors of the ship, with a little more lenity than they did us; after having rifled them of everything of the least value they had about their persons, they allowed them to make use of the eatables that were washed on shore by the waves; but they would not allow the Europeans to touch or make use of anything. All the casks and kegs of wine and liquors they stove in, and let the contents run into the sand. Some of the sailors having made use of the liquor, before the arrival of these savages, got immoderately drunk, and were lying asleep among the casks, where the savages murdered them as soon as they discovered them. As yet they had spared the lives of those amongst us who were sober; but, notwithstanding, our situation was worse than death, and we almost envied those who had been murdered. Naked, tormented with hunger and thirst, surrounded on all sides by those barbarians, and in a country where we could not hope the least relief, we were thrown into a fresh consternation on seeing another troop of savages coming from the interior towards us. Those who surrounded us, at the approach of the new-comers, threw themselves on the ground, and raised their hands above their heads, by which marks of respect we supposed that it was their chief who was coming; in this opinion we were confirmed, by seeing that, after paying their respects to this chief, or great man, they all got up and ranged themselves in a line before him, with their eyes turned towards us.

After this chief had spoken some time to them, they all at once brandished their pikes, as if they were going to charge and kill us all. On seeing this we took to our heels and ran with all possible speed towards a mountain, situated at a little distance from us ; they pursued, and fired after us. All those who could not run fast enough, or were wounded by their shots, were immediately butchered, as soon as overtaken by them.

This happened in the evening, about the setting of the sun. It was dark before we arrived at the mountain to which we had directed our flight ; we gained, however, the summit with some difficulty ; here we remained till midnight, in the greatest anxiety, for fear of being overtaken and murdered by our savage pursuers.

Our number was woefully diminished, being now reduced to nine persons, who were the captain, the two mates, Sergeant St. Julien, who commanded our little detachment, myself, and four others of our regiment. After midnight we resolved to descend the mountain, and continue our flight, being afraid that, if we remained there until daylight, we might be discovered and again be pursued by the savages. It was, therefore, more advisable to take advantage of the remainder of the night to go as far as our strength would permit, and endeavour to elude our pursuers ; hoping also, that, on the other side of the hill, we should find a champaign and cultivated country, where we might, perhaps, be able to alleviate our pressing wants ; but when we came to the foot of the hill we found a desert before us. I had had the misfortune, in the beginning of our flight, to run a sharp and large thorn into my left foot, which pierced it quite through. The fright, however, of being pursued had prevented my feeling any pain from this accident until our arrival on the mountain : during our stay there I drew it out with great difficulty and pain.

Owing to the extreme darkness of the night, it was impossible to distinguish any object in this desert ; we, however, had the good fortune, after some time, to arrive at a pool of

stagnant water. Worn out with fatigue and thirst, we threw ourselves down at the water's edge to drink and wash our feet, which were all wounded and torn by the stones, full of thorns, and much swelled. We had scarcely time to do this and to repose our wearied limbs a little before we were again assailed and frightened by the discordant cries of a troop of savages, at no great distance from us, who probably had been pursuing and were upon the lookout for us.

With the late horrid scenes still fresh in our memory we did not choose to become the victims of a fresh one ; but ran again to the shelter of the hill which we had lately left, and gained its summit without being discovered by these savages, and, therefore, supposed ourselves in safety for the present.

As soon as day broke we descended the hill again, but our company was again reduced by the loss of two of my comrades, who must have been separated from us during the night, although I cannot conceive how it happened ; however, we continued our fatiguing march, and, after some hours, arrived in a flat country, perfectly destitute of any kind of vegetation. About nine o'clock in the morning we arrived at a piece of brackish water, where we resolved to repose our wearied limbs, and although there was nothing to eat, and we were tormented with hunger, yet as this water, bad as it was, preserved us from thirst, our exhausted state forced us to remain there forty-eight hours to recruit. The third day we continued our march through this desert country, but were obliged to proceed very slowly, being very much weakened for want of sustenance, so that we were scarcely able to walk at all, and if we had not now and then met with some water we must have perished in that inhospitable region. We saw at a distance before us a hill, towards which we directed our steps, but evening came on before we were able to gain it ; animated with the hope, uncertain as it was, that perhaps we might there meet with something to satisfy our craving hunger, five of us pushed forward ; St. Julien and myself, being worse on foot than the others, were obliged, much against our

will, to remain behind, and follow the others more slowly; however, we got to it at last.

We found this hill very steep, and situated on the seashore, overhanging the sea. I mounted first, and should have got to the top safely, but, unfortunately, St. Julien, who followed me closely, to assist himself in climbing, laid hold of me, and made me lose my balance, so that we were both precipitated to the bottom of the mountain into the sea, which washed its base, and thereby saved our lives by breaking our fall, and prevented our being dashed to pieces upon the rocks among which we fell; notwithstanding, we must have perished soon, although the water was not deep, from the waves continually dashing us against the rocks. Fortunately we perceived a rock raised above the level of the sea, which we were enabled to gain by animating each other, and exerting to the utmost what strength we had left, although we performed it with incredible labour. Here we were sheltered a little from the waves. On this rock we remained three days and four nights. God knows, however, that we should gladly have preferred death to our miserable existence. We had nothing to eat or drink, and were at last forced to drink a little sea water to prevent our perishing from thirst.

On the fourth day, in the morning, the sea became more calm, and thereby enabled us to descend from our rock to try to gain the shore, which happily we accomplished, though on the other side of the hill from that where we originally tried to climb it; here, however, we had the pleasure to find a flat country, which saved us the trouble to pass over the mountain, to continue our road. In the weak state we then were, this would have been an exertion absolutely above our strength. We dragged ourselves slowly on, happy to be still together, and deploring the fate of our unfortunate comrades in misfortune, whom we supposed had shared our fate, and perished in climbing up this fatal mountain. Happily, however, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we saw before us, at a distance, something like men. At first we were divided

between the fear of its being savages, and the hope of its proving to be our lost friends; however, we went straight towards them, and when we got near enough, perceived, to our great joy and happiness, that they were, indeed, our friends. As soon as they saw us they cried out, "Come to us, dear brothers and friends, we have eating and drinking in abundance." When we joined them we found them seated round a hole which they had dug in the ground to get water, in which they had succeeded, for the hole was full of it, and their eatables consisted of a sort of green thick leaves, which grew in the ground about the spot where they were seated. We fell to, and regaled ourselves abundantly with their provisions, such as they were. We found their number reduced to three, the captain and our two remaining comrades of the regiment, by name Beck and Voss. We inquired what was become of the two mates, and we were told that they parted from them two days before; whether they had remained behind, from fatigue, during the night, or had chosen another route, they did not know.

As the sea was not far distant from where we were, we sent Beck and Voss, who were the strongest, to the shore to see if they could not pick up some shells or sea animal for our subsistence, and, to our great joy, they brought us back a sort of crabs and some oysters, in which we found a curious sort of animal, which had four legs and a head resembling that of a cat; however, its ugliness and extraordinary figure did not prevent our eating it; we wished only that it had been also of the size of a cat, as well as its figure. We disdained nothing, however small, and were ever thankful to Providence for whatever it sent us that was in the least fit to support our miserable existence: having, therefore, found some sort of meat, we wished very much to dress it in some shape or other, but were greatly puzzled how to accomplish it; however, necessity is the mother of invention. We recollected, that, with two pieces of dry wood, a fire might be lighted; we, therefore, looked out for some wood fit for our purpose. We

sharpened one piece with our teeth, as well as we could, at one end, set it perpendicular upon the other, and turned it between our hands as rapidly as possible, until the wood, heated by the friction, took fire. We were not in want of dry brushwood, of which we had enough about us, and with this we soon lighted a good fire, on the coals of which we laid our meat, roasted it, and ate it with our leaves, which served us as a dish of vegetables, after which we drank a bumper of cold water, and were as well satisfied with our meal as if we had made the best dinner in a capital tavern. This water was very useful to us, not only for drinking, but to cure our poor wounded and swelled feet, by continually washing and bathing them in it.

We remained three days in this spot to repose our wearied frames, and recruit our exhausted strength. On the fourth day, early in the morning, we continued our march, in the hope of getting out of this desert. We walked the whole day without finding any water, or anything to eat. Late in the evening we arrived at a sort of ditch, which ran across some rocks; the moon shone a little, and by its light we perceived some white pebbles at the bottom of this ditch, which made us hope we should find water, as this kind of pebbles had always indicated that water was near. We were just going to dig a hole in the ground for it, when one of our friends found, near at hand, a hole full of water, which was rather brackish; but we were accustomed to it, having met with little else as yet; so we sat down round this hole, and quenched our thirst with its contents. Round this place we found some horns, feet, and skins of goats, too much decayed to be of any use to us; but we naturally judged that they must have been left there by some people, and that there might be some of this cruel race in the neighbourhood, and therefore it would be most prudent not to stay too long in this place; however, we reposed ourselves there that night, and left it early next morning.

After we had prosecuted our march a few hours, our poor captain sat himself down on the ground, declaring he was in-

capable of proceeding any further, requesting we would leave him and go on, as he was determined to stay there and die; but we declared we would not abandon him, and if he was determined to stay there, so would we. We persuaded him, with some difficulty, to try to go on with us again. Two of us took him under the arms to support him, and help him on, but we were soon obliged to give it up, as he did nothing but lament and cry bitterly, begging us, for God's sake, to lay him on the ground and let him die quietly. We were, at last, obliged to comply with his desire; he, therefore, laid himself down again, and we sat down by his side. He requested us again to leave him to his fate; that he must die; that he was convinced there were savages in the neighbourhood, and that it was better that one should die alone, than all perish. He begged of us, however, most fervently, that if any of us should have the happiness to find our way into a civilized country, not to forget to publish his death, and more particularly to acquaint his brother how and where he had ended his life, telling us, at the same time, that his brother was a colonel at Madras, and bore the same name with himself, namely, *Baer*.

We promised him this. We should not, however, have abandoned him, but all at once we heard the cries of some savages, and saw about thirty of them, who were running towards us. No time was to be lost. We four—that is, St. Julien, Beck, Voss, and myself—ran as fast as our legs would carry us, and again had the good fortune to escape our enemies before they perceived us; but the unfortunate captain remained behind. We soon heard their noise drawing towards the spot where we had left him. Heaven only knows what was his fate, whether these monsters killed him or not. We continued our journey, in the hope of getting out of this desert at last. We went on for nine days, without meeting anything but brackish water and some plants, upon which we subsisted. Now and then we found a fruit resembling cherries, but of a very disagreeable taste, and which, every time we ate of them, made our gums and lips sore and swell, and very painful; but as

these effects went off again, we continued to eat them whenever we met any.

Until now we had contrived to remain constantly together. But it pleased Providence to divide our small number still more. St. Julien and myself became so weak and languid, that we could scarcely drag ourselves along. The other two became impatient, and told us, that as we were a restraint upon them, they did not choose to perish on our account; that they, therefore, would push on while their strength yet lasted, and not wait till they were reduced as low as we were; if they met in their way a place where they could support themselves, they would there wait for us. They bade us farewell, and told us to make what haste we could after them. I forgot to mention, that till now we had always followed the sea-shore in our journey onwards. We were sitting near a small pool of water, when our last two surviving friends took leave of us. We remained there six whole days, to recruit our exhausted strength, living all the while on wild plants, and a few crabs we gathered on the sea-shore; but, as we were too weak to light a fire in the manner we did formerly, we were obliged to eat them raw.

The seventh day we dragged ourselves forward on our journey, and went on five or six days, although we made very little progress; and I am fully persuaded, that a man in good health would have walked, in three hours, what we performed, with difficulty, in six days: however, we still advanced a little, either towards our deliverance or death, hoping for the first. All at once we perceived, in the sand, traces of the feet of two men in the direction of a mountain we saw before us at some distance. We said to each other, "Surely, these must have been our two friends who passed this way before us. Come, let us follow them; perhaps we may be able to overtake them." But our joy did not last long. The sand and traces soon finished together, the soil becoming hard and rocky. We were yet about two miles distant from the mountain, and we strained every nerve to attain and get to the summit of it.

Fortunately for us, it was not steep. When we were about half-way up, we saw before us an overhanging rock, which we determined to gain, to repose ourselves under its shelter. When we got there, what a horrid sight met our view!—two dead bodies, sitting next to each other, with their backs resting against the rock. We touched them, but they were stiff and cold, and must have been dead some time. They were so disfigured, that although we saw that they were Europeans, we could not recognise their features; and it was only from the red colour of the hair of one of them, which was that of poor Voss, that we supposed they were our two poor unfortunate friends and comrades who had left us behind, as above mentioned, and had come here to die. Notwithstanding our extreme debility, we resolved to bury them as well as we could, which we did, by stretching out their bodies on the ground, and covering them, as well as possible, with stones and loose fragments of rocks lying about the place, after which we prayed fervently over their grave, entreating the Almighty, if it was His good pleasure, to end also our miseries, and take us to Himself by a similar death.

We remained several days in this place, expecting to die, as there was nothing whatever to eat or drink. However, on the sixth day of our stay here, despair gave us courage to descend into the plain below, to meet our fate, whatever it might be. We had not advanced far when, to our great joy and surprise, we met a fine freshwater river; where we drank plentifully, and bathed and refreshed ourselves—this being the first real fresh water we had met with since our misfortune. We discovered also a sort of reed growing along the margin of this river, which we found, by drawing out of the soil, produced a number of large roots, upon which we fed, and found them very palatable. Seeing by this that Divine Providence had not entirely abandoned us, but still sent us, from time to time, something or other to sustain our existence and prevent our perishing, we took fresh courage and spirits. We resolved to light a fire, and, after great exertions,

managed to do so ; then we looked out for some crabs on the sea-shore, and also succeeded in getting some, which we roasted with some of our roots, and made a better meal than we had for a long while ; considering our situation, we lived pleasantly enough. We found also, to our great satisfaction, that we were regaining our strength daily ; and, having stayed there six days to recruit ourselves, we resolved to set forward again, after having forded the river.

We had travelled about fourteen days, always through a hilly country, between rocks and hills, very barren as usual, following the sea-shore as much as possible, when we perceived some monkeys of a very large kind. They frightened us a good deal at first ; but finding they offered us no harm, we got accustomed to them ; we even found them useful to us as guides, for we always found fresh water wherever we met them ; so that afterwards, whenever we saw any, so far from avoiding, we went straight up to them. After we got out of this chain of hills, we again came to a flat country, and saw a high hill at a great distance before us, which seemed to be situated close to the sea-shore : we directed our march towards it, with the intention of passing between it and the water ; but when we arrived we found it impossible, as the sea washed its base, and the hill was very perpendicular on that side. In looking at this mountain, we perceived a grotto in its side, which we found spacious enough to make a comfortable residence, and, therefore, resolved to stop there a few days, the more so as we had perceived the sort of wild cherries I have already mentioned to grow in abundance on the sides of the hill.

Next day, having gone out towards the sea-shore to collect some cherries, I perceived something at a distance which, on a nearer inspection, proved to be a large fish, completely dried by the sun ; full of joy, I called St. Julien, who was at some distance, to show him what I had found, expecting he would be equally delighted with our good fortune ; but, on the contrary, he was seized with great consternation, supposing that this fish must have been left there by the natives. I confess

this reflection had escaped me ; however, we resolved to apply our new-found treasure to our own use, which we did immediately ; but found it so salted, and the meal we made upon it excited such a degree of thirst, that, not being able to quench it, we were obliged to proceed and look out for water to allay it ; we, however, took care to carry our fish and a provision of cherries with us. We went round the foot of the hill, and stopped at the first place where we had the good fortune to find water, after which we went on, meeting sometimes with hills, sometimes with flat ground ; and wherever we found water we made a halt for a few days, lighted a fire, dressed a small part of our fish and some of those thick leaves already mentioned, which we generally found growing wherever the ground was marshy. In this manner we subsisted until we had consumed our fish.

We had travelled onwards about a fortnight since finding the fish, when we came to and entered a considerable forest of thorny trees ; we had not penetrated far into it when we saw, to our great fright, two very large wolves or hyenas ; we immediately hid ourselves as well as we could, that they might not perceive us, and fortunately we soon lost sight of them. These were the only ones we ever saw. I repeat again, that till then we always kept as near to the sea-shore as possible, for three principal reasons : first, because we were more likely to pick up something to eat on the shore, than in the deserts we were traversing, such as crabs, shell-fish, and other productions of the sea, cast on shore by the waves, and of which we generally picked up a little almost every day ; secondly, to wash our feet and refresh them in the sea, which was as necessary to us, burnt and blistered as they were continually by the burning sands we were walking on, as eating or drinking ; and thirdly, in the hope of seeing some vessel pass by and being delivered by it from our dreadful situation.

We were three days in traversing this forest. After we got out of it, we found again an open country before us, having the sea on our left, and some hills on our right ; we saw, at a

great distance off, a chain of very high hills, stretching right across our road. Seeing, therefore, that we could not avoid them, we went straight up to them ; we arrived at their foot after a long and fatiguing march ; and just at that moment, to our great astonishment and consternation, we perceived near us a native, or black man, who was coming towards us with a large knife in his hand. He ran towards me ; I tried to save myself by flight ; but weakness and fear soon overcame me ; I fell, and fainted at the same moment ; my friend perceiving my situation, ran to my assistance. The black had also stopped near me ; he spoke to St. Julien as soon as he came up, but, unfortunately, in a language he could not comprehend. He, however, made out his meaning so far, that he was asking him whether we were strangers or natives ; he answered by signs, as well as he could, that we were unfortunate strangers, upon which the black man went away.

During this time I was recovered a little, and asked what was become of the savage I had seen ; my friend told me he had left us. However, we were not the less afraid, being apprehensive that there might be more of them in the neighbourhood, and that this one might bring back some others to murder us. From his appearance, however, having some skins about his body to cover his nakedness, we supposed they were more civilised, and, therefore, probably more humane than the ferocious savages who had treated us so cruelly. However, not being willing to trust too much to that, we marched off with the greatest haste to cross this chain of mountains, which took us eight days to accomplish.

Finding every now and then pools of reddish water, which, however, were perfectly sweet and good, and subsisting almost entirely on the sort of salad growing near the water, we saw nothing more of any natives.

After we crossed these mountains, we again fell in with a forest of the same kind of trees as the first, which took us five days to get through ; but this was the last we met. After we had crossed it, we saw before us a large river, which seemed

to be at least a mile and a half wide, and on the opposite side of it, to our great joy, we saw large green trees which we hoped might bear some kind of fruit or other ; we stopped on its border a whole day and a night, not knowing how to cross it, being so broad.

Next morning, as our last resource, we resolved to try to ford it ; and to our great satisfaction, we succeeded. This large river proving very shallow, although we were often up to our shoulders in the water, we arrived at those trees whose sight had been so agreeable to our eyes ; but we found ourselves deceived in our hopes, for they bore no kind of fruit, and their leaves were not fit for eating, being coarse and full of prickles. We spent nearly an hour in crossing this wood, and when we got out of it, we found ourselves in the skirts of a large village.

We entered the first hut we met, and asked an old man we found in it to give us some water to drink ; he answered us the same way, by signs, that he had none ; so we left him, and went forward into the village. We soon met a number of children, who at the sight of us cried out lustily, and ran away in the greatest fright.

Soon after we saw a number of people sitting on the ground, and each holding in his hand a string of pearls, like chaplets, as if they were praying and telling their beads ; so we fell on our knees near them, to pretend joining in their prayers ; they made us signs to sit down near them, which we did, soon after which some of them, who had gone away probably for that purpose, brought us a large piece of a substance they called tamma, which seemed to be, by the taste and look, a sort of coarse bread, made of some kind of grain unknown to us, and a wooden vessel full of water. We received the whole with great thankfulness, and made an excellent meal. After we had finished it, they made us a sign to leave their village. We obeyed this order with alacrity, not to displease them, happy that we had at last met some human beings from whom we had apparently nothing to apprehend, and who seemed

likely to treat us with some degree of humanity. We chose for our abode a large tree, at a small distance from the village. The chief of this village had also given us a leathern bag, with signs to employ it to fetch water, which he made us understand was not found in the village, but at a fountain situated at a considerable distance on the other side of the river we had just crossed, and that they were obliged to go there every day to fetch it, which was hard work.

We made ourselves a sort of hut against the 'trunk of this tree, with branches, which we wove together as well as we could with our hands, and covered it with small leafy branches. We then went to the river-side, where we found a good number of crabs, which we brought back to our newly made hut, lighted a fire, and, roasting them, made another comfortable meal, happy to be at last relieved from the necessity of subsisting almost entirely on our unsubstantial salad, which had for so long a period been our daily and almost only food, which, together with the incredible hardships we had undergone, had reduced us to mere skeletons of skin and bone. However, our present situation promised, by degrees, to restore our lost strength and flesh, and we were firmly resolved to stay here as long as circumstances would allow.

The village was situated in a small island, being surrounded by another branch of the river; our life, however, was very laborious. From the natives we learned that we could not cross the river at high-water, it being then too deep to ford; so one of us (as we took it by turns) went early in the morning, being then low-water, to fetch a sufficient quantity from the fountain for a day's consumption. This fountain being at a great distance from the river, he was obliged, on his return, to wait till the evening before the tide was low enough to recross the river and come home. The water thus obtained proved both sweet and wholesome; but it had this particular and very unpleasant quality: that the next day after it was brought home, it became so brackish as to be absolutely unfit for use, which obliged us, of course, to fetch every day

our provision, which proved, in our exhausted state, a very severe task. The one who remained behind went, during his friend's absence, to the river to gather crabs; and, at meal-hours, he went through the village begging, and generally got some pieces of tamma, and the heads of such fish as the villagers consumed; for, as they never touched the heads, they threw them to us, to whom they were very acceptable.

To be more successful in our begging excursions, we had taken the trouble to learn as much of their language as we could pick up in such a short time, amongst others a short prayer, which we always repeated to them; and as we perceived they were Mahometans, by the ceremonies we saw them perform, we resolved, in order the better to ingratiate ourselves with them, to make them believe we were also Mahometans, by imitating and joining in their ceremonies of worship, and by showing and performing before them some ceremonies we had seen practised in the East Indies by the Mahometans of that country. By this I really do believe that they took us for very devout Mahometans. In our unhappy situation we thought we might have recourse to this stratagem to better our situation, without committing a crime. We explained to them, as well as we could, that we were Persian merchants, who had suffered shipwreck in going to Egypt. Whether they comprehended us entirely or not, I cannot say; however, although they certainly treated us with humanity, after a fortnight's stay, they ordered us to leave the vicinity of their village, and go further on. Though our fatigues were great, their threats induced us to comply with their desires.

After several days' travelling, we found another village, which we had no sooner entered than we were surrounded by the inhabitants, on which we fell on our knees, and repeated our prayer and ceremonies. Upon this, these people brought us some tamma and water. While we were sitting on the ground eating what had been given us, to our great astonishment, we saw a man come out of one of the huts of the village whom, although he was dressed in every respect like the

natives, we immediately knew to be the first mate of the ship, whose name was Mr. Kuntzby. We did not dare at first to accost or speak to him ; but when we had finished our meal, he took us aside and requested we should not discover he was a Christian, nor even show in public that we knew him ; he informed us he had given himself out to be a poor Mahometan merchant, who had lost everything by shipwreck, and taken the name of Mahomet Nakuda, and so we must call him in future, whenever we should have anything of sufficient consequence to tell him in presence of the inhabitants of the village, but that, unless on a very pressing occasion, we should not speak to or accost him in public. He assured us further, that we had nothing to apprehend from the natives, and that we should get eating and drinking enough to satisfy our wants ; that, therefore, we should stay there with him, until he found a proper opportunity of leaving the place, when he would try to take us along with him. We asked him how we came to find him there ; and he told us, that on the night when we had the misfortune to fall into the sea, by climbing the steep mountain from whose side we slipped down, as above related, he had remained behind, and taken a different route, from the darkness of the night, which had separated him from us ; that, after many hardships, he had arrived at this village, where he had had the good fortune to meet a shipmate, a Bengalese tindal, or petty officer of Lascars, who himself had arrived there before him ; with the assistance of this tindal, who was a Mahometan, and spoke and understood the Arabic fluently, it was easy for him to pass for a Mahometan with the natives. By his assistance he was very well received, and continued to be well treated by the hospitable natives, and he said that this tindal was still in the village.

We found, however, to our great disappointment, that we had not the same treatment to expect, as the inhabitants treated us like slaves in every respect, and made us perform the work of slavery ; they gave to each of us a large leather pouch, or bag, with which, every morning early, we were

obliged to go a considerable distance to a fountain, to fill them with water, from whence we did not return before twelve o'clock, when they gave us, after receiving our load of water, our dinner, which ought to have been a pound of tamma, but generally fell far short of it, and we were obliged to be content; now and then they added to it a small quantity of dried fish. After our dinner, we were obliged to run about the village and its environs, to collect the scattered stones of the fruit with which they make their tamma, or bread. These stones are broken to pieces in a wooden mortar, and serve as food for their goats, which abound in this country; if we brought back a sufficient quantity of these stones, it was well; if not, we were ill-treated and abused by the chief of the village, whose slaves we were. After this task was over, we were obliged to spend the remainder of the day in going to the nearest wood to pick up dry branches of the thorny wood common in this country, and bring home as much as we could carry, for fuel. It is true, we received all this bad treatment because we could not pass ourselves upon them for Mahometans, in which we did not succeed so well here as in the first village.

Notwithstanding all we could do, our friend Mahomet Nakuda and his interpreter, the tindal, did not assist us in the least, perhaps out of fear of themselves being suspected. Had we managed to pass ourselves for Mahometans, we should probably have fared equally well with them; for the natives treated us so badly only from their hatred to Christians, and because they wanted to force us to become Mahometans, and to submit to circumcision, which proposition, however, we always firmly rejected, being determined to submit to everything rather than this.

The mate had informed us, in secret, of their intentions towards us, and begged we would not consent to change our religion. We told him he need not fear, we had no intention of doing so, and that we would sooner lose our lives than do it. After having repeatedly resisted the entreaties of the

natives to this effect, they threatened us, that, if we did not comply with their desires, they would make us work from morning till night, and give us nothing to eat or drink until we should submit ; but we despised their threats, and went on as usual.

However, shortly after this, the mate secretly came to us, and told us, that they were then deliberating about us, and were determined to repeat the same offer for the last time, and if we still refused, to put us to death. We resolved immediately, with the advice of the mate, to leave the village instantly. He informed us, that a few days' march further on we should meet with another village, and he advised us to go there, as probably we might be better received and treated than we were here. We followed his advice, and arrived at this village without accident, though much fatigued. The inhabitants received us in a very friendly manner, made us sit down, and brought us something to eat and drink. Some of them went away, and soon returned, bringing with them a man whom we immediately recognised, and found to belong to a detachment of the Bengal artillery, on board our ship. His name was James Dunbar, an Irishman by birth. As soon as he knew us he received us with much pleasure, shook us cordially by the hand, and said—"My dear friends, I am now a Mahometan ; I submitted to circumcision, my head is shaved, and I am happy. Do the same, I advise you, as we are in a country from whence there is no hope of returning. It will be for your own advantage." In short, he made use of every argument in his power to persuade us immediately to follow his example.

Had we felt ourselves in safety, we should have answered him in a rough manner ; however, in our situation we were obliged to dissimulate, and merely answered that we could not bring ourselves at once to submit to it, but requested time to consider. By his recommendation we were well received for the present, and our wants supplied by the natives. He also informed us, that two friends of our detachment, who, from his

description, must have been two privates of the name of Debish and Hozlohen, who had been separated from us on the first night of our flight after our shipwreck, had arrived there some time before, and that they had also refused to become Mahometans, rather preferring going forward, although he had warned them that they would encounter a desert in which, during ten days' march, they would find nothing either to eat or drink. Notwithstanding this caution, they had set out on their march, and were found dead shortly after, about four days' journey from the village. He told us also, that soon after his arrival and change of religion, the sheik, or chief, to whom these three villages belong—namely, the two we had already seen and the one where we then were, which was his residence—had given him a boat, and some men, to proceed to the wreck of our ship, where he had found a great number of unburied European corpses, which he buried, with his people, as well as they could, and then brought away everything of value they could find from the wreck.

We remained in the village five or six days, being well enough treated during this time, yet continually pressed to change our religion ; but, as we always refused to submit to it, after the lapse of that time, the sheik forbade every inhabitant to give us either bread to eat, or a drop of water to drink ; and he sent us word, that if we did not depart instantly, he would put us to death ; so, not daring to enter the desert said to be before us, we resolved to return to the village where we had left the mate, hoping that, perhaps, something might there turn out to our advantage ; we therefore returned, but found, to our great astonishment and consternation, that he, as well as the tindal, had left the place, and embarked, shortly before our return, on board a Company's ship bound to Egypt. Had we remained there, we might also have embarked and have been delivered from our deplorable situation.

The inhabitants of the village informed us, that they were extremely exasperated against the mate for having imposed upon them, as, in consequence of believing him a true

Mahometan, like themselves, they had admitted him to their intimacy ; that he had eaten and drank with them out of the same vessels, which was a great blasphemy, and made them unclean, and obliged them to submit to great privations to wipe away their stain. Having asked them (for I must not forget to say that we had now so far learnt their language, as to be able to comprehend a little what they said to us) how they had found out his imposition, they said, that the man who, for a recompense, had undertaken to take them on board the ship, was standing on the deck, waiting to receive his promised reward, when he saw the mate, who had gone down the ladder, come up again without his Mussulman's dress, having put on a hat and European clothes, and holding in his hand a piece of pork, which is as much abhorred by them as by the Jews, he came up to him and devoured the piece of pork in his presence, telling him, at the same time, that he was a Christian, and had imposed upon their credulity, upon which he left the ship with great rage and disgust, and rowed to the shore, and informed the inhabitants of the circumstance ; they swore to us, that if a favourable wind had not sprung up, by which the ship, which before was becalmed, was enabled to get under weigh and leave their coast, they would have attempted to take the ship, and be revenged on him and the ship's crew also.

There is no doubt that this ridiculous and most imprudent conduct of the mate endangered the ship's safety, and put our lives in the utmost danger ; in fact, having before been so ill treated by them, we had nothing to expect but instant death, and that they would revenge themselves upon us for the affront they had received from the mate : however, they spared our lives for the present, bestowing plenty of ill-treatment upon us, which we bore patiently, being determined to submit to our fate, whatever it might be, being harassed and worn out by our continued misfortunes. They refused us even a drop of water, which we were obliged, as formerly, to get at the distant fountain, where we generally stayed the whole day,

and came back to the village in the evening, where, whenever we saw a number of them sitting together taking their evening meal, we approached at a humble distance, and waited patiently until they threw away the heads and remains of the fish which composed their meal, and which, with great difficulty and our humble entreaty, they allowed us, like dogs, to pick up. In this miserable way we subsisted a fortnight.

To our very great joy, one day, which was the sixteenth since our return to this place, as we were walking on the sea-shore, in the afternoon, ardently looking out for a ship, of which we had before seen several pass, but at too great a distance for them to take notice of any signals we could make, so that the sight of them only augmented our misery, we had the happiness to perceive one again; at this time it seemed that Providence had taken pity on our sufferings, and was going to send us relief when we despaired of it. The ship was going at a great rate, and would soon have been out of sight; but fortunately the wind suddenly died away, and, in consequence, the currents, which are very strong here, and set towards the coast, brought the ship very soon so near to it, that, for fear of an accident, they let go an anchor. This gave us some hopes. We made every signal we could think of, and at last, about five o'clock in the evening, we had the unspeakable satisfaction of perceiving a small boat put off from the ship, and make towards us.

As soon as they were near enough, we went into the sea up to our neck, to get the sooner to them. There were only a sailor and a lieutenant of marines in the boat; and when we were near enough to speak to each other, they asked us who we were, and what we wanted. We explained to them, as well and as quick as we could, our unfortunate situation and our adventures, telling them also that we belonged to the regiment De Mueron, in his Majesty's service. At first they would not believe us, and we had some trouble to convince them; at last, however, they received us into their boat, and took us on board their ship, which was a brig of war, com-

manded by Captain Kummel, belonging to the British fleet then stationed in the Red Sea, and cruising, fortunately for us, on the coast of Abyssinia. Captain Kummel, to whom we were presented on our arrival on board, did not at first know what to make of us ; however, hearing that we were Germans, and could speak a little English, he questioned us. We told him our story, and had the good fortune to convince him that we spoke the truth, upon which he made us heartily welcome, and said he was happy to deliver us from our cruel situation. He then ordered us some clothes ; for ever since we were first robbed by the savages, we had remained perfectly naked, the natives themselves wearing nothing but a turban on their head and a skin round their middle, falling to the middle of their legs. After we were dressed, he ordered us each a glass of brandy, which did us much good ; he then ordered each of us a good portion of salt beef and biscuit, which we seized with avidity, and tore with our hands and teeth, and devoured like ravenous beasts rather than men, from the dreadful hunger we had so long suffered under. The captain and every one looked on with astonishment, and being afraid we might overeat and hurt ourselves, told us not to eat too much salt provision, which would occasion great thirst, and that he had very little water to spare, being very short ; we, therefore, refrained from the salt meat, but could not eat sufficiently of biscuits, so, when we were sent down to repose during the night, we took a bag full of them with us, and the whole night, instead of sleeping, we did little but eat. It is astonishing how our weak stomachs could contain and digest this load of nourishment, and that we did not die with overloading them, or, at least, suffer severely from it ; however, it did us no harm.

Early next morning the captain ordered a boat, with a lieutenant of the ship and a lieutenant of marines, some marines, seven sailors, and St. Julien and myself, to go on shore, to fetch water ; we took the liberty to represent to him that it was dangerous to send anybody on shore in this country, the inhabitants being half savages and very cruel, particularly

to Europeans and Christians, and told him what had happened lately on account of the conduct of the mate of our ship ; we represented further, that at all events it would be better to leave us behind, as the natives, seeing us come back, would suppose we came to be revenged on them for their cruel conduct to us, and that therefore they would make every possible exertion to destroy whatever party might be sent to their shore, and, moreover, that all the water to be got there was bad and brackish. The captain answered us, that as to the enmity of the natives, he would provide against their efforts, by sending his large boat full of men, and well armed, to protect the other, whose crew, as well as ourselves, should also be armed, and that our presence was necessary to guide his men to the spot where water might be found ; that as to the quality of the water, however bad it might be, it would at least serve for cooking, and thereby enable him to save what little he had left for drinking only ; so they put two small guns, three-pounders, into the launch, under the command of the lieutenant of marines, with the ship's gunner, some marines, and seven sailors, as also poor St. Julien. Each man received a cutlass, a musket, and sufficient ammunition ; a midshipman and myself went in a small boat and followed the other ; the shore might be about three miles from the ship. When the first boat was about one hundred feet from the land, they saw a great number of armed natives running towards the beach, on perceiving which our people saluted them with a volley from the guns and musketry ; but the natives, without giving them time to reload their pieces, ran into the water, laid hold of the boat, overturned it, and killed every one they could lay hold of. Some of those unfortunate fellows tried to save themselves on shore, and ran towards the woods, but were soon overtaken and killed in our sight.

On perceiving this disaster, the midshipman and myself tried instantly to save ourselves by flight ; but before we could effect it, two of these monsters got so near to our

little boat, that one of them made a cut at the midshipman with his *hasakei*, or large knife, and nothing but the thickness of his hat saved his head from being cut in two; the other threw a lance at him, tied to a string, and wounded him in the thigh; notwithstanding, he did not lose his presence of mind, but laid hold of an oar as well as myself, and we rowed with all our might to get away from our enemies, which we fortunately soon did, and reached the ship without further accident.

The captain had seen the whole tragedy with his spy-glass, and was inconsolable for the melancholy fate and loss of his people. As soon as we were taken on board, the officer was put to bed, and his wounds dressed, which happily were not dangerous; and although I was not wounded, I was so completely out of my senses, that they had more trouble with me than the wounded officer. What tormented me most was the loss and dreadful end of my unfortunate friend St. Julien, who had shared with me all my dangers and hardships, had always supported and comforted me in our afflictions, and proved himself a most true and valuable friend and companion. That he should perish in such a cruel manner, just at the time we were relieved from our hopeless situation, and that he, as well as the unfortunate boat's crew, might have been still alive if the captain would but have taken our well-meant advice, made my regrets doubly severe; I could not help giving vent to them. However, the captain, who was now as sorry as anybody for his imprudence, did what he could to console me, promising, that as soon as we should arrive at Mocha, he would send me on shore, have me well taken care of, and procure me the means of returning to my regiment, by the first ship that should sail from Mocha to the East Indies.

This kind promise certainly served to console me and raise my spirits; this happened on the 21st of December, a hundred and ninety-seven days after my fatal shipwreck on this barbarous coast. Next day, the 22nd, early

in the morning, we got the anchor up, and let the ship drive as near as prudence would allow to the shore, then let the anchor go again, after which every gun was loaded and pointed towards the village, which the captain, to revenge his people, resolved to reduce to ashes. This was accordingly done, for what was not destroyed by the guns was consumed by the fire, so that nothing remained of the whole village but a heap of ruins ; however, I doubt whether any of the natives were killed or wounded by our shot, as they all retired early behind the cover of a small hill behind their village, which completely covered them from our guns ; they were too numerous, and we not strong enough, to dare to disembark and attack them on shore, so, for fear of making bad worse, we contented ourselves with the vengeance we had taken ; the anchor was heaved up, and we set sail from this savage and inhospitable shore on our voyage to Mocha, where we arrived on the 9th of January, 1802.

As soon as we arrived, the captain went on shore and took me with him, and had the kindness to present me to Captain de la Vitterie, an English engineer officer, to whom I told my eventful story ; he showed me much compassion, and said he would do everything he could for me. My health being destroyed by the great hardships I had undergone for such a length of time, I begged to be allowed a medical man ; happily for me, there was a very good English physician then at Mocha, to whom I was conducted, and who, with the help of good medicines and nourishing diet, completely restored me again in five days. I then returned to Captain de la Vitterie, who received me again very kindly ; he gave me new clothes, of which I was in great want, some money, and offered to keep me in his service if I would attach myself to him, and serve him faithfully. I excused myself, saying, that I wished ardently to return to my regiment, my friends, and countrymen ; I thanked him most gratefully for all his goodness and kindness to me, begging he would still add to all the obligations he had heaped upon me by that of procuring me

an opportunity of returning to my corps. He said, as I so anxiously desired it, he would try to procure me an opportunity to return to Madras as soon as one might offer; and that, in the meantime, I should stay with him, and that he would take care of me, which he did most kindly; but my happiness was short.

Soon after, an English ship-of-war arrived at Mocha, commanded by Captain Garden, who saw me at Captain de la Vitterie's, and asked him who I was: he told him, on which he desired me to relate my story to him; on hearing it, he asked me what corps that regiment De Mueron was, whether in the Company's or in the King's service. I told him in the latter, on which he said, so was he, and that therefore he would take me on board his ship with him. I tried to excuse myself, stating, that having suffered so much, and lost my ship, it would be very hard upon me to be obliged to return immediately to active duty, without being allowed some little time to repose and recruit; that my most earnest wish was to return to my own corps, for which I was enlisted, and not for the marine service; that, besides, I was destitute of every requisite for a soldier. He answered, that on coming on board his ship I should be furnished with everything necessary, that I must hold myself in readiness to go on board with him next morning, and he would advise me not to make too many difficulties.

After his departure, I applied to my kind protector Captain de la Vitterie to interest himself in my behalf, and try to prevent my being obliged to go with Captain Garden. He promised to do it, and when next day Captain Garden came again, he represented to him, in the most forcible terms, how cruel, unjust, and unlawful it was, in my present situation, to press me by force to serve on board his ship; but nothing would do; so I must, notwithstanding Captain de la Vitterie's prayers and representations; so I took a sorrowful leave of my kind protector to follow my oppressor, who put me on board his ship, which was a forty-four-

gun frigate, where I was immediately put on duty as a marine. To impress men for any service was usual in those days. Captain Garden, it is true, promised me, when on board, that he would put me on board the first ship we should meet destined for Madras or Bengal, but he never thought of it afterwards.

From Mocha we went to Jeddo, then to Cossir, whence we proceeded to Suez, where we had such a dreadful tempest, that we thought ourselves lost; however, we got through it. There was on board this frigate a detachment of the 10th Regiment, going to join the regiment then at Alexandria. Captain Garden supposing some part of the regiment De Mueron might be there likewise, resolved to send me along with this detachment. We were seventeen days going from Suez to Alexandria, where I arrived safe; and finding no part of my regiment there, I was joined and did duty with the marines, which I did for about ten or twelve days; then I was sent back with a detachment of marines to Suez, and there put on board my old ship again, where I did duty with the marines until the 30th May, when I was again transferred on board the admiral's ship, commanded by Captain Pope, commodore of the British fleet at Suez.

From thence I was shortly transferred on board the *Ganges*, where, to my surprise, I found again the first mate, Mahomet Nakuda, who had escaped, as above related, from the village we destroyed, and of which tragedy he was probably the first author, by his imprudent conduct; he seemed, however, well pleased to see me, received me very kindly, saying, "My poor Hendrick, what a sorry appearance you make! I'll do what I can for you;" in fact, he gave me plenty of eating and drinking, and provided me with some clothes, of which I stood in great need. However, I was not long suffered to remain with him, but was transferred from one ship to another until I at last got on board the *Kamas*, which was going to Madras.

To my great joy, we left Suez on the 6th of June, and arrived in the roads of Madras on the 12th of August. We were met

and hailed by a frigate, who asked whence we came. We said, "From Egypt;" he answered, "I give you joy: you are the first ship that has as yet returned from that quarter." He asked if we had any appearance of the plague on board; we said, "No." He ordered us to send a boat on board of him, having a letter for us from the governor-general; we sent for it, and found it to contain a most strict order to proceed to Bengal, without daring, on any pretext whatever, to touch anywhere before our arrival in Balasore roads; we therefore continued our voyage, and arrived at Balasore on the 20th August, 1802. The Board of Quarantine came on board to examine our state of health, and we were obliged to wait three days before we got permission to proceed to Calcutta, where I was disembarked on the 24th of August.

But a new misfortune awaited me. I scarcely had been an hour on shore, when I got a violent attack of fever, and was in consequence forced to go to the general hospital, where I was obliged to stay until the 10th of September following. After I got out of it, I was repeatedly questioned by the brigade-major of Fort William about my adventures. At last, on the 16th September, I was sent on board the *Bengal*, in which ship I had the happiness to arrive at Madras on the 7th October, 1802, from whence I went to Seringapatam, where my regiment was in garrison, and where I arrived after near twenty months' absence, being the only survivor of the detachment which I had at first left, happy beyond expression to be again united with my friends, comrades, and countrymen. Before my memory had time to cool and forget past sufferings, the foregoing narrative was taken in writing, and I attest that I have related nothing but the simple truth.

‘ BOMBAY JACK ’ AND THE CRUISE OF H.M. FRIGATE
“ NISUS.”

IN the year 1812 a great sensation was caused at Cape Town by the arrival of an ambassador from the King of the Comoro Islands. He arrived in the brig-of-war *Eclipse*, which had picked him up at the Portuguese settlement of Mozambique, on the eastern coast of Africa. His sable Excellency called himself “Bombay Jack,” by which name, it appears, he was well known to the English Indiamen touching for refreshments at the Isle of Johanna, one of the cluster, when on their way to India.

The object of “Bombay Jack’s” mission was to request the protection or aid of the Cape Government against piratical expeditions made by the chiefs and people of Madagascar against his native islands. These invasions, on a large scale, had been carried on for many years, the land being everywhere laid waste by these fierce barbarians, and the people carried into slavery. The King sent this embassy to the English Governor at the Cape (then Sir J. F. Cradock, afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Howden), imploring his interference, as the natives were powerless to defend themselves against the predatory attacks of thousands of Malagasy warriors, who came in their great canoes and wantonly ravaged his islands with fire and sword. The Governor, as well from humane feelings as on account of the civilities and friendliness of these simple and harmless islanders to the Indiamen who touched at their shores, applied to Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, then the naval commander-in-chief in those seas. As there were at that time two British war-ships usually stationed at Mauritius, Sir Robert Stopford could attend to this request without difficulty or expense, and he ordered the *Nisus* frigate, under Captain Beaver, to proceed to the Comoro Islands, for the protection of the Johanna people.

The original design was, after touching at Mozambique for more accurate intelligence, and calling at Johanna, to obtain an interview with the King, thence to proceed to the different ports of Madagascar, seeking conferences with the principal hostile chiefs, and, either by threats or negotiations, to make them give up their cruel and unprovoked aggressions. At Mozambique it was ascertained, from the Portuguese governor, that this part of the design was impracticable, on account of the advanced state of the season, which rendered it hazardous for a large frigate like the *Nisus* to approach the coast. For the present, therefore, the intention of visiting Madagascar was abandoned, a liberal supply of arms and ammunition to the Johannese being all that could be done; but that the expedition should not be altogether useless, the route was altered to the kingdom of Quiloa, on the African continent, in about 8° 30' south latitude, where Captain Beaver understood, from a French merchant at Mozambique, fine timber for naval purposes, in which the Cape is deficient, could be procured.

This design, however, was also frustrated. The King of Quiloa was absent, and his chiefs were too cautious to give any permission to cut wood till the pleasure of their master could be known. On his return a treaty was concluded for the supply of a shipload of the largest timber whenever it should be sent for from the Cape. The King professed a strong wish to become better acquainted with the English.

The *Nisus* employed its time in visiting and exploring various parts of the coast; and the journal of the voyage, as given by Mr. Prior, the surgeon of the ship, contains many points of interest even in our own day. There is a description of life at Cape Town, but as much of this is out of date, we give some extracts from the story of the cruise. "Bombay Jack," or Barra Comba, as he said his native or "country name" was, was received on board for the passage to his own island. Mr. Prior thus describes him: "He is about fifty years of age, lively, and good-humoured, with a penetrating eye, and expressive countenance, and features of the best cast

of the Arabs. He speaks English tolerably well, understands something of our character, and displays much shrewdness in his remarks, with more knowledge of the world than could possibly be expected. He dresses in the Moorish style—long flowing robes, slippers, and turban. He is a strict Mahometan, though without any of the fanaticism of the Moors. His servants kill our stock according to the laws of the prophet, so that they all partake of the ship's food without violating any religious rule. Our guest lives as he pleases, sometimes taking coffee with us, but rarely making a long stay. He was told he might occupy any part of the ship, but declined frequenting the officers' mess-table. He is evidently aware of the prejudices of the lower class of whites against people of colour, and therefore concludes that his presence will be disagreeable. He cannot be made to understand that English officers and gentlemen are above such prejudices, but he is firm in refusing, while very polite and grateful for every attention. He often says ‘we are much too good to an old, useless black man.’ This delicacy and refinement of feeling surprised us greatly; and as it showed an ingenuous mind, it caused ‘Bombay Jack,’ with his other good qualities, to be a universal favourite.”

We quitted Simon's Bay July 23rd. The weather was fine, the season favourable for a passage to Johanna Island, and continued so from April to the end of August. This coast was first visited by the enterprise of Vasco de Gama, and has so few attractions for mariners, that it is still imperfectly known. It is low, destitute of vegetation, and faced with sand-hills, having higher land behind. Few places are more repulsive, for a heavy surf, breaking on the beach, threatens instant death to whoever is thrown upon its shores. There are no harbours in the colonial territory, but three roadsteads or bays—Mossel, Plettenberg, and Algoa, the two former named by the Dutch, the latter by the Portuguese. They are all insecure for shipping. The *Doddington* Indiaman was lost on a small island at the entrance of Algoa Bay. The *Grosvenor* suffered

a similar fate not far distant, and the sufferings of the survivors afford a melancholy tale. Some Government transports have also been wrecked at a later period.

The country called Natal, from being discovered on Christmas Day, succeeds to the colonial territory. It has a small river and creek, each bearing the same name. The next division of the coast is named Fumas, from the quantity of smoke first observed on its shores, and the appellation is continued till we meet with the spacious bay of Delagoa. It should be observed, there is no authority whatever for these arbitrary arrangements of territory; they have descended from time immemorial to map and chart-makers, without alteration or the slightest attempts at gaining authentic information respecting their native names. The present were given by the first discoverers, and, notwithstanding the progress of science and discovery, this country remains, in 1812, in that happy and profound state of obscurity in which it was found by Vasco de Gama in 1497.

Delagoa Bay has been often visited by trading vessels on this coast; but their stay has been either too short, or their means and pursuits unsuited to gain accurate knowledge of the country or the neighbouring tribes. It is large, and is said to have good anchorage for vessels. In the spawning season it is frequented by great numbers of the black whale, which, though not the most profitable species, compensates the fisherman by its abundance. Ships engaged in the fishery visit almost all the bays and creeks of the coast, and sometimes nearly complete their cargoes at their anchors, without labour or anxiety.

The next considerable promontory is Cape Corrientes, or currents, from the strength with which they prevail here, situated about two hundred miles beyond Delagoa Bay. The next is Cape St. Sebastian, in $22^{\circ} 36'$ south. We descried it in the evening, though partly obscured by haze, apparently a bluff point of land, connected with a low, sandy beach, extending to the eastward by a point. Between these capes, and not

far from the former, are the river and town of Inhambana, the most southern settlement of the Portuguese, whose authority or influence extend no farther, though they claim the country as far as Delagoa Bay. The French made an attempt on this settlement about four years ago, but were compelled by the natives to retire. The territory called Inhambana is extensive, producing slaves and ivory, besides a considerable quantity of grain. The authority of the Portuguese extends only a few miles from the coast. The natives are stated to be remarkably bold and warlike, but on the borders reported by the Portuguese to add extreme treachery and cruelty to their courage. A Portuguese resident, protected by a few black soldiers, lives in the town, situated a few miles up the river, and transacts the commercial affairs of his countrymen and others, besides being the responsible agent of government. Strangers, indeed, are carefully excluded from trading at any of the minor settlements on this coast, by strict orders from Mozambique; but they are, in general, so much in want of every article from Europe, and the temptation of gain is so irresistible, that a bribe secures every privilege.

The countries termed in our maps Sabia and Sofala are known to the Portuguese, who are the only Europeans acquainted with them, by the latter name only. The coast is low, and in some places unhealthy, the interior woody and difficult of access, and travelling impracticable, though the authority of the whites is generally acknowledged. One or two small settlements on the coast have residents, supported by soldiers, appointed by the governor of Mozambique, for the regulation of trade. The Portuguese dare not venture far from their own immediate territory, the real traders in the inland parts being people of colour, born in the vicinity of the white settlements or natives whose nation and language are, perhaps, but little known, who come from a great distance, and return after the disposal of their merchandise, though intestine wars render even this communication precarious.

Sofala has also a resident, protected by a few black troops

and a small fort against any commotion of the natives ; but this is rarely the case. Slaves, ivory, gold-dust, and rice are annually exported to Mozambique. The port is difficult of access to vessels of burden, on account of sand-banks ; the trade, therefore, is confined to small vessels. Refreshments are also difficult to procure, and from these reasons, ships passing through the channel, bound to India, never approach this shore. A guard of soldiers is immediately placed on board strange vessels that venture near, to prevent any trading intercourse with the settlers ; but this restriction is commonly very soon removed by the proper use of golden arguments. An Englishman, however, is always an object of dread to the Portuguese on this coast, his ideas being supposed to be filled with plans, and his actions pregnant with designs against their commerce. Sometimes English vessels, in distress, have been refused assistance, others occasionally driven off the coast by force ; so that, were it not for the more powerful motive of individual gain, they would be, perhaps, formally interdicted.

But the most interesting object on the coast is the great river Zambesi, falling into the sea, by two or three mouths, about one hundred and thirty miles nearer to Mozambique. From the few slight notices we have been able to procure at this place, it is said, on the authority of some natives, to arise from an inland lake situated between seven and eight hundred miles from the sea. Of this about six hundred miles have been explored by the Portuguese ; but the difficulties of the navigation are considerable, and the route on the banks altogether impracticable from the hostility of the natives. The course to the sea is likewise tortuous, so that the length is materially increased. It runs, however, in a wide stream, intersected here and there by islands, till within eighty miles of the coast, when it divides into two, a large branch going off to the southward, which, though formerly of importance, is now little frequented, on account of obstructions to the navigation. From this bifurcation of the river, the northern branch takes the name of Quilimaney, the southern Luabo or Cumana. The

principal mouth is the Quilimaney, forty miles farther to the northward than Cumana. It is nearly two miles broad at the entrance, and though confined by a bar of sand, has deep water and good anchorage for ships of burden within. Between these are two or three smaller mouths, one of which is named Demana, but neither of any consequence. The land near the mouths of the Zambesi is not very high, possessing, however, more wood and less sand than at most other parts of the coast. The mouth of the Quilimaney is in about $18^{\circ} 12'$ south latitude. Vasco de Gama anchoring here on his voyage to India, became highly pleased with the appearance of the country, the river also very justly attracting much attention.

The Zambesi is still more remarkable for having on its banks the large trading town of Sena, or Sana, forming a very important depôt for the inland commerce of Eastern Africa, and till lately scarcely known to us even by name. The only Englishmen who ever penetrated thus far were, I believe, two officers of the *Winterton* Indiaman, wrecked in the Mozambique channel in 1792, who visited all the Portuguese settlements in order to procure assistance. Their narrative I have not seen, but they had to proceed from Sofala to Sena. It is said to be a considerable town, well inhabited, protected by some works and native soldiers, and having a governor, second only to that of Mozambique. The Portuguese factory here is considerable, and its connections extensive, particularly to the southward. All the subordinate agents, it appears, are people of colour, though the country also, for many miles round, acknowledges the sway of the Europeans. To this mart the native traders from the interior repair in July, August, and September, with slaves, ivory, gold-dust, and medicinal herbs, gums, and roots, taking back in return woollen and cotton cloths, rude trinkets of various species, hardware, firearms, powder and shot. A few, more familiar with Europeans, venture down the Zambesi, and reach Mozambique in October, in the coasting vessels that annually arrive at this period from all the settlements. Here they sometimes find a

better market for their merchandise, and indulge their curiosity, returning again when the monsoon becomes favourable.

From the Quilimaney to Mozambique, the coast takes the general name of the latter, though little, or not at all, known to us, but having some small settlements, a few streams, and a group of islands, called Angoxa, which are visited by all the coasting vessels that pass. The rivers are named Quizungo, Angoxa, Mogincal, Mocamba, and others. Almost all the rivers on this coast are obstructed by bars; vessels of very considerable burden, therefore, cannot anchor; but Sofala and Quilimaney admit those drawing fourteen feet water, though this is rarely attempted. Some others have more than twice this depth within the bar, and are navigable for a few miles inland.

The channel we have been partly exploring divides the great island of Madagascar from the continent, washing the western shore of the former, and that part of the latter known by the name of Mozambique, from which it derives its name. It is familiar to navigators bound to India, by affording a more speedy passage during particular periods. Vessels also employed on whaling voyages visit it occasionally with great success; during our progress we saw great numbers of that valuable fish. Waterspouts seemed numerous; I counted four at one time, within two miles of the ship; several persons with whom I have conversed have also remarked the frequency of this phenomenon here.

The breadth of the channel, opposite this settlement, is about two hundred and eighty miles. The Madagascar shore is tolerably high, that of Mozambique, on the contrary, low; the depth is very considerable, it being impossible in many places to get soundings close to the shore.

Several dangers lie off the Madagascar shore, and several huge masses of rock, scattered here and there, seem to remain perpetual mementoes of former connection with the island. Few navigators at present frequent it, though St. Augustine's Bay

was formerly visited by men-of-war for wood and water, and Lord Keith's fleet called here for refreshments, on their voyage to India, after the capture of the Cape of Good Hope in 1795.

On the morning (19th) we stood in toward the mouth of the river Mocamba, and had a good view of a low, woody shore, the trees being almost wholly of the palm species, and in a few hours descried Mozambique. It is in general first distinguished by the vicinity of a hill called the Table, and occasionally the Pao Mountain, so called from some resemblance to the shape of the foot; but the entrance is sometimes difficult to discover, on account of being guarded by small islands, called after some of the Catholic saints. The ship, however, being descried from the settlement, a fine-looking, turbaned Moor came on board as chief pilot, and passing St. George's Island to the right, ran close under the walls of the grand fort, apparently a strong place, anchoring within something less than a mile of the town. Mutual civilities and visits of ceremony took place in the course of the day.

Mozambique, appearing to De Gama, the discoverer, well calculated for the site of a colony, was first settled by some of his immediate successors, on account of its central situation and harbour, about the year 1510. The fort, which was then erected, still exists, a noble memento of what the people were; a governor was also appointed, subservient to the ruling authorities in India. Mozambique was intended for the focus of all the Portuguese conquests, trade, and colonies in Eastern Africa, for the nation had become master of nearly the whole of the coast, without a single rival, after some hordes of Moors or Arabs had been either subdued, or had quietly left the field to their opponents. The ascendancy of the Portuguese, which extended to receiving tribute from several adjoining powerful native States, seems to have declined about the time the Dutch began successfully to dispute their power in India, and by whom an attack was made upon this settlement, which, however, failed. At present it is the only place of importance

remaining to its discoverers on this side of Africa, its dependencies, already partially noticed, being of comparatively trifling value; and the dominion of the islands is gone altogether. Zanzibar, Monfia, Membas, Pemba, and even the Comoro group, which were all formerly dependent on, or paid tribute to, Mozambique, are at present independent or under the Arab Government of Muscat. The precise extent of the Portuguese authority is not very well known in Europe; we have, however, ascertained this point, it being confined between $23^{\circ} 50'$ and $10^{\circ} 18'$ south latitude, commencing at the village of Inhambana, or Yambana, and terminating at Cape Delgado, neither fact nor courtesy, notwithstanding any assertions to the contrary, giving them claim to a league farther; for the authority of the Arabs begins at the last-mentioned point.

Mr. Prior gives a very full description of Mozambique and of the people of the Portuguese settlements in those regions. There is great jealousy of the appearance of English ships or English travellers, from fear of the slave traffic, which is the chief source of wealth, being interfered with. It is believed that English sailors, escaped from shipwreck on these coasts, have at various times been massacred, in order to prevent reports of the misdeeds of the slave-dealers reaching Europe. Portuguese and Dutch, as well as Arabs, are all alike in this dread of English influence, and this has continued to our own day, as every reader of Dr. Livingstone's "Travels" well knows. The extent of illicit trade may be understood from the following curious fact, mentioned by Mr. Prior. The Portuguese governors are appointed only for three years, and have a mere nominal salary. The Governor, during the visit of the *Nisus*, was expecting soon to be removed to Madeira, but he had managed already to amass a fortune of above £80,000.

One interesting piece of information was imparted to Captain Beaver by the Governor, about which doubts have been thrown in later times. It was supposed that Dr.

Livingstone was the first to cross from sea to sea, and possibly he was the first European who did so. But the journey had been made by natives, according to authentic records.

Two Portuguese mulattoes, natives of Angola, set off from that place on a mercantile excursion to the interior; and being led further than they originally intended, determined at once to penetrate to Sena, on the Zambesi, where they actually arrived, after an interval of five years. This long detention arose from the curiosity and caprice of the intervening tribes. They are represented, however, as not unfriendly in general to travellers, the route not peculiarly difficult, and the probable length of time necessary for the journey, if not detained, about two hundred days. The latter statement is, perhaps, incorrect; for, as the distance is about fifteen hundred miles in a direct line, and most likely many hundreds more by the common track, travellers must proceed, without halting, at a considerable rate daily during the whole period, which is an improbable circumstance in any part of Africa. These men set out soon afterwards on their return, by the same route, without coming to Mozambique; and, by subsequent accounts from the western coast, it appears, arrived in safety. The narrative of these men would be highly interesting in many points, tending, as it would, to elucidate various facts relating to a vast tract of country, in fact, an unknown world, which is now nearly a blank in our maps. But this must not be expected, without chance throws them in the way of some intelligent European. The men themselves, probably poor and ignorant, know not the value of the communication; and, we may rest assured, the Portuguese Government will take no trouble on the subject.

It is generally believed here, that attempts made to penetrate to the interior from this coast will not be successful. This, however, is a merely gratuitous supposition. The experiment has not been made, nor perhaps will be; for there is an evident disposition to exaggerate the difficulties, to depict the people as monsters rather than men, and to find

impassable mountains, rivers, and deserts, which probably have no existence. At Sena, and the other settlements on the Zambesi, the scheme is considered equally hopeless, as the efforts of several of the governors to penetrate some distance in person have failed; but, perhaps, this is no just criterion of the impossibility of the measure. Travelling with a retinue is difficult in any country, and among savages particularly suspicious; they very naturally think of conquest more than curiosity, and had they submitted to the latter, it is more than probable they would have been subjected to the former. The safety of the adventurers from Angola proves that individuals are not always hostilely received. Natives of very distant parts frequently arrive at Mozambique, from the interior, on commercial pursuits, their language and appearance frequently differing from those near the coasts. Their journeys occupy three, four, and six months; but in this are included frequent delays. They are likewise so little acquainted with the value of their merchandise here, that it is commonly disposed of for beads and other trifles, so that the merchants profit very considerably. Some information might be supposed to be obtained from these adventurers; but this does not seem to be the case. Vague reports, indeed, from some, state they have seen extensive waters, ships, and white men, or that others, with whom they traffic, have seen them. These assertions are too loose to deserve much credit, though the fact is not improbable.

Much of the apprehension of the Portuguese arises from the determined hostility of a nation extending in links, immediately in the rear of part of their settlements. Mozambique seems particularly the object of hatred; the continental part, particularly the peninsula of Cabasero, has been subject to frequent incursions and ravages of the most cruel description; and even the town is indebted to its insular situation alone for security. It is not, indeed, very long since the peninsula was invaded by a large force, armed with spears, bows and arrows, and muskets, when everything within their reach was carried off

or destroyed. Upon another occasion, many years ago, the Governor was killed in a rencontre with the same people : they are stated to be bold and ferocious, murdering the whites who occasionally fall into their power, and making slaves of others ; for such unfortunately are the usual customs of war in this part of Africa. This strong dislike, however, may be partly owing to unfair dealings in trade, or the conviction that they themselves are the rightful owners of the soil from which they have been unjustly ejected. This tribe does not seem stationary ; sometimes it is found near the Zambesi, at other periods beyond Cape Delgado, but generally at some distance from the sea. It seems a scion from the Madagascar stock. The habits, predatory spirit, and warlike disposition of the people, are similar, with this single exception : that the latter, like the majority of islanders, are equally bold upon the water as upon the land.

I have already mentioned, that the dominion of the Portuguese extends no farther northward than Cape Delgado. Near this point are situated the Querimbo islands, also subject to their authority ; they lie not far from the main, and are numerous, though of inconsiderable extent or value. Oibo is the principal, and had several considerable plantations and villages four years ago, when it was invaded by Malagasy pirates, who destroyed or carried off not only the produce, but the people, who had not time to escape. No stronger proof is wanting of the weakness of Mozambique, when it cannot command respect even from savages, or protect its settlements from their attacks. "Bombay Jack" justly remarked, that it did not possess either the courage, power, or enterprise of a single Madagascar tribe. This is not so much the fault of the governors as of the Government at home. The residents also, in the smaller dependencies, become either too indolent, or so much occupied with their emoluments, as to neglect their security. Official situations are commonly purchased. The establishments are usually on the most despicable scale. A mud fort, without guns or other defences, a few huts forming

a town, some native traders termed merchants, and a dozen black soldiers, without discipline, constitute the elements of these settlements. The residents collect the revenues, and are ordered to prevent contraband or foreign trade. But they are seldom proof against bribery. Their situation is certainly miserable enough. They are shut out from the world and from society, with scarcely a companion but the natives, whose habits they adopt, and, smitten with the charms of native beauty, keep seraglios.

The population of Mozambique—that is, Europeans and their descendants—may be about six hundred ; free people of colour, nearly as many ; slaves, between four and five thousand, beside those kept for sale. The military are so scattered, that it is difficult to tell their real numbers. But I do not think more than seven hundred, at the utmost, could be mustered. Only a few adventurers of any description come hither from Europe. It bears the character of being unhealthy, though this, perhaps, is exaggerated, but it is otherwise low in reputation. Young men of the mother-country, not unjustly, we are told, consider it a species of forlorn hope in the campaign of life.

Commerce at Mozambique is confined principally to slaves, elephants' teeth, gold-dust, columbo-root, medicinal gums, some amber, cowries, and rayar. The ivory is often procured in considerable quantities. But the most valuable branch of trade has been in slaves. Formerly Mozambique exported above ten thousand annually, supplying several parts of South America, and almost all the islands in the Indian Ocean ; indeed, throughout the East, the common term for an African is Mozambiquer. At present, by the exertions of England and the conquest of the islands, the demand is diminished to about three thousand, quite enough to shock any mind but that of a slave-trader.

But we must proceed with the story of the voyage. We have been now some hours at sea, whisking rapidly along on our way to Johanna. "Bombay Jack" is delighted at the idea of

being so near to his home, and I long to be acquainted with the people if they at all resemble him.

A thick fog obscured the horizon shortly after we had quitted the harbour, and a large Portuguese ship suddenly appeared at hand. We conjectured she carried the new Governor. Our Johannesburg friend examined her attentively with a glass. "Well, Jack," said I, "I hope he will be more generous than the former, for your attention to his vessels." "No, no," replied he. "Portuguese do no good—no work—no fight—no do anything." Our protection had given him a greater degree of consequence at Mozambique than formerly, on setting out for the Cape in the *Eclipse*. He could not then gain much attention; but the Governor now presented him with a walking-cane, formed of ivory, and headed with silver, on which our guest did not seem to place much value. A much higher satisfaction was the improving state of one of his men, who suffered from an attack of melancholy, believing, as he daily expressed to his master, that the crew intended to eat him. His attention to this poor creature was incessant, his confidence in the Divine goodness no less marked by frequent effusions of piety. "It is a fine wind, Jack," said one of the officers, to whom he was speaking. "You will see your wife, family, and friends, to-morrow." "You should say," replied the old man, emphatically, "'if God pleases.'" There could not be a finer rebuke, and I hope we shall all feel the better for it.

We coasted for some time along a bold shore, defined by an even line, like a wall, and in many places appearing inaccessible. As we rounded Saddle Island, so called from some fancied resemblance, the shore became less abrupt, and the prospect more varied. Before us was an extensive bay, scarcely ruffled by the breeze. On the beach appeared the town, distinguished by the turret of a mosque, and not far from it a conspicuous white building, further on some ruins, and near the shore a variety of boats in motion, as if preparing to meet us. The land rose gently, terminating in small hillocks,

with alternate cavities, something like the surface of a vast strawberry, both hill and dale being clothed with trees and verdure. The time was towards evening, when the sun, still retaining its warmth, had lost its tropical fierceness, so that the mellow beams made the landscape inimitable ; for Nature, variously tinted with green and yellow, seemed in her gayest apparel.

The decks soon became thronged with a most motley group. The turbans, shawls, white robes, features, bare feet, and manners altogether, forcibly reminded us of the Dubashes at Madras. The first personage of any importance introduced himself, with a low bow, as Bakamadi, a grandee, and his Majesty of Johanna's pilot, deputed to ensure the safety of his Majesty King George's ship. His lordship was followed by the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Rodney, Lord Howe, Admiral Blankett, and many other illustrious noblemen and warriors. We were not a little surprised to be so unexpectedly introduced to so much good company. Some, that their exalted rank might not be mistaken, had it engraved on copper and hung on their breasts—a burlesque on badges of a higher order ; for a man might receive an instructive lesson on the follies of vanity, baubles being still the same, whether on brass or on enamel. We found their lordships, however, like some of their noble brethren in Europe, have a most attentive regard to character ; for the whole being provided with certificates of honesty and good conduct from former visitors, were duly submitted to our inspection, in order to gain employment, as their lordships are not above work ; and I assure you there were many warm arguments before it was settled who should have the honour of becoming our envoy to the town for vegetables and clean linen. I should have mentioned that Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland accompanied others of the nobility. These illustrious characters were in a state of nudity in the lower extremities ; but, like their English namesakes, having a kind of prescriptive right to make demands on public generosity, they did not

hesitate in asking for our cast-off shoes and stockings. An unserviceable hat, a sword, or a uniform coat, were invaluable gifts, and productive of no slight degree of envy to the possessors.

This scene amused us for several hours. Some of the peers inquired affectionately after their namesakes in England, begged their compliments on our return, and promised the best reception should they at any time visit Johanna. Others solicitously asked after the health of their good friend King George, and a few even hoped for peace, abusing Bonaparte with as much cordiality as if they had been tutored by some of the London editors. One of the most inquisitive expressed his joy that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent made so good a governor, as he termed it; and, to our utter astonishment, asked whether an *illustrious reconciliation* had yet taken place. This talkative personage (Bakamadi), we found, had been at the Cape of Good Hope; he paid a vast number of compliments to our country, and seemed studiously attentive. Before he took leave for the evening he begged to be retained as merchant in preference to others, and hoped for the honour of the officers' company to dinner next day, when they should be introduced to his wife, and have as good roast beef as any in England.

Early this morning I received a polite message from his Majesty, requesting my attendance at the palace, in consequence of the illness of a favourite nephew. Several of the officers accompanied me; on the beach we found a special messenger in waiting, who conducted us to the house of our friend "Bombay Jack." Numbers of the people eagerly followed, asking innumerable questions respecting our health, welfare, appetite, slumbers, and a variety of others, equally friendly and unmeaning. Notwithstanding the general eagerness of curiosity, we were not at all incommoded; they paid the most unremitting attention in mere trifles, and displayed all the respect and submission with the softness of Asiatics. The lady of our late guest, accompanied by her husband and

children, received us with great courtesy ; this is not a general thing ; female charms are here rated too highly to be exposed to profane eyes ; but our friend, as well as Bakamadi, seems to have conquered this prejudice. She was now old, and did not appear to have been handsome, but seemed chosen, like the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, for qualities that would wear better than beauty, which, from her domestic exertions, indeed, appeared to be the case. Our host undertook to announce our readiness to wait upon his Majesty ; the palace was close at hand ; but, with a due regard to the ceremonious forms of royalty, even in Johanna, it was more than an hour before the expected summons arrived.

We were received, and passed up a flight of stone steps by some guards armed with spears. "Bombay Jack" led the way through some ante-rooms, open, airy, and furnished with cane sofas, till we reached the audience-chamber. This apartment is not larger than a closet, and is situated immediately over the arch ; the walls appeared to have been once whitewashed ; the door barely admits one person at a time, and a single window, overlooking the street, affords a view of approaching visitors, for which reason, perhaps, this small place is chosen in preference to others. His Majesty was seated at the further end, in an arm-chair, with his back to the window. On either side were placed cushions for visitors ; and over the royal head was suspended, slung by packthread, a common glass tumbler, in lieu of a lamp, filled with cocoa-nut oil, the droppings of which threatened a momentary descent upon the crown.

To do all honour to the occasion, I advanced with my best bow, which his Majesty, rising politely, returned, smiling most graciously, and expressing his pleasure at the interview. What an imposing name is that of king ! Even this humble mimicry of royalty produced a respect from our party that repressed the smile ready to kindle at the surrounding objects of burlesque grandeur. Our conductor acted as master of the ceremonies so well, that he might be supposed to have wielded

the gold stick for years ; nor was the King at all behind in the duties of his station. He excelled us so much in bowing, not only in agility, but frequency, that we began to suspect he had lately secured a master from the Isle of France for the occasion, being, indeed, almost too well-bred for a king, for he would not, on any account, resume his chair till we were all seated.

Sultan Allahwah, or Allahwy, is a robust man, something below the middle stature, about forty-two years of age, with a full face, not destitute of intelligence, and of a deep brown colour. His dress consisted of red plush small-clothes, and a close vest trimmed with silver lace and buttons of the same metal. Over this was another garment of black velvet, something between a cloak and a coat, reaching to the calf of the leg, richly covered and partly embroidered with silver lace. A diadem graced his brow. This was principally formed of silver, also having ornaments of the same, and of gold pending from it on either side, besides several pearls, some topazes and other stones in front, which had a good effect. Instead of a sceptre he held in his hand a sabre, handsomely mounted, and two Cashmere shawls hung carelessly over his shoulders ; his legs were naked, but his feet enveloped by clumsy shoes, such as are worn by labourers in England. The Sultan has reigned ten years. He has three wives and ten children. His eldest son, a very fine young man, possessed of mild, engaging, and expressive features, and about eighteen years of age, sat on his right hand, and interested us in his favour from the first moment we saw him ; he wore on his head a species of coronet, formed, like most other of the royal ornaments, of silver.

Both parties were so well pleased at meeting, that we soon lost sight of forms, and entered into familiar conversation. The compliments and congratulations of his Majesty were numerous ; he understood a little English, and what he could not comprehend was interpreted by his son and "Bombay Jack." He praised his friend good King George, Sir John Cradock,

Captain Beaver, and the whole English nation abundantly ; in fact, everything English was admirable. "English understand well here," said the King, pointing to his head. We were all expected, in our various capacities, to perform wonders ; and, first, to try the skill of our mechanics, a piece of board was produced, which he requested might be made to tell the seasons, day of the month, hour of the day, full and change of the moon, position and names of the principal stars, and other things equally impossible. This, however, was evaded without any loss of credit on our part, on the plea of want of time. His nephew was so ill, with a severe wound in the head, that I found it necessary to open a vein. The old women in attendance, quite dismayed at this operation, fled the room in terror ; the patient, however, a fine lad about sixteen, submitted without any hesitation ; he soon felt relieved, and I had the pleasure of pronouncing him out of danger, to the great satisfaction of the King. After this we were presented with oranges and cocoa-nut milk, the latter of which his Majesty jocularly termed Johanna wine, adding, with a smile, that it was not very good for Englishmen—a hint probably that he is aware of our reputed partiality for stronger waters. A bow and a few arrows were afterwards presented to each of our party ; a similar present had been already given me by my patient ; and when we retired, his Majesty bowed us out with the characteristic and proverbial expertness of a European minister of state.

The moment I quitted the palace, I became surrounded by a host of applicants for medical aid. It was impossible to evade their importunity ; my reputation had gone forth, and at first the place seemed so prolific in patients, that the time I had set apart for other pursuits threatened to be occupied in prescribing. Some of these were incurable, others afflicted simply with old age, and several with complaints altogether imaginary ; the great majority, in fact, desired the assistance of medicine more to prevent than to cure diseases—a very sensible plan, no doubt, had my art extended so far.

Next morning the Sultan, attended by all his principal officers and grandees, came on board, and, after taking coffee, proceeded round the decks, inquiring the uses of everything he saw, and standing by to see a great gun fired. This ceremony, however, seemed somewhat alarming to the royal nerves; but the whole party were not only still more frightened, but nearly put to flight, by the distant view of a pig which appeared struggling for liberty in the sty. These creatures they hold in the utmost detestation, much amusement being excited by their rencontres with the natives from the waggery of the seamen. "Bombay Jack" equally feared them, but enjoyed the embarrassment of his countrymen, who, in dread of contamination, fled from them in the utmost terror. Several messages came from my fair patients during the morning, with kind inquiries after my health, appetite, and slumber. These form the usual routine of Johannese compliments, and I placed them to the account of the husbands, who were usually the bearers. Two or three even begged to see me to breakfast or dinner; others, in token of acknowledgment, sent presents of mats, cocoa-nuts, or fruit, which, of course, I would not accept without payment.

We accompanied the King to the shore, who, on quitting the ship, was saluted with nine guns. He seemed in great good-humour with the presents, which followed in another boat. These consisted of a hundred muskets and their appendages, ten barrels of powder, ten thousand musket-ball cartridges, two brass swivels, a hundred rounds of ball, the same of blank cartridge, beside flints, and other things of less value. Captain Beaver also gave him a compass and a quadrant, of which the natives have a slight knowledge, in order to guide his Majesty to Mecca, whither he wished to go, like all good Mussulmans, to ensure his eternal salvation. Muskets and ammunition were also distributed among the great men, according to their rank. A little liberality of this kind is not misapplied. Sir John Cradock deserves the highest praise for so promptly supplying the means by which they may be enabled to oppose a ferocious

and inveterate enemy. Indeed, policy, as well as humanity, required this, as it will ensure the utmost attention to the English vessels that touch here in future, and the attachment of the people toward us has been so often marked as to deserve this return.

You may be assured the worthy little ambassador was not forgotten in the material article of presents. He was, however, very disinterested. He refused several gifts offered by individuals, under the idea that the deprivation to themselves might be productive of inconvenience, and the only request was, that a written testimony of our approbation should be left with him. In procuring supplies of beef, vegetables, and other refreshments for the crew, his zeal and good-nature were unremitting. These supplies were furnished gratuitously at the public expense, the Sultan having declared that payment should not be received for anything required for the ship during her stay ; and this resolution was pertinaciously adhered to. "Bombay Jack" seemed to have not only the trouble of collecting them from different parts of the island, but, we had some reasons to believe, frequently added his own mite to the public contribution. It was vain, however, to remonstrate against either his or the public generosity ; they seemed to forget their poverty in the fulness of their gratitude : indeed, we are at present seriously inconvenienced by these civilities, for Captain Beaver and the officers intending to lay in a sufficient stock for the remainder of the cruise, declined it on discovering the terms on which it was to be supplied ; but our good old friend hearing this determination, immediately fell on his knees to the former, declaring he would not rise till permitted to supply our wants ; it became necessary, therefore, to request a few trifles, in order to silence his importunity. "English," said he, "give me everything ; now me give to the English." The most laboured effusion of eloquence could not express more.

The Comoro Islands, situated about a hundred and eighty miles to the north-west of the great island of Madagascar, and

about the same distance from the continent of Africa, are four in number. Their names are Comoro, Johanna or Anjuan, Mayotta, and Mohilla. They were first discovered by the Portuguese, who found them subject to the Arabs or Moors (for the terms are considered synonymous here) of the continent. In a few years they came into the hands of the discoverers, who soon resigning an empty honour, the sovereignty devolved on a descendant of the original possessors, and since that period they have been independent. They lie nearly in the direct route of what is called the inner passage to India, and furnish refreshments to the ships. During peace they are much frequented, but more rarely in war, except by fleets, as the French cruisers sometimes lurk in this quarter. They have a fine climate, and generally a good soil, which, with attention, supplies all the riches of the tropics.

Comoro, which gives name to the group, is the largest and most mountainous, but not so fertile, it is said, as the others. Johanna, the next in size, being the royal residence and the resort of Europeans, is now the first in importance. Its shape is somewhat triangular, being about twenty-six miles long, and, in the widest part, above twenty broad. The interior is generally high, rising gently from the sea ; the soil is commonly good, but not well cultivated ; the scenery, as far as we could distinguish, romantic, and throughout the year presenting a picture of continual verdure.

Industry has done so little for the island, that nature may be said to be the principal husbandman. However, rice, maize, yams, cocoa-nuts, plaintains, and a variety of tropical fruits, are produced in abundance ; wild honey is found in the woods. The specimens that I saw of sugar-canes promised fairly, which, as well as coffee, pepper, and cloves, might enrich the natives if properly cultivated. Bullocks, goats, poultry, and land-tortoise are numerous.

Unlike most islanders, the Johanna men do not seem fond of the water ; they have, indeed, some large boats, but we saw only the rotten remains of two, about fifteen or twenty tons

burthen each; and their canoes, though skilfully managed, seemed indifferently put together. The Sultan has a guard at all times in his palace; but, in seasons of necessity, every man becomes a soldier, and, to facilitate this purpose, arms are kept in the principal houses for immediate distribution. They chew areca and betel, like the Asiatics, and offer it to strangers as we do snuff; this custom, I believe, is not general in the other African islands, or on the continent.

There are two distinct races of people, those of Moorish or Arabian descent and another apparently mixed and somewhat darker in colour; to these may be added some negroes, who are slaves. The Sultan and all the principal people belong to the former class; their features are marked and expressive, and in many might be termed handsome; we saw none either disagreeable or deformed. It is difficult to form an estimate of the population of the island, as neither the King nor any of his ministers seem acquainted with the subject. From all the information we could gain, it is probable the greatest number of souls falls short of six thousand.

Before the island became subject to invasions and wars, it was supposed to be more flourishing and populous; but since that disastrous period, has seriously declined. "Bombay Jack" has said, that it once contained three walled towns and more than three hundred and fifty villages, or, as he termed them, bush-towns, besides abundance of people. Abbé-Raynal speaks of it as a spot where Nature, combining all her riches with her simplicity, gave support to 30,000 inhabitants, distributed in seventy-three villages. Nature certainly never meant these simple people for warriors; her intentions were quite opposite; all their habits, manners, and ideas, shrink from scenes of turbulence and contention, except when compelled, by dire necessity, to contend for their very existence. Perhaps, had a bolder front and more personal resolution been opposed to the first invaders of their island, it would not have been subject to such frequent and dreadful ravages.

I have frequently alluded to these depredations of the

natives of Madagascar upon the Comoro Islands, and which, in many respects, form a very remarkable portion of the history of the latter. That a nation of savages, nearly ignorant of navigation and of the military art, should have assembled fleets and armies under our eyes during many years past, committed themselves to the ocean, and attacked and ravaged distant islands, is so strange an event in modern history as scarcely to be believed.

It will appear still more extraordinary when we consider that this has been done in the route of successive English fleets, and in the immediate vicinity of several European colonies, one of which has been itself a sufferer. One would think that Europeans were descending here in the scale of importance; and that these black buccaneers were imitating the ancient feats of the whites in the west, or of their friends and progenitors, the pirates, in the east, who found refuge in the island for nearly a century, as they do not yield in spirit or firmness to either; for, with infinitely less knowledge and fewer means, they have been equally daring and successful. The supineness of the Portuguese in not punishing these audacities is scarcely matter of surprise; for their age of heroes is over, and the Government is so philosophically patient, that insult is no longer considered infamous. The French had, perhaps, less reason to be active in this cause, though two of their vessels have been cut off and their crews murdered within the last ten years; but then the island furnished supplies to their colonies, and the depopulation of Johanna would be detrimental to the English. We have not yet, however, though frequently solicited, extended our protecting arm to the Comoro group in an effectual manner, for a few gifts of powder or muskets, from chance visitors, constituted the sum of our assistance till the present moment.

From the few lights afforded by ancient geographers, it would seem that the existence of Madagascar was rather conjectured than ascertained in Europe till a late period. It was, however, early familiar to the Arabs, who, having possessed

the coast of the continent, found it no difficult matter to acquire the dominion of the islands. The western shore of Madagascar, being contiguous to the main, is supposed to have been subdued and governed by Arabian chiefs long before the middle ages of Europe ; the eastern regions, being more remote and out of the track of their shipping, continued independent. But many traces of Arabian customs, names, and language, remain throughout the island ; and, besides forming the residence of numbers of that nation, a commercial intercourse existed between it and different parts of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, which continues to the present day. This intercourse is of very remote date. The knowledge of it, in all probability, first led Bruce to conceive, that the fleets of Solomon, by stretching a little farther to the southward, had found the coast of Sofala, which, from producing some portion of gold, he assumes to be the ancient Ophir. According to "Bombay Jack," who has traversed a large portion of the western coast, numbers of Arabs reside there, engaged in commercial pursuits ; and others are descended from ancestors likewise settled on the coast from time immemorial, added to which many of the native chiefs boast, as a great honour, of a similar origin.

It appears singular, that this island should have totally escaped the notice of De Gama, both in his outward and homeward-bound passages, for the first discovery seems to have been about 1506 and 1507, by the Portuguese ; but no settlement appears to have been attempted till many years afterwards, when the French East India Company, desirous of securing a place of refreshment for their Indian shipping and a stronghold in the Indian Ocean, first began to colonise, under the direction of M. Flacourt. This, however, failed, after the expenditure of large sums and a trial of several years. Succeeding attempts, though repeatedly made during a century and a half afterwards, down to the last under Benyowsky, have been equally unsuccessful. These failures arose from a diversity of causes. The principal were

the spirit and firmness of the natives, assisted by intrigues and clashing interests at home, the jealousy of the people of Mauritius, the threatened loss of the large sums already expended upon that island, neglect to conciliate the natives, the choice of unhealthy positions, added to insufficient means afforded by the mother-country. The few posts, therefore, held till lately were by sufferance of the natives; they were only for the convenience of trade, neither trenching on the power of the chiefs, nor assuming claims to any portion of territory. And this will be the most prudent step for us or any other European Power in the vicinity to pursue, except schemes of colonisation should be formed on a very extensive, firm, yet conciliating plan; and that this has not been done by some of the Powers of Europe is surprising, considering the capabilities of the island. For Madagascar is in itself such a magnificent country, its outline so commanding, its extent so considerable, its resources so varied and extensive in all the vast essentials requisite to constitute a great kingdom, that it is amazing it has not been more firmly grasped and held by France, who, by means of its energies, judiciously directed, might have rendered many of our advantages in India nugatory. The natives have no less reason, perhaps, to rejoice at this omission than ourselves, for they would have been the severest sufferers; but it is certain they would not have submitted without long and desperate struggles.

In so large an island, extending nearly nine hundred miles in length, by two hundred and fifty in breadth, the people must be nearly as varied as the surface of the country. Accordingly, we find innumerable tribes but slightly connected, differing in character, manners, and privileges, and in colour varying from the jet-black of the negro with his features to pale olive with the countenance of the Arab. In general there are some great leading divisions, or nations, formed of tribes with various shades of difference. The subordinate tribes are governed by their own chiefs, wholly or nearly independent, and each possessing its nobles,

priests, and a species of hereditary slaves, who were originally either prisoners of war, or born to this unhappy lot by the condition of their forefathers.

We hear so much in modern books of travel, as well as in the newspapers, about the "Johanna men," and about the Comoro Islands, and the European settlements on the mainland, as well as about Madagascar, now a civilised nation to a large extent, that there is much interest in recalling the old story of the cruise of the *Nisus*. This part of Africa has not lost its political importance; in fact, the new elements of French and German occupation have given fresh reasons for English watchfulness. With Zanzibar and its sultan especially, we had entered into amicable relations, and it is not surprising that Mr. Stanley, on his recent visit to these coasts, saw with indignation signs of the apathy and neglect of the English Government, which is allowing our influence all over Africa to be weakened. But we must add no more, except to record the safe return of "Bombay Jack" to his native home.

The King and people seem thankful for what we have done, but naturally wish us, if possible, to do more: to prevent the invaders from coming, rather than to conquer them when there. They left us with great regret. "Bombay Jack" took leave with unaffected sorrow. We all felt a strong partiality toward this man of nature; his manifest attachment and good sense, and the curious mixture of quickness and simplicity by which he was distinguished, had many claims on our regard. He seemed equally unwilling to quit those by whom he had been caressed and esteemed; but at last departed in his little canoe, with a silent tear struggling in his eye, and an aspect that frequently cast "a longing, lingering look behind," Adieu.

THE PYRAMID OF SKULLS.

THE island of Djerba, or Jerbeh, as it is more commonly written by old travellers, is off the coast of Tunis, in Northern Africa. Until recent years this island was famous for the strange and ghastly spectacle of a tower or pyramid of human skulls. The savage Tartar conqueror, Timour, or Tamerlane, is recorded to have left similar trophies of his victories in Central Asia, and in one of the passes of the Balkan mountains there used to be seen a huge pile constructed by the Turks with Christian skeletons. But in grim horror no relic of barbaric times outvied the pyramid of skulls on the island of Djerba. It was seen and described by Sir Grenville Temple in 1832. Other travellers refer to it, but in 1848, at the instance of the Christian inhabitants of the island, supported by the European consuls at Tunis, the Turkish Government allowed the horrid monument to be taken down, and the bones to be buried in the neighbouring Catholic cemetery. The story belonging to the vanished memorial is a stirring one, and worthy of recording.

In 1561 a Spanish fleet left Malta to conquer Tripoli. It was under the command of the daring Count la Cerda, who was sent out by Philip II. of Spain. As favourable breezes bore them on, riotous scenes of drinking and hilarity prevailed under the very shadow of the cross, which emblem had been reared aloft as an emblem of victory. On shipboard of the little armada, amid much jesting, and dicing, and clanking of swords, deep potations were drunk to the health of King Philip, in whose honour it was proposed to set up on the shore of Africa the royal ensign of Spain.

But an ominous cloud brooded over the dissolute army of La Cerda. On nearing Tripoli it was discovered that they needed heavier guns to bombard the city. A detachment was at once sent back to Malta in a galley for suitable arms. In the meanwhile Jerbeh was sighted, and the order was given to

descend upon the "Saracen dogs," seize their chattels, and burn their homes.

A fierce havoc ensued. Women and children fell under the sword. One of the Spanish leaders, Juan de la Saera, led on his men until their hands were reeking with blood. Sated at last, they staggered in drunken delirium through the city of Jerbeh with many a shout and pæan of victory, while the affrighted inhabitants who had escaped with their lives fled in dismay. Hundreds of the Spaniards sank in a stupor in the streets of the deserted city to sleep off their potions.

But the Saracen chief, Yokdah, was wide awake. A clangour rang out through the night air. Incited by the avenging spirit of Yokdah, the Saracens seized their swords, and with the cry, "Allah akbar" ("God is victorious"), fell upon the drunken foe. In the slaughter that followed all perished who did not leap into the sea. "The Spaniards, being put to the worst, sought to fly unto their ships; but even thither did the infidels pursue them, raging like savage wolves. The fight was waged in darkness amid the waves of the sea—a thing unthought of heretofore. And with such rage did they grapple one another that many sank, and were drowned thus locked together, refusing to quit their hold." A great many were borne down by the weight of their armour as they flung themselves into the sea. In a small boat, the Viceroy of Sicily and Andrea Doria, with a few of the soldiers, managed to escape.

The flashing scimitar did its work of destruction with such deadly effect that soon not a single Spaniard remained alive on the shore. The last to die was Juan de la Saera. He had tried to swim toward his ship, when a Saracen grappled him and would have put an end to his life, but Yokdah, with a fierce yell, cried out, "Harm him not; I keep *him* for my prize." With much struggling on the part of his captors, who had breasted the waves to seize him alive, he was dragged back to the shore. The battle then over, the Saracens gathered the heads of those who were slain and built them into a tower. Saera was tortured, beheaded, and his skull laid on the summit

of the pile by Yokdah, "as being a fitting crown to the monument."

It is a tragic story, which many a traveller, coasting in ship or steamer, has heard, as the narrator pointed to the tower, rising from the flat soil and standing out in relief against the sky. Seldom was the island in former times visited, but now excursions are occasionally made from Tunis, although the chief attraction to morbid curiosity no longer exists.

Nevertheless, Djerba is a place with many historical points of interest, dating from ancient classical times. Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, and many others mention this island. Homer himself immortalises it as "the island of the Lotophagi." It is a famous passage, in the ninth book of the *Odyssey*, where he tells the old legend about the nectar-like juice of a fruit which whosoever eats, he forgets home and his own land, and would remain there in happy freedom from care, where

"They eat and drink, and nature gives the feast ;
The trees around them all their food produce,
Lotos the name, divine, nectarious juice
(Thence called Lotophagi), which whoso tastes
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends."

Pope's translation.

There has been much discussion among naturalists as to what was the lotus of the ancients. The name seems to have been given to more than one plant. Some botanists say that it was like our white water-lily. It was the plant on which the horses of Achilles loved to feed, according to Homer. But Virgil, in the second *Georgic*, has the lotus in a catalogue of trees, along with the elm, the willow, the cypress, the olive. We are persuaded that Colonel Sir Lambert Playfair is right, who, in his "*Handbook for Algeria and Tunis*," describing Djerba, says, "It seems unnecessary to go out of one's way to search for the Homeric food ; the island is covered with it ; no greater blessing than it was ever bestowed

by Providence on man, and no other fruit is so sufficient for human sustenance as the honey-sweet lotus of the ancients, the date of the modern Arab."

The island is nearly thirty miles from the coast, but the sea is so shallow that vessels cannot approach nearer than four miles. A light craft is provided by the Italian steamers for passengers who wish to land, but even this can only occasionally get near the shore. The population in all is about 35,000, of whom three hundred and sixty are Europeans, three hundred of them Maltese. A good many Jews are on the island. Under Moslem rule, the whole place has been neglected, but the soil is fertile, and the climate favourable to the culture of many fruits besides the olive and date trees, which abound and flourish. Under the French protectorate, which is virtual annexation, there may be a new epoch of enterprise and prosperity for old Jerbeh and other parts of the regency of Tunis. It was once a rich and populous region, and Aurelius Victor, in the third century, records that two of the Roman emperors, Gallius and Volusianus, were here raised to the purple. He uses the old name under which Strabo describes the island, Meninse: "Creati in insula Meninse quæ nunc Girba dicitur." In the centuries preceding, when Carthage yet flourished, all these regions had a fame and prosperity not likely ever again to be restored, even if the scheme, worthy of Lesseps, were carried out of opening a way for the Mediterranean to form a vast inland sea in the Sahara.

LOSS OF THE "TEUTON" STEAMER.

SINCE the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, no such disaster on the shores of South Africa has been recorded as the loss of the *Teuton*. Out of above two hundred and sixty on board the ill-fated ship, crew and passengers all told, only thirty-five were saved. Out of many women and children, one girl,

about sixteen years of age, was the sole survivor. While we cannot reckon this among "the famous shipwrecks of history," the details of the narrative present many points of interest, and also of practical bearing, so as to be worthy of record for all classes of readers.

The *Teuton*, a splendid steamer, of 2,313 tonnage and 1,800 horse-power, was originally engaged in the China trade, and was then known as the *Glenartney*. She was now one of the fleet of the Union Company, in the Cape trade, between Southampton and South Africa. About four years before her wreck she was lengthened, and a poop-deck put upon her. The captain, Edward Manning, was an experienced and careful commander, and the officers were all trusty men, while the discipline and conduct of the crew maintained the high character for which the ships of the Union Company, like the Cunard liners of the North Atlantic, have always been famous. How it was that so good a captain and such officers and men met so tragic an end, and how they did not succeed in saving more lives after the ship was lost, will be presently explained. But first let us hear the story of the shipwreck, which was at the time described as "one of the saddest and strangest mysteries of the sea."

The *Teuton* had steamed out of Table Bay, Cape Town, soon after ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, August 30th, 1881. There was a light south-east wind, but nothing to much retard the vessel's course westward off the Cape of Good Hope, and past Cape Danger, till off Quoin Point, which will be seen marked in most maps. The Agulhas beacon was just in sight, and the ship's course had been altered half a point westward, by the order of the captain, who had been on the bridge a short time before. The weather was fine, the evening clear, with moon and stars shining; and the line of the coast was very plainly seen. The details of what occurred will be best gathered by the narratives of some of the survivors, as given a few days after, when every incident was as yet fresh in their recollection.

The fullest report was given by a passenger, Mr. Kromm, who seems to have been familiar with the coast, as he said he never remembered, during previous voyages, a vessel keeping so near to the shore after doubling the Cape. Mr. Kromm says, "The evening was beautifully fine. The moon and stars were shining, and there was not the slightest sign of fog or vapour. We could make out the land line perfectly, and could see even the sandy shore, which did not appear to me to be more than a mile distant. Suddenly, without any warning whatever, the ship struck. I do not know who the officer was on watch. It was not the chief officer, for he was sitting with me at table. We had just finished dinner, and were sipping coffee. The captain had a cup of coffee in his hand, and it was shaken out of his hold, so violent was the concussion. The whole table was swept of glass and dinner ware, which fell on to the port side, showing us that the ship had been struck on the port side. After striking, she shivered like an aspen leaf, and heeled over to port. There was some little confusion. The women shrieked, and there was a general rush on deck.

"The order kept on deck was admirable, and officers and men vied in their efforts at soothing passengers. The pumps were immediately sounded, and it was found that the fore compartment was leaking. The boats were slung out and provisioned in biscuit and water within half an hour of the ship striking. The passengers were all ordered on to the poop, and were directed to sit quietly until they were told off to the boats. The doctor was in charge of the passengers.

"All this time the ship was settling down gradually by the head. Volunteers were called for from among the male passengers for the pumps, and there was a ready response. After striking, the ship's head had been put round to the westward, evidently with the hope of reaching Simon's Bay. There was a little south-east wind, with a slight sea on. It was between a quarter and half-past seven o'clock when the ship struck, and

for three hours she had kept on her way, and everything was orderly on board. At half-past ten the ship's head was so down that the stern was out of water, and her screw was of little use. The captain now gave orders for the starboard waist lifeboat to be lowered, and the women and children to be put in. This was done. The ship was now hardly moving, for her propeller was out of the water. The engines were stopped, and the steam blown off. The starboard quarter boat had already been lowered, and was ordered alongside to receive passengers. This was the first time I heard Captain Manning's voice. 'Why do not you,' he cried, 'hurry up and get the boat alongside?' No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the ship gave a dip, and in less than a minute she appeared to make a somersault.

"Seeing this, I jumped overboard at the port quarter. I could not swim, but I was fearful of being carried down by the suction, and I hoped to be picked up by the port quarter boat, which had been lowered some time. I struggled about, and at last came across a teak-wood casing, used for covering the iron bollard on the deck. I tried to get on to it, but it kept revolving, and twice threw me away from it. I at last, however, got a good grip of it in position, and must have held on to it for twenty minutes or half an hour, when I saw at a short distance one of the boats showing a light. My cries for help brought them to me in about five minutes, and I was taken into the carpenter's boat. We succeeded in taking three men off a boat which was bottom upwards. The other boat came alongside of us, and we divided passengers, and rowed about and picked up, I think, five people. We heard few cries. The bulk of the passengers must have gone down in the vortex. They were on the poop, and when the ship went down head first, they would be precipitated into the water and be drawn down by the suction of the vessel. She went down like a streak of lightning. I could not have believed it possible that a vessel would have gone down so suddenly. There was a loud crashing of timber, an escape of steam, a

wild rush of water, and the *Teuton* was out of sight. We only saw some wreckage floating about."

Mr. John Cooper, who lost his wife and five children, writing from Simon's Town to Mr. Charles Cramp, superintendent of a Wesleyan Sunday-school at Wolverhampton, a copy of which letter was sent to the Cape Town papers, says, "I have lost my dear wife and five children, and it is a miracle how my own life was saved. Our ship struck at half-past 7 p.m., and from that time till a quarter to 11 we were all doing our utmost to save the ship. The greatest order prevailed on board. The boats were all provisioned and ready to be launched, but the captain delayed in transferring us to the boats, in the hope of his ship being able to reach port. About a quarter of an hour before the vessel went down I came back to where my wife and family were gathered, having been assisting at the pumps. I was drenched, and my family all got round me, when my daughter Alice commenced singing the hymn 'Abide with me,' in which we all joined, and endeavoured to cheer one another. All at once the ship gave a sudden plunge, bow first, and carried us all down under water. We all went down together, my wife and children in my embrace just as we were standing, but somehow we became separated, and I saw them no more. Giving myself up at last, I took in as much water as I could, so as to die as quickly as possible; but I distinctly remember lifting my hands in the attitude of prayer, and saying, 'Father, Thy will be done,' when I immediately rose to the surface, and then caught hold of some of the wreckage, from which I was afterwards taken into a boat; and after twelve hours' sailing in a rough sea I landed here alive, but all alone, deprived of those so dear to me. I can testify to the worth of religion in the hour of danger and in the face of death; and I am sure that by-and-bye I shall join my dear wife and children, when life's voyage is over, in that world free from grief and sin."

"It is a most painful thought that out of all the women and children on board only one girl, about sixteen years of age, has

been saved. Strange to say that she was already in a boat when the ship foundered, but it was upset, and her mother and father and sister were drowned. I have nothing in the world but what I stand up in; my tools and luggage are all gone. The only relics I have of my family are a small sock and one of the little one's undergarments, which I hurriedly thrust into my coat pocket when the vessel struck."

The ship's carpenter, Mr. Roberts, who, with the boatswain, chiefly managed the first boat which reached land from the wreck, said that "when the ship struck there was a shock the like of which he had never before experienced. The ship trembled all through. All the passengers immediately went on deck. On sounding it was found that water was coming rapidly into two of the watertight compartments into which the ship was divided. Half an hour had now elapsed since she struck, and in about another thirty minutes they began to throw overboard heavy cases and any other cargo they could get at easily, in order to lighten the vessel. They put all the pumps on, and the whole of the male passengers, as well as the twenty coolies, worked hard at the hand pumps, so as to leave the crew free to get the boats ready and lower them. These were ready some time before the ship went down, but it was not supposed that they would be required. For a long time the water was only in the fore-part of the ship. It was only when it got into the engine-room and stoke-hole that she went down."

The boatswain states, "I had reported all the boats swung out, to the chief officer as usual, and he went below to get his dinner. I had hardly got to the forecastle when the ship struck. The pumps were sounded and set to work, but they could not keep the water down. The boats were lowered and provisioned by 9 p.m. Everything was ready to pass the passengers in, when there was a sudden crash, the ship having sunk bow first. I was carried down by the ship, and on rising caught hold of a spar, and was afterwards picked up by the carpenter's boat. There was not the slightest confusion on

board. The ship sank most suddenly. I think the forward bulkhead must have given way. The last I saw of the captain was on the bridge, which, with the wheel-house, deck-house, and funnel, seemed to go at once. No one thought she would sink so fast as she did. We reached Simon's Bay about 2 a.m."

Miss Ross, who is referred to as the only woman saved, seems to have shown remarkable courage and self-possession. She had gone out with her parents and a young sister from Glasgow. It was her father's intention to settle in Cape Town, but on landing there he did not like the place, and decided to go on to Port Elizabeth, to see what could be done there. Miss Ross could swim a little, and, although encumbered with her heavy clothing, she saved herself when the ship went down by striking out for and getting hold of some spars and other wreckage until she was picked up. Although overwhelmed with grief at the fate of her parents, she gave an exceedingly clear account of what happened among the passengers. The doctor, who was perfectly cool and collected, assembled them all on the poop, and told them to keep their seats exactly where he placed them, so that the women and children might be got into the boats first. He called out, "If any man gets up, I will knock him down." One man did attempt to cross over to his wife when she called him, but the doctor instantly pushed him back into his seat again, saying that the slightest disorder would lead to the swamping of the boats, but if they were all quiet, they would get in safely. After that not a single passenger rose from his or her place till called. Between ten and eleven o'clock they were ordered into the boats. Miss Ross had taken in one child that was clinging to her dress, and in answer to the appeal of a fellow-passenger, was taking another baby into the boat with her, when it capsized. Mothers and children were lost in an instant. One lady passenger had wrapped her baby so tightly in her shawl that a ship's officer thought she was trying to evade the order that passengers were only to take what they stood in,

and he made her unwrap it accordingly. There was no bidding of good-byes or anything of that kind, as the passengers supposed they would all be saved. Miss Ross, when she reached the surface, after the capsizing of the boat, could see no ship—nothing but boxes, hen-coops, and spars floating about. She sank twice, but each time she came to the surface, and swimming a little and getting hold of a spar, she was soon picked up by the boat which brought her to Simon's Bay.

Mr. R. Craies, another of the rescued passengers, says that after leaving the pumps, he stood on the poop with his wife and children, waiting to get into the boats. Suddenly the ship went down, and they were plunged into the sea. He was pulled into a boat, but saw no signs of his wife and children.

In an account which appeared in a Cape newspaper, the sum of these various narratives is thus given: "The passengers had just finished dinner, and in the saloon among them were the captain and his chief officer, sipping their coffee and unsuspecting of danger. Suddenly the ship struck and shuddered through her whole frame. The cup of coffee was dashed out of the captain's hand, and he rushed out of the saloon and on to the bridge, followed by his chief officer. The vessel had got over the obstacle, whatever it was, and held on her way; but the captain immediately ordered her to be put about, in order that they might run into Simon's Bay. Evidently the ship had sustained serious damage, but he felt confident that the watertight compartments—she was divided into six—would keep her afloat until he reached the bay. The passengers, who, startled by the shock, had left the dinner-table and gone on deck, were directed to go on to the poop, where the doctor ranged them in order for embarking in the boats should this seem afterwards to be necessary. The officers and crew had meanwhile, by the use of the pumps, endeavoured to ascertain the amount of damage done. It was found that water was coming in rapidly. Assistance was sought for from the male passengers and the coolies on board,

and this being readily given, strenuous efforts were for a time made to save the ship. At last the conviction that these were in vain forced itself upon the captain's mind. The ship was so far down by the head that her propeller was out of the water. He therefore ordered the engines to be stopped, and the boats, which had been provisioned, to be lowered. While all this was going on, the women and children were standing on the poop, confident that they would be saved. They had displayed great composure and fortitude. Little was said, except in whispers. Some of the party, to relieve the tension of their suspense, had begun singing the hymn 'Abide with me; fast falls the eventide.' One boat had already been filled, and another was being filled, with these women and children, when the ship, bending her head, shot down, as one survivor describes it, like a flash of lightning. There was no time for leave-taking. But one despairing shriek arose as the sea engulfed them. A moment more, and nothing was to be seen but a few struggling swimmers, endeavouring to seize upon the floating wreckage."

When the first two boats of the three that came to land approached Simon's Bay, the inhabitants of the place turned out in a body and proffered the survivors every assistance and hospitality. They were much exhausted and benumbed, and had to be lifted out of the boats.

On the arrival of the third boat in Table Bay on the Thursday morning, the *Danube*, which was lying there, set out in search of any other survivors of the wreck, but it proved fruitless. Soon afterwards the Norwegian brigantine *Amarante* arrived in Mossel Bay with an empty boat belonging to the *Teuton*. Her master reported that he had also seen a small piece of wreckage and an oar, but nothing else. On the arrival of the *Kinfauns Castle* at Mossel Bay, her captain was eagerly questioned, but he had seen nothing of the *Teuton's* boats.

No better success attended the more systematic search which for several days continued to be made.

Captain Domville, of her Majesty's ship *Dido*, made the following report to the agent of the Union Company :—

"Her Majesty's ship *Dido*, at Simon's Bay, Sept. 3rd.

"SIR,—I returned yesterday at 7 p.m., after a fruitless search for the missing boats of the *Teuton*. As I informed you, I left Simon's Bay as soon as steam was up. It was then blowing fresh from the south-east, and although going full speed, I did not reach the position off Cape Hanklip until midnight, when the engines were eased, and blue lights and rockets burnt all through the night. At daylight a thorough search was made, and I then proceeded slowly towards Danger Point, occasionally steaming a little further out. The weather was now very clear. Objects ought to have been distinguished at a good distance off. When nearly up to Danger Point, I steamed to Mudge Point, and afterwards visited the village of Peterfontein. Nothing had been seen or heard either of the steamer passing, or boats, or wreckage. I gave a letter to the field-cornet to send along the coast, asking him to warn them of the loss of the steamer, and to communicate the news of any boats or wreckage seen, by telegraph from Caledon. After leaving Peterfontein, I steamed slowly round Walker Bay and Danger Point to Dyer's Island, where I anchored for the night of the 1st, and communicated with the agent on the island in the morning. Nothing has been seen or heard of the steamer or boats."

The *Teuton* seems to have had the proper and usual number of boats, but there was also the usual difficulty of getting them into the water when the crisis came. Three only of the boats reached land, two in Simon's Bay, and the third in Table Bay two days after the wreck. Mr. Kromm, part of whose narrative we have already quoted, says, "I am almost certain the boat with the women and children in it was fastened by a rope to the vessel ; at any rate, it did not get clear of the vortex. The moonlight enabled us to see everything distinctly, and we could not see anything of the boat with the women. After

pulling around the spot for half an hour the course of the two boats was made for Simon's Bay. The crew pulled all night. The men were most orderly and well-behaved, and did all they could. Sail was got on the boat at daybreak. There was then a fresh breeze and an ugly joggle of the sea, which compelled us to keep baling. We had a double-reefed sail during the forenoon, but as the wind freshened another reef was taken in, and even then we found she had as much sail as she could carry. We got up to Cape Point, and were about five miles off from it between eleven and twelve. We over-ran ten or twelve miles in mistaking the entrance to Simon's Bay, and but for this we should have arrived earlier in the bay than we did. The carpenter's boat, which was a better sailer than ours, and had made a direct run, arrived there first. In fact, she ran out of our sight altogether."

Resuming the carpenter's story: "The officers had been properly told off in perfect readiness to go to the boats, when the ship suddenly went down. It was the pressure of the water on the collision bulkheads which made them give way so unexpectedly. No one would have supposed that these bulkheads would not bear the strain. He was on the gangway platform, handing the people into the boats, when the ship went down. There were seven regular boats in the ship, and these could have easily taken all the passengers and crew. He saw one boat being lowered with people in, but she had not got clear when the ship sank, and consequently she went bodily down, and afterwards rose bottom upwards. About thirty or forty women and children had been put into her."

Mr. Roberts went down with the ship, but coming up again, he caught at a boat and was taken into her. It was nearly empty, but they stayed "in the thick of it" until they had picked up the passengers they brought with them. There were lots of things floating about, but he could not see half a dozen people. It was bright moonlight, so that every object was plainly visible. It was they who saved Miss Ross. Hers was the only woman's voice they heard. Several even of the

sailors were half dead from long immersion, and had to lie down in the bottom of the boat. They came across another boat, into which they transferred some men, in order to equalise the crews. Some of these men were so helpless that they had to be rolled over like sacks of grain from one boat to the other. For some hours the boats lay to, but they heard no sound, and, therefore, at daybreak they made for Simon's Bay, which, as the south-easter was in their favour, they reached at one in the afternoon of Wednesday.

Early on Thursday morning, the third of the ship's boats of the *Teuton* arrived at Cape Town, bringing the following survivors: Mr. Forder, second officer; Mr. Diver, third officer; Mr. Turner, fourth officer; Hawkins, A.B.; Skippick, A.B.; House, A.B.; Henry Heynes, fireman; Potter, fireman; one coolie. Mr. Diver had been seriously injured by a falling davit. Captain Manning was believed to have been killed by the funnel when it fell. The third officer was on the bridge at the time of the disaster. The boat in which these men were saved was bottom upwards, but they succeeded in righting it. Mr. Forder, the second officer, speaking of the disaster, states, "It was about 7.15 p.m. on Tuesday, the 30th, when the ship struck. The vessel was about four miles off the land, and Quoin Point had been passed about a quarter of an hour. When the ship struck, there was considerable concussion; the vessel heeled over, but did not stop. She went off whatever she struck at once, and kept her way. The pumps were, of course, immediately sounded, and, from the way in which the water came in, she appeared to have struck on the collision bulkhead, and this allowed water to get into both compartments. Every pump was at once manned and worked. The boats were got ready, and a compass and provisions and water placed in each. As the ship was settling down at a quarter to ten the officers were ordered to get the passengers into the boats. The passengers were all on the poop. They were told to sit quiet, which they did, and obeyed orders most perfectly. They were quiet and orderly throughout, and more

composure with confidence in those in command, it would be impossible to conceive. The first boat got out was No. 2 starboard lifeboat, and in it were placed about thirty women and some children, and there was an able and an ordinary seaman in the boat."

Both second and third officers are certain that No. 2 starboard lifeboat was clear of the ship, and if she was capsized, it must have been in the commotion of the water caused by the sinking of the ship. They are certain she got clear of the ship. What came to her after they do not know. In the boat was Mrs. Diver, the wife of the third officer. When the ship went down, Mr. Forder was on the lower bridge, and the captain on the upper bridge. The captain had remained on the bridge from the time the ship struck until she went down. The ship went down with a rush, which is explained by the fact that the bulkheads, which kept the water from the engine-room, gave way, and the sea poured in. This was what we assumed as having occurred after hearing the statements of the survivors in Simon's Bay.

Mr. Forder describes the ship as going down with a rush, and he felt himself washed away. All he could see on coming to the surface was the top of the steamer's funnel. He held on to a piece of wreckage; and seeing a boat bottom upwards, he let go the wreckage and swam to her, finding her to be No. 4 boat, with the third officer and two men on her. These pulled Mr. Forder on to her, and he saw another lifeboat bottom upwards not far from them. They righted No. 4 boat, but she was full of water, and they were unable to bale her. Four of them, however, remained in her; and the rest clambered on to the other boat. They fastened the boats to each other by their painters, and stood by each other until daylight. During the night, and almost until daybreak, they heard cries from a boat and saw a light. Shortly after daylight, the water getting smoother, they were able to bale the boat out. They got her dry, but had nothing in her. They were without either oars or sail. They again tried to

right the other boat and to get the gear out of her, but she was too heavy for them, so they knocked a hole in her bottom and poked the gear downwards, until it floated out from underneath. They got a sail out of the boat, two beakers of water, oars, and a rudder. They then made sail on their boat. There was a strong south-east breeze, and they decided to sail along the coast, in the hope of being picked up by the *Kinfauns Castle*, and they actually did sight her somewhere near Dayker Point, but the sea was too heavy to permit them to stand in to her, and the height of the waves must have prevented their being seen from the steamer. The boat then worked to Table Bay, where she arrived about midnight. Mr. Diver, who helped throughout in getting the passengers into the boats, was on the poop alongside the starboard cutter, which he was trying to clear away, when the ship went down. They heard the crash as the bulkheads gave way, and among the firemen saved is one who describes the rush of water into the engine-room. The starboard cutter as she hung at the davits was full of people. The reason she had not been lowered earlier was in consequence of the boat full of women being below and in the way.

The statements of the survivors are of interest as giving their individual experiences, but there is substantial harmony in the story which they convey.

It only remains to make some remarks suggested by the narratives that have been given. The *Teuton* is said to have had six watertight compartments. We hear constantly of the security supposed to be given by this construction of iron steamers. In cases of disaster, however, it very seldom happens that the compartments are thoroughly watertight, or that the machinery for making them so is in working order. To see to this from time to time during a voyage is as important a duty as any in the navigation of a ship. In the case of the *Teuton* it is certain that the catastrophe was for some time averted, as without the compartments she must have filled with water, and foundered very quickly.

One of the survivors said that it was not a thump, like striking on a rock, that he felt, but a rasping sound, as if the iron was being rent in passing over a rough surface. This must have made at least one of the compartments useless, but the captain thought there was not immediate danger while the ship floated ; and he ordered all steam to be put on, and made for Simon's Bay. When it was proposed to take to the boats, he advised all to stick to the ship. But when the compartment protecting the engine-room gave way, all was over, the ship settling down almost instantly afterwards, and the hasty taking to the boats was followed by the usual disastrous results.

No doubt the captain believed that the vessel would float till he reached Simon's Bay, and therefore he gave no order for the boats to be sooner lowered. To do so safely the vessel must have been stopped, and the arrival at Simon's Bay delayed. It was a fatal error of judgment. The boats might have been lowered and even towed after the ship, with their precious living freight, so as to have been easily cut loose if the captain's expectation of the ship keeping afloat turned out wrong. There was plenty of time. The first shock was felt early in the evening, and it was not till more than half-past ten that the ship sank. The watch of one of the survivors was stopped at 10.40 p.m.

The body of Captain Manning was afterwards washed ashore, and brought to England. In the papers appeared this record : " The interment took place in the Highgate cemetery. The first part of the burial service was read before a large congregation in Haverstock Hill Chapel, in Maitland Park Road, the minister, the Rev. John Nunn, testifying to the Christian character and bravery of the deceased."

EARLY FRENCH EXPLORERS IN THE NEW WORLD.

IN the troubled times of the religious conflict between the French Huguenots and the Roman Catholics, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Coligny, High Admiral of France, the leader of the Reformed party, early saw the dangers that threatened the peace and prosperity of his country. In 1562, ten years before the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day in 1572, Coligny, knowing the power and the relentless cruelty of the Romish faction, conceived the idea of founding a colony in the New World, to which his persecuted countrymen might flee, in order to enjoy the freedom of conscience and liberty of worship denied them in their native land. Obtaining a commission from the young King, Charles IX., an expedition sailed, under the direction of John Ribault, a worthy man and a sincere Protestant.

Ribault knowing, from the reports of early navigators, the character of the country and of the climate in the latitude of the St. Lawrence, resolved to seek a region more fertile and a climate more genial than could be found in New France, as Canada was then called. John and Sebastian Cabot, Venetian mariners in the service of Henry VII. of England, had already, long before, explored the northern coasts of the American continent. They had noticed that immense shoals of fish frequented the waters off these coasts, especially around Newfoundland. English and French fishermen very soon flocked to these rich fishing banks, and began that busy enterprise which continues to our own day, and which is the cause of national disputes and rivalries, with the additional competition of the Americans, who did not exist as a nation till more than two centuries and a half after the Cabots showed the way to this source of wealth.

As the French fishermen returned year after year with undiminished supplies, the advisers of Francis I. proposed that permanent colonies should be founded on these coasts, Ver-

razzani, of Florence, a skilful and experienced mariner, was employed to lead a voyage of exploration. It was the first expedition, for the purpose of discovery, undertaken at the expense of the French Government. This was in the year 1524. Verrazzani sailed south to the latitude of Madeira, and thence made his course due west, as Columbus and other navigators had done. It was a tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic, but land was at length sighted, near Wilmington, North Carolina. Finding no good harbour as he coasted along to the south for about a hundred and fifty miles, he turned due northward, stopping at many places, now familiar to us, but then unknown to navigators. The mouth of the Hudson river was entered, and the harbour of New York surveyed, and afterwards that of Newport, where the expedition halted for fifteen days, having friendly intercourse and traffic with the natives. Then the voyage was continued along the rocky coasts of what we now know as the New England States, to Nova Scotia and the Canadian shores. On his return Verrazzani published a narrative of the expedition, and, on the strength of his discoveries, France laid claim to all the territory from South Carolina to Newfoundland.

Ten years later, in 1534, Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, was sent to make further explorations, with the ultimate design of founding a colony. After a prosperous voyage, he reached Newfoundland in twenty days, passed through the Straits of Belleisle, sailed to the south-west across a spacious gulf, and entered a bay, which, from the extreme heat of the weather, he called Des Chaleurs. Continuing his course, he entered what was seen to be the mouth or estuary of a vast river, far larger than any river in Europe. Thus the summer months passed, and he prepared for the return voyage, so as to be home before the approach of winter. His report of the climate in that Canadian summer—"hotter than that of Spain"—his account of the beautiful land, with its meadows and woods, its corn and all manner of fruits; his description of the spacious gulf and noble river, excited in France the most intense interest.

Plans were immediately formed for colonising this newly discovered land. Many zealous adventurers, including some of the young nobles of the Court, volunteered to join the expedition. Cartier received enlarged powers as the leader, and sailed full of high hope of founding a settlement worthy of the name of New France. The voyage was rather stormy, but the passage was safely made, and the northern part of the gulf was reached on the day of St. Lawrence the Martyr, in honour of whom the gulf was named, and the name was afterwards applied to the river also.

The strangers were hospitably received by the natives. Leaving the ship at anchor near the mouth of the river, Cartier ascended its waters in a boat to an island, on which was the chief Indian settlement. It was on a fine September day in 1535. He mounted a hill, at the foot of which lay the native village. He and his companions were enraptured by the magnificent scene. The great sweep of the waters satisfied him that such a river must drain a vast territory. The Indians told him, pointing to the far West, that they never heard of any man who had gone to the head of the river. The hill on which he stood was called by Cartier *Mont Real*—the Royal Mount—and the name has ever since been borne by the island and the city of Montreal.

When autumn had passed, and the brief gleam of the "Indian summer" was gone, disillusion swiftly came as to the genial climate of New France. It is true that the land is in the same geographical latitude as *la belle France*, but it does not follow that the climate should be equally mild and the soil equally fertile. They did not understand in those times how the Gulf Stream bears from tropical seas the warm waters that bring a temperate clime to the shores of Western Europe, while the eastern coasts of the Atlantic are left to the rigour of arctic winter. On returning to France after experiencing the hardships of the seasons, the desire for colonising in that region ceased for a time in the old country.

The spirit of enterprise was, however, revived in some

patriotic and adventurous hearts, and a nobleman of Picardy, Francis de la Roque, Lord of Roberval, after four years, in 1540, obtained a commission to attempt once more the establishment of a colony near the gulf and river of St. Lawrence. He induced Cartier to accompany him as chief pilot, he himself being nominated as viceroy. They did not long continue to work together amicably. Cartier was impatient of control, after having been himself leader of an expedition. In the following spring he left Montreal, and passing further up the river, built a fort, and established a settlement where Quebec now stands. His followers did not prove worthy of such a leader. Some of them were unruly adventurers, and not a few were liberated convicts. He exercised stern discipline, but the position was so irksome that he returned to France as soon as practicable, and not long afterwards the Lord of Roberval also laid down his viceregal dignity, and went back to the safer and less onerous duties of managing his estates in Picardy. Not till after the lapse of fifty years did the French renew the attempt to colonise this northern territory.

We return now to the expedition planned by Admiral Coligny, with the departure of which this narrative opened. Ribault, the leader, having heard of the hardships and mishaps of the northern colonists, directed his course towards southern regions, under sunnier skies. He first touched American soil on the coast of Florida, in the Mexican gulf, near the place where the town of St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was afterwards built by the Spaniards. Passing northwards along the coast, Ribault landed near Port Royal, where the soil seemed fertile, and where he found a sheltered and spacious harbour. This he fixed as the place for a future settlement, and a fort was built on an island in the harbour, which he named Carolina, after his sovereign, Charles IX. Here he left twenty-five men to hold the fort, and departed for France, with the intention of returning the next year with more colonists and abundant supplies for forming a settlement. On arriving, he found his country torn with civil war, and no at-

tention could then be gained for distant enterprises. The garrison of the fort, after long and weary waiting for the expected reinforcements and supplies, became disheartened, and built a small vessel in which to return across the ocean. They were nearly perishing from famine during the voyage, when they were fortunately rescued by an English ship, which left some of them in France, and took others to England, where they spread tidings of the fine climate and rich soil of the lands which they had visited. The tidings fell on ready ears, and before long led to new schemes of English adventure and enterprise.

Meanwhile the idea of founding an American colony was still brooding in the mind of the good and great Coligny. In 1564, he sent out another expedition, under Landonnière, a man who had been with Ribault on the former voyage. He went to the same coast of Florida, but avoiding Fort Royal, the scene of former disappointment, built a new fort, which was called, like the first, Fort Carolina. Some of the men proved dissolute and insubordinate, quarrelling with the native Indians, and thus hindering supplies being brought to the fort. Under pretext of escaping famine, these ruffians asked leave to make a voyage towards the Spanish settlements on these coasts. Landonnière granted permission, no doubt glad to get rid of these unruly colonists. It soon was ascertained that they had become pirates by sea and robbers on land, and most of them were either slain or made slaves by the Spaniards whom they encountered. A few escaped in a boat, and returned to the fort, where the ringleaders were tried and executed, a sufficient proof that their conduct was detested by the better portion of the colonists.

In the autumn of that year 1564, Landonnière was gladdened by the arrival of Ribault, with several ships, containing emigrant families, and also with ample supplies, as well as seeds, cattle, and implements for cultivating the soil. There was now a good hope of a French Protestant community being established in the New World. The bright prospect was soon

overclouded, and the enterprise destroyed, as we have now to relate.

Philip II., the despotic and bigoted King of Spain, heard that the French Huguenots had presumed to make a settlement in Florida, not far from regions occupied by Spanish colonists. Plans were immediately laid for the extermination of these heretics. He found a fit instrument for the purpose in Pedro Melendez, a man whose life was stained with every form of atrocious crime, and imbued with the spirit of the brutal Alva, the archfiend of those persecuting times. The King appointed Melendez Governor of Florida, giving him a military force sufficient for its complete subjugation, and also five hundred negro slaves for cultivating the soil. The expedition was despatched with secrecy and speed, and he first sighted land on the day of St. Augustine, after whom he named the river and fort, where the first town in Florida was afterwards built. The French ships, unprepared for conflict, put to sea, and although pursued by the Spaniards, they escaped with the majority of the colonists. Those who remained were tortured and slain. Men, women, and children were massacred; not even the aged or sick were spared at the plantations where they were settled as cultivators. A few were reserved as slaves, and a very few escaped to the woods. Among the latter were Landonière and Le Moyne, an artist, sent by Coligny to bring views of the scenery of the country, also one Challus, who afterwards wrote an account of the calamity. In the forest, all would soon have perished of hunger. Some threw themselves on the mercy of the Spaniards, and were instantly murdered. "Let us trust in the providence of God rather than the mercy of these men," said Challus to the few survivors. Happily a French vessel was descried near the coast, and in this they escaped, and reached France in safety.

The worst cruelty of the Spaniards remains to be told. A storm drove back several of the French ships, and the shipwrecked crews, who are objects of commiseration in every land save among the rudest savages, were seized by the

Spaniards, tied together in groups, and massacred. It is estimated that about nine hundred French Huguenots at this time perished, from violence or from shipwreck.

An act of vengeance, not known to the Huguenot leaders, was executed by some of the friends of the murdered colonists, led by Dominic de Gourges, a gentleman of Gascony, whose indignation was roused by the horrid cruelties related by Challus and his companions. De Gourges fitted out three ships at his own cost, and sailed for Florida with a hundred and fifty men. He came suddenly upon the Spaniards, at St. Augustine, and completely overpowered them. About two hundred he hanged on the trees near the scenes of their former cruelty. Melendez had set up an inscription, "I do this not to Frenchmen, but to heretics." De Gourges, in imitation of this sentiment, wrote, "I do this not to Spaniards, but to treacherous robbers and murderers." On returning to France, the King set a price on the head of the Gascon executioner of vengeance, and he who had sacrificed his fortune and risked his life to avenge the insult offered to his country was obliged to conceal himself to escape death from the "most Christian king."

Thus ended the attempt of the noble Coligny to found a French Protestant State in the New World. Soon after came the destruction of the Huguenot cause, of which the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day was the finishing stroke. Popery triumphed in France as well as in Spain, with what result, in the New World as well as in the Old, is known to all readers of history.

THE ADVENTURES OF LA SALLE.

THE next French name conspicuous in the early annals of America is that of La Salle. Robert Cavalier de la Salle had been educated at a Jesuit seminary, but had renounced the Order, and went out to Canada, like many a young adventurer in those days, to seek his fortune in the New World. He obtained the concession of a large territory at the outlet of Lake Ontario, on the condition that he would maintain Fort Frontenac, where now is the town of Kingston. His chief object was to secure the monopoly of trade with the great Iroquois nation of Indians. While thus employed, the tidings of the richer regions on the shores of the great river discovered by Margnette and his companions fired his ambition, and he returned to France to seek for extension of his commission, so as to found settlements in the rich valleys of the Mississippi and its tributary streams. He came back in 1678, and passing up to Lake Erie, he built a vessel, with which he sailed to the upper lakes. Thence he passed into the valley of the Illinois, and on a bluff by the river-side, where Peoria now stands, he built a fort, and waited there for the return of his ship, which he had sent to Niagara, laden with furs. The ship never reappeared, and is supposed to have been wrecked, or perhaps boarded and destroyed by the Indian savages. After two years of toils and adventure in the wilds and forests of the West, La Salle once more visited Europe. But he soon returned to the banks of the Illinois, more intent than ever on exploring the regions of the South. He built a barge, more like a stout raft than a ship, and on this barge, with his companions, he floated down the mighty waters of the Mississippi, and at last emerged on the broad sea of the Gulf of Mexico. He took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, Louis XIV., in honour of whom he called it Louisiana. This was in the summer of 1682.

The return journey to Quebec was an arduous undertaking,

but after many hardships and adventures, he reached the colony, and immediately sailed for France. His arrival was hailed with great joy by the nation and by the King, who readily granted his requests for equipping an expedition worthy of the object now in his view. Instead of the tedious route by Canada, he would sail direct to the Gulf of Mexico, and by sea reach in far shorter time the new province of Louisiana. By command of the King, he was furnished with an armed frigate, and with three other vessels, with nearly three hundred persons, carrying every requisite for founding a colony. About a third of the company were soldiers; of the remainder some were traders, some were mechanics, with several priests.

The naval commander of the squadron was not well fitted for the office entrusted to him. The voyage was tedious, and when the Gulf of Mexico was at last reached, search was made in vain for the mouth of the river, in the position in which La Salle calculated that it would be found. The truth is that he seems to have ended his course down the Mississippi, not by the chief mouth of the river, near where New Orleans now is built, but by another mouth, then more imposing than in after-times. He had also made an error in his calculation as to the longitude of the place where he had been. The commander, Beaujeu, annoyed at the disappointment, continued his course westward, till he was stopped by sighting the eastern coast of Texas. La Salle determined to leave the ship, and, with a certain number of his followers, to seek by land the mouth of the great river. The fleet met with greater troubles after he left it. The principal store ship was wrecked, and little was left of the bountiful supplies that the King had furnished for the establishment of a colony. After a time Beaujeu returned to France, with most of the survivors of the expedition, and the disappointment was as great as the expectations of success had been sanguine.

The adventures of La Salle and his companions left on shore have been recorded in a work of thrilling interest, written by M. Joutel, one of the commanders in the expedition, in the

course of which the leader met with a terribly tragic fate. Although he did not survive to tell the story of his adventures, the name of La Salle lives in history as one of the most enterprising explorers and heroic spirits of early times in the New World.

FRENCH SETTLEMENTS IN CANADA.

THE attempt to found a French Huguenot colony in Florida having failed, attention was again turned to the shores of the St. Lawrence. Although the expeditions of Cartier and of Roberval had led to no permanent settlement on the mainland, the French fishermen, in great numbers, continued to visit year by year the waters off the coasts, and around Newfoundland. The idea soon was revived of planting colonies in these Northern regions. There were several expeditions sent out, some of them under royal sanction, one of which, under a Protestant, the Sieur de Montz, formed the earliest French settlement of a permanent character in the New World. On the western side of Nova Scotia, Port Royal, afterwards known as Annapolis, was founded by this expedition.

But the most prosperous enterprise of those times was organised by a company of merchants of Rouen, who sent out an exploring expedition, of which the most adventurous and energetic spirit was Samuel Champlain. In 1608 he founded the settlement of Quebec, on the site where Cartier had built a fort more than half a century before. From this place Champlain made many exploring expeditions, in one of which he discovered the beautiful lake which still bears his name. It was Champlain who on the banks of the St. Lawrence established the French colony, which remained under the flag of his native country till the conquest of Canada in the

next century by the English. During that period the French population in the territories marked by the St. Lawrence greatly increased, and many new colonists arrived from the old country. They retain to this day the language, and habits, and institutions of their forefathers, but at the same time are among the most attached and loyal subjects of the British crown.

The adventurous spirit of Champlain was shared by not a few of his companions and followers. One of them, a priest, Father le Caron, in a birch-bark canoe, penetrated far up the mighty river of the St. Lawrence, and sometimes paddling, sometimes groping through the forests, made his way into regions where no white man had penetrated. He it was who first explored the southern shores of Lake Ontario, and found his way to Lake Huron. A few years before the death of Champlain, Louis XIII. granted a charter to a company giving them the complete control of all the regions in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

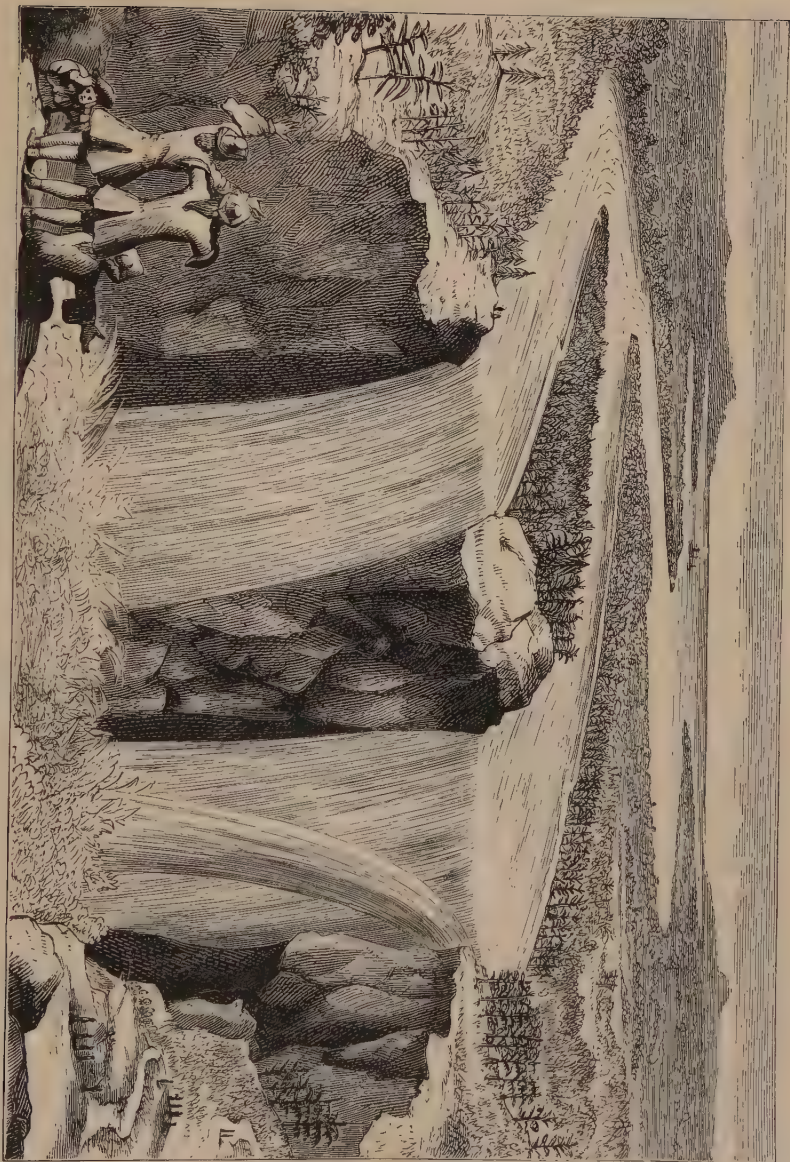
At the same time there was organised a mission to the Indians, under the supervision of the Jesuits, who were zealous alike for the interests of the Church and for the influence of the French nation. The proceedings of the early Jesuit missionaries in foreign lands were often as worthy of honour and commendation, as were their intrigues in European nations mischievous and disgraceful. In the New World, both in North and South America, there is much that the candid historian has to record to their credit. Some of their leading men seemed to have more at heart than the mere aggrandisement of the Romish Church. Whatever their dogmatic tenets might be, they showed great zeal and self-denial in practical works of Christian duty and devotedness. They spared no labour, and feared no danger, in carrying to savage and remote regions the light of knowledge and the blessings of peaceful and useful civilization. There is a true and touching incident told about one of these Jesuit missionaries, Father Dreuilette, in the middle of the seventeenth century. He had

established a station among the Indians near the Canadian frontier at Maine. Hearing of an English missionary then at Roxbury, he went to visit him. It was no other than the saintly Eliot, known as "the apostle of the Indians." The beneficent work in which they both were engaged united these good men, and had far more power than the differences which divided the Catholic and the Puritan. They had pleasant communion together, and bade each other God-speed. Would that there were more of this spirit shown among those who are true-hearted men in all places and at all times! And so it will be where the desire is to serve the common Saviour, and not the mere interest of any section of the Christian Church.

This Father Dreuilette was not the first or most famous of these early French missionaries. Father le Caron, the friend and companion of Champlain, was followed by a band of adventurous explorers, who penetrated to the head-waters of the Ottawa river, and formed settlements among the tribes of hunters and fishers in the far north-west. So great was the demand for teachers that a college for training missionary priests was founded at Quebec, two years before the establishment of the Protestant college at Harvard. At Montreal was also founded a convent for the education of Indian girls, several nuns coming out from France to devote themselves to that work.

The continual wars among the hostile Indian tribes sadly interfered with missionary efforts of any kind, but no perils or disappointments checked the adventurous explorations of the French priests of that period. The names of Jogues, of Brebeuf, of Allouez, and other Jesuit fathers hold honoured places in the history of the Church, and are associated with scenes afterwards famous throughout the world. It was a French priest, Marquette, with a companion, Joliet, and five French boatmen led by Indian guides and interpreters, who seem to have been the first Europeans to set eyes on the great "father of waters." They passed up the Fox

river in two birch-bark canoes, carried these across the portage to the banks of the Wisconsin, down which they floated, till they reached the place where the turbid waters of the Missouri fall into the majestic stream of the Mississippi. "When I return," said Marquette, "I will ascend that river, and beyond its head-waters I will proclaim the Gospel." Still floating southward, they saw the Ohio river flowing from the north-east, and they marvelled at the vast forests and at the rich valleys, then unknown and unpeopled, but destined to be the home of millions of civilised and Christian men. As they proceeded southward, they found the vegetation altered, and the climate warmer, and felt certain that the great river that bore them must flow to the Mexican sea, and not to the western coast, as they had at first been led to suppose. They fell in with Indians who possessed tools and other articles that must have been made by the English of Virginia or the Spaniards further south. Possibly the fear of falling into the hands of these enemies of France helped to determine their purpose to return. At the mouth of the Arkansas they began the toilsome labour of paddling the canoes up the stream down whose waters they had so easily floated. They reached the mouth of the Illinois river. Thinking it might lead them to the lakes, they went up that river to its head-waters, and thence crossed to Lake Michigan. Joliet made his way to Quebec to carry the report of their discoveries. Marquette was desirous to commence his missionary labours, and in the wilderness to devote himself to the welfare of the wandering Indians. One day he retired to a hut he had erected in the forest, for his private devotions. Here he was found, cold in death, kneeling beside the rude altar. His toils and his prayers for the poor Indians were ended. In that hour of quiet retirement his spirit had passed away, and his name will live, in the record of true martyrs, as much as that of Livingstone, whose end in the African hut at Illala greatly resembles that of Marquette, two centuries before, in the New World.



FATHER HENNEPIN'S SKETCH OF NIAGARA, 1677.

It was another French missionary priest, Father Hennepin, a Franciscan, who first of European travellers discovered the Falls of Niagara. The report of his travels was published in Paris A.D. 1678. The book is now of extreme rarity, but there is in the British Museum a copy of the English translation of it, made twenty years after. In this book we find the earliest description of Niagara. He says, "Betwixt the Lake Ontario and Erie there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. 'Tis true, Italy and Sweedland boast of some such things; but we may well say they are but sorry patterns when compared to this of which we now speak. At the foot of this horrible precipice, we meet with the river Niagara, which is not above half a quarter of a league broad, but it is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above the descent, that it violently hurries down the wild beasts while endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its current, which inevitably casts them down headlong, above six hundred feet.

This wonderful downfall is compounded of two great cross-streams of water and two falls, with an isle sloping along the middle of it. The waters which fall from this vast height do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise, more terrible than that of thunder; for when the wind blows from off the south, their dismal roaring may be heard above fifteen leagues off.

The river Niagara having thrown itself down this incredible precipice, continues its impetuous course for two leagues together to the great rock above mentioned, with an inexpressible rapidity; but having passed that, its impetuosity relents, gliding along more gently for two leagues, till it arrives at the Lake Ontario or Frontenac.

Any barque or great vessel may pass from the fort to the foot of this huge rock above mentioned. This rock

lies to the westward, and is cut off from the land by the river Niagara, about two leagues farther down than the Great Fall, for which two leagues the people are obliged to carry their goods overland, but the way is very good, and the trees are but few, and they chiefly firs and oaks.

From the Great Fall unto this rock, which is to the west of the river, the two brinks of it are so prodigious high that it would make one tremble to look steadily upon the water, rolling along with a rapidity not to be imagined. Were it not for this vast cataract, which interrupts navigation, they might sail with barques or greater vessels above four hundred and fifty leagues farther, cross the Lake of Huron, and up to the farther end of the Lake Illinois, which two lakes, we may well say, are little seas of fresh water."

Then he tells how *Sieur de la Salle* intended to build a fort, to keep in check the Iroquese and other savage nations, and to form a commerce in skins of elks, beavers, and other beasts for the English and Dutch in New York.

The title-page of the book is worth transcribing:—

"A new discovery of a vast country in America, extending about four thousand miles between New France and New Mexico; with a description of the great lakes, cataracts, rivers, plants, and animals: also the manners, customs, and languages of the several native Indians, and the advantages of commerce with those different nations; with a continuation giving an account of the attempts of *Sieur de la Salle* upon the mines of St. Barbe, etc. The taking of Quebec by the English; with the advantages of a shorter cut to China and Japan. Both parts illustrated with maps and figures, and dedicated to his Majesty King William. By *Lewis Hennepin*, now resident in Holland. To which are added several new discoveries in North America, not published in the French edition. London: Printed for M. Bentley, J. Tonson, H. Borwick, O. Goodwin, and S. Manship, 1698."

The frontispiece of *Father Hennepin's* book is a view

of the falls as he and his companions saw them. It is to be observed that the line of the Great Fall is straight, not curved, as now, into the form which has given it the name of the "Horseshoe Fall." The form of the cataract is slowly but constantly changing. The reason is to be found in the geological formation, the rocks being partly shale and partly limestone. The shale is more readily worn by the water and the frosts, and moulders away more rapidly than the harder limestone. The rate of recession has been calculated, and the time must come sooner or later when the cataract will approach the upper lakes and the length of the rapids diminish. As it is, there are from time to time huge avalanches of falling rock, which already accumulate at the base of the falls, especially on the American side. At some places the *débris* rises nearly a third of the height of the water, reducing greatly the apparent size of the fall. Father Hennepin exaggerated the height when he guessed it at six hundred feet. It scarcely exceeds a fourth of this height. The Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi river in Africa, and the recently discovered falls in British Guiana, exceed Niagara in depth of fall; but the vast volume of water, and the beauty as well as grandeur of the scene, still keep Niagara at an immeasurable distance as the greatest of waterfalls.

Reference is made by Father Hennepin to the Sieur de la Salle, whose name is known in history as one of the greatest of these early French travellers and explorers.

M. JOUTEL'S NARRATIVE OF LA SALLE'S SECOND VOYAGE.

THE title of the old book from which the following extracts are taken is "A Journal of the Last Voyage of Mons. de la Salle to the Gulf of Mexico, to find out the Mouth of the Mississippi River, containing an account of the settlements he endeavoured to make on the coast of the aforesaid bay, his unfortunate death, and the travels of his companions for the space of eight hundred leagues across that inland country of America now called Louisiana, till they came into Canada. By Monsieur Joutel, a commander in that expedition. Translated into English in 1714." From this quaint old book we quote a few pages, sufficient to give a general idea of the enterprise in its origin, its course, and results. We keep to the antique spelling of the book.

At the time, says M. Joutel, when Monsieur de la Sale was preparing for his last voyage into North America, I happen'd to be at Roan, the place where he and I were both born, being return'd from the army, where I had serv'd sixteen or seventeen years.

The reputation gain'd by Monsieur de la Sale, the greatness of his undertaking, the natural curiosity which all men are possess'd with, and my acquaintance with his kindred, and with several of the inhabitants of that city, who were to bear him company, easily prevail'd with me to make one of the number, and I was admitted as a voluntier.

Our rendezvous was appointed at Rochel, where we were to imbark. Messieurs Cavelier, the one brother, the other nephew to Monsieur de la Sale, some others and I, repair'd thither in July, 1684.

Monsieur de la Sale having provided all things necessary for his voyage, surmounted all the difficulties laid in his way by several ill-minded persons, and receiv'd his orders from Monsieur Arnoult, the intendant at Rochel, pursuant to those he had receiv'd from the King, we sail'd on the 1st of August,

1684, being twenty-four vessels, four of them for our voyage, and the others for the islands and Canada.

The four vessels appointed for Monsieur de la Sale's enterprize, had on board about two hundred and eighty persons, including the crews; of which number there were one hundred soldiers, with their officers, one Talon, with his Canada family, about thirty volontiers, some young women, and the rest hired people and workmen of all sorts, requisite for making a settlement.

The first of the four vessels was a man of war, called *Le Joly*, of about thirty-six or forty guns, commanded by Monsieur de Beaujeu, on which Monsieur de la Sale, his brother the priest, two Recolet fryars, Messieurs Dainmaville and Chedeville, priests, and I imbark'd. The next was a little frigate, carrying six guns, which the King had given to Monsieur de la Sale, commanded by two masters; a flyboat of about three hundred tuns burden, belonging to the Sieur Massiot, merchant at Rochel, commanded by the Sieur Aigron, and laden with all the effects Monsieur de la Sale had thought necessary for his settlement, and a small ketch, on which Monsieur de la Sale had imbark'd thirty tons of ammunition, and some commodities design'd for Santo Domingo.

We sail'd, steering W. and by S., and on the 8th of the same month weather'd Cape Finisterre, which is in 43 degrees of north latitude, without meeting any thing remarkable. The 12th, we were in the latitude of Lisbon, or about 39 degrees north. The 16th, we were in 36 degrees, the latitude of the Straights, and the 20th, discover'd the island Madera, which is in 32 degrees, and where Monsieur de Beaujeu propos'd to Monsieur de la Sale to anchor, and take in water and some refreshments.

Monsieur de la Sale was not of that mind, on account that we had been but twenty one days from France, had sufficient store of water, ought to have taken aboard refreshments enough, and it would be a loss of eight or ten days to no purpose; besides, that our enterprize requir'd secrecy, whereas

the Spaniards might get some information, by means of the people of that island, which was not agreeable to the King's intention.

However, it was resolv'd not to come to an anchor at that island, whereupon Monsieur de Beaujeu said, that since it was so, we should put in no where but at the island of Santo Domingo. We held on our course, weather'd the island of Madera, and began to see those little flying fishes, which to escape the Dorados, or gilt-heads, that pursue them, leap out of the water, take a little flight of about a pistol shot, and then fall again into the sea, but very often into ships, as they are sailing by. That fish is about as big as a herring, and very good to eat.

The 6th of September, we were under the Tropic of Cancer, in 23 degrees 30 minutes of north latitude and 319 of longitude. There Mons. de la Sale's obstructing the ceremony the sailors call ducking, gave them occasion to mutter again, and render'd himself privately odious. So many have given an account of the nature of that folly, that it would be needless to repeat it here; it may suffice to say, that there are three things to authorize it, 1. Custom. 2. The oath administer'd to those who are duck'd, which is to this effect, that they will not permit any to pass the Tropics or the Line, without obliging them to the same ceremony. And 3, which is the most prevailing argument, the interest accruing to the sailors upon that occasion, by the refreshments, liquors or money given them by the passengers to be excus'd from that ceremony.

Monsr. de la Sale, being inform'd that all things were preparing for that impertinent ceremony of ducking, and that a tub full of water was ready on the deck (the French duck in a great cask of water, the English in the sea, letting down the person at the yard arm), sent word, that he would not allow such as were under his command to be subject to that folly, which being told to Monsr. de Beaujeu, he forbid putting of it in execution, to the great dissatisfaction of the inferior officers

and sailors, who expected a considerable sum of money and quantity of refreshments, or liquors, because there were many persons to duck, and all the blame was laid upon Monsr. de la Sale.

The 20th of September, we discovered the first land of Hispaniola, being Cape Samana. On the 26th of the said month we put into the bay of Jaguana, coasting the island Guanabo, which is in the middle of that great bay or gulph, and in conclusion, on the 27th we arriv'd at Petit Gouave, having spent 58 days in our passage from the port of Chef de Bois, near Rochel.

The next day, being the 28th, we sang *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving for our prosperous passage.

A consult of pilots was called to resolve where we should touch before we came upon the coast of America, and it was resolved to steer directly for the western point of the island of Cuba, or for Cape St. Antony, distant about 300 leagues from Hispaniola, there to expect the proper season, and a fair wind to enter the gulph or bay, which is but two hundred leagues over.

M. Joutel's journal for several months after this time, while containing much variety of detail, is very unsatisfactory as to the main purpose of the expedition. One of the ships, laden with stores, and with the most useful materials and tools for the proposed colony, had previously been captured by two Spanish privateers. The remaining ships sailed from the west of Cuba, but were sometimes detained by calms, and drifted by strong currents out of the course which they proposed. The coast of Cuba was sighted, and on the 1st of December, 1684, the island of Cayman was reached. On the 3rd, the little island of Pines, off the Cuban coast, was discovered. Here some stay was made, as well as at various points on the coast. At the beginning of January land was descried, and it was supposed that they were in the bay of Apalache, near the American mainland. Extensive shoals and sand-banks compelled them to anchor, and boats were sent on shore to make explorations, but no sign was seen of being near the mouth of the great river. From natives that were met with no information could

be gathered. The pilots were totally at a loss, and there was much discussion as to what should be done. The naval commander, M. de Beaujeu, continued his course along the coast, till M. de la Salle felt convinced that the site of the mouth of the Mississippi had been far passed, and proposed to return toward the place where land had first been sighted. The shoals where they had anchored he reckoned to be near the latitude observed by him at the end of his former voyage down the river from Canada. The disputes between M. de la Salle and M. Beaujeu at last came to such a pitch, that it was determined to separate, and La Salle agreed to remain on land, with a hundred and twenty or thirty men, the commander holding his course at sea, keeping near the coast, to relieve those on shore in case of need. Signals were agreed upon, and La Salle set about the work of exploration. Some weeks were thus spent, with various adventures on meeting savage tribes, by whom every movement was watched. Occasionally there were friendly meetings, when some barter was carried on; at other times sudden and treacherous attacks were made, by which several of the Frenchmen perished. Rude canoes were built for crossing streams too deep to be forded. At length, one day when there were many Indians near, the report of a cannon caused sudden alarm. It was a signal gun from one of the ships, which had got aground, and became a total wreck soon after striking. The crew were saved by the boats, but everything was lost, except some casks of wine and other stores washed on shore. So matters proceeded till the 14th of March, 1685, when M. Beaujeu grew tired of the whole enterprise, and resolved to return to Europe, taking with him, in his largest ship, *Le Joli*, all who did not volunteer to remain, under the command of M. de la Salle, among whom was M. Joutel. The smallest ship, the barque *La Belle*, remained, with a small crew, off the coast.

When Monsr. de Beaujeu was gone, we fell to work to make a fort, of the wreck of the ship that had been cast away, and many pieces of timber the sea threw up.

When our fort was well advanc'd, Monsr. de la Sale resolv'd to clear his doubts, and to go up the river, where we were, to know whether it was not an arm of the Missisipi, and accordingly order'd fifty men to attend him, of which number were Monsr. Cavelier, his brother, and Monsr. Chedeville, both priests, two Recolet fryars, and several volunteers, who set out in five canoes we had, with the necessary provisions. There remain'd in the fort about an hundred and thirty persons, and Monsr. de la Sale gave me the command of it, with orders not to have any commerce with the natives, but to fire at them if they appear'd.

Whilst Monsr. de la Sale was absent, I caus'd an oven to be built, which was a great help to us, and employ'd my self in finishing the fort, and putting it in a posture to withstand the Indians, who came frequently in the night to range about us, howling like wolves and dogs; but two or three musquet shots put them to flight. It happen'd one night, that having fir'd six or seven shot, Monsieur de la Sale, who was not far from us, heard them, and being in pain about it, he return'd with six or seven men, and found all things in a good posture.

He told us he had found a good country, fit to sow and plant all sorts of grain, abounding in beeves and wild fowl; that he design'd to erect a fort farther up the river, and accordingly he left me orders to square out as much timber as I could get, the sea casting up much upon the shore. He had given the same orders to the men he had left on the spot, seven or eight of whom, detach'd from the rest, being busy at that work, and seeing a number of the natives, fled, and unadvisedly left their tools behind them. Monsieur de la Sale returning thither, found a paper made fast to a reed, which gave him notice of that accident, which he was concern'd at, because of the tools, not so much for the amount of the loss, as because it was furnishing the natives with such things as they might afterwards make use of against us.

About the beginning of April, we were alarm'd by a vessel which appear'd at sea, near enough to discern the sails, and we

supposed they might be Spaniards, who had heard of our coming and were ranging the coast to find us out. That made us stand upon our guard, to keep within the fort, and see that our arms were fit for service. But they pass'd on, without perceiving us.

Some of our hunters having seen a parcel of wild goats running as if they were frightened, judg'd they were pursued by the Indians, and came for refuge to the fort, and to give me notice. Accordingly some time after, we discover'd a parcel of natives, who came and posted themselves on an eminence, within cannon shot. Some of them drew off from the rest and approach'd the fort by the way of the downs. I caused our men immediately to handle their arms, and wet blankets to be laid on our huts, to prevent their being burnt by the fire the savages sometimes shoot with their arrows. All this time those who had separated themselves from the rest, being three in number, still drew nearer, making signs for us to go to them ; but Monsieur de la Sale had forbid me having any commerce with them ; however, since they had neither bows nor arrows, we made signs to them to draw near, which they did without hesitating.

We went out to meet them, Monsieur Moranget made them sit down, and they gave us to understand by signs, that their people were hunting near us ; being able to make no more of what they said, Monsieur Moranget was for knocking out their brains, to revenge their having murder'd our companions, but I would not consent to it, since they had come confiding in us. I made signs to them to be gone, which they did as fast as they could, some small shot we fir'd into the air making them run, and a cannon shot, I pointed towards the rising ground, where the rest were, put them all to flight.

These accidents made us double our guards, since we were at open war with that crafty nation, which let slip no opportunity to surprize us, and therefore penalties were appointed for such as should be found asleep upon sentinel. Thus we spent the rest of the month, till the beginning of June. In the

mean time, Monsieur de la Sale had begun to make another settlement, in the place he before told us of, looking upon it as better, because it was further up the country. To that purpose he sent to us the Sieur de Villeperdry with two canoes and orders for the Sieur Moranget to repair to him, if he were recover'd, and that all the men should march, except 30 of the ablest to make a good defence, who were to stay with me in the fort. The rest being seventy persons, as well men and women as children, set out with the Sieur Moranget ; and we being but a small number remaining, I caused the fort to be brought into a less compass, to save posting so many sentinels.

Our little company began to take satisfaction in the ease of getting and the nature of our provisions, which a greater number has more difficulty to be supply'd with, and which we had plenty of, by means of hunting and fishing, those being our principal employments, and we liv'd well enough contented, expecting to be remov'd. However, there were some malecontents, who resolv'd to desert ; but finding a difficulty to put it in execution, for that they could neither get arms, nor powder nor ball, because the Sieur le Gros and I kept all lock'd up, and were very vigilant, that none might be lavishly spent, they took the cruel resolution to rid themselves of us.

That bloody massacre was to begin by me, when I was asleep, and then to proceed to the Sieur le Gros, who lay in the magazine, or warehouse, and was in no condition to defend himself, because his leg was still swollen, and put him to much pain. The execution was to be by stabbing. One of the conspirators revealed this to the Sieur Davault, a hunter, who immediately came and acquainted me. I did not just then take notice of what I had been told ; but in the evening, when they return'd from hunting, I caused one to be secur'd, who presently confess'd all. His accomplice was also seiz'd, and it was very troublesom to secure them till the time when we should remove.

About the middle of July, the bark *La Belle* came and

anchor'd near us. An order was brought me from Monsieur de la Sale, directing me to put aboard it all the effects that were in our fort, to make a float of the timber I had caused to be squar'd, if time would permit, if not to bury it in the ground, which we did.

We join'd Monsieur de la Sale the next day, at the place where he had resolv'd to make his new settlement. I gave him an account of all that had happen'd, and was amaz'd to see things so ill begun and so little advanc'd. As for the plantation, the seed and grain put into the ground, was either lost through drought, or eaten by birds or beasts. There were several dead, and among them the Sieur de Villeperdry ; many sick, and of that number Monsieur Cavalier, the priest ; no shelter but a little square place stak'd in, where the powder was and some casks of brandy ; many other inconveniences there were, which made all things appear in a miserable condition.

It was requisite to think of building a large lodgment, Monsieur de la Sale design'd it, but the difficulty was to get proper timber for building. There was a little wood, where a good quantity might be had, but it was a league up the country, and we had neither carts nor horses to carry it ; however, Monsr. de la Sale sent workmen thither, with others to guard them. The trees were cut down and squar'd, but the carpenters were so ignorant, that Monsr. de la Sale was forc'd to act the master builder, and to mark out the pieces for the work he design'd. Some of those pieces of timber were dragg'd to the camp, over the grass and weeds the plain was cover'd with ; afterwards the carriage of a gun was made use of ; but all cost so much labour, that the ablest men were quite spent.

This excessive toil, the poor sustenance the labouring men had, and that often retrench'd as a penalty for having fail'd in doing their duty ; the uneasiness Monsieur de la Sale was under to see nothing succeed as he had imagin'd, and which often made him abuse the men, when there was little reason for it ; all these things together afflicted very many so sensibly,

that they visibly declin'd, and above thirty dy'd. The loss of so many men was follow'd by that of the master carpenter who was returning one evening with me ; but I happening to step aside to kill some wild fowl, when I came to our habitation I found him not, and it was never known what became of him ; an accident which added to our vexation, for tho' he had but little skill at his trade, yet we stood in need of him.

Notwithstanding all those disappointments, enough timber was carry'd or rather dragg'd, to build the house Monsieur de la Sale design'd, and he was himself the architect. He mark'd out the lengths, the tenants and mortises, and made good the defect of the workmen, and calling to mind that I had bury'd several pieces of timber at our first habitation, which might be of use, he order'd me to take two canoes and 20 men, to go fetch them, in the bark *La Belle*, which was with us.

Being come to the place, we found the natives had discover'd our timber, and carry'd away some planks, to pick out the nails there were in them, which they value very much, to point their arrows. We labour'd to make a float, loaded the bark *La Belle* with the rest of the planks and other effects, and set out again. Some of the natives appear'd whilst we were at work, but seeing us advance towards them, with our arms in our hands, they fled.

We return'd safe to Monsieur de la Sale, who was glad to see us, tho' we had lost one of the canoes, for want of its being well made fast to the float ; but the timber we brought was a mighty help towards carrying on his design, and much fitter than that we had hew'd in the wood, with so much labour ; so that this timber occasion'd the raising another structure contiguous to the former. All was cover'd with planks, and bullocks' hides over them. The apartments were divided, and all of them well cover'd. The stores had a place apart, and that dwelling had the name of St. Lewis given it, as well as the neighbouring bay.

Monsieur de la Sale being desirous to take a progress, to find his fatal Missisipi river, and only expecting the recovery of his

brother, Monsieur Cavalier, who was to bear him company, he began to make some preparations towards it, and in the mean time, took some small journeys of four or five leagues about, but could learn nothing further, than that it was a very fine country, hem'd in on one side by a small mountain, which appear'd at about fifteen or twenty leagues distance ; beautify'd with very fine trees, and water'd by many little rivers, whereof that, on which we had built our habitation was the least. We call'd it "La Riviere aux Bœufs," that is the river of bullocks, by reason of the great number of them there was about it. These bullocks are very like ours, there are thousands of them, but instead of hair they have a very long curl'd sort of wool.

Monsieur de la Sale studying all ways to find out the river Missisipi, imagin'd it might fall into the adjacent bay, and resolv'd to go view all the coasts about it, and to make use of the bark *La Belle*. Accordingly he order'd me to repair to the said bark, with five men and a canoe, into which he put his cloaths, and other effects in several chests.

Monsieur Cavalier, the priest, being recover'd, Monsieur de la Sale prepar'd to set out with all speed. He was pleas'd to honour me with the command, during his absence, and left me an inventory of all that was in our habitation, consisting of eight pieces of cannon, two hundred firelocks, as many cutlasses, an hundred barrels of powder, and other stores.

Monsr. de la Sale farther order'd me not to receive any man of those he took along with him, unless they brought an order from him in writing ; nor to hold or admit of any communication with the natives, but rather to fire upon them, and some other particulars he thought fit to be observ'd. He had made himself a coat of mail with small laths, to secure himself against the arrows, which he took along with him, he also took the canoes, and promis'd to send me one back. Five cannon shot were the signal of his departure.

He took his way along the lower part of the river, to march by land along the neighbouring bay, which was call'd of St. Lewis, the canoes keeping within sight. I was left in the

habitation with thirty four persons, men, women, and children, and of that number were three Recolet friars, the *Sieur Hurie*, who was to command in my absence, one of the *Sieurs Duhaut*, the *Sieurs Thibault*, and a surgeon.

Our provisions being very small, and it being requisite to spare them for the sick, we were oblig'd to apply our selves to fishing and shooting. Both of them at first prov'd very unsuccessful, especially the latter ; because we were not yet well vers'd in them, and *Monsieur de la Sale* had taken our huntsman along with him ; but at length, necessity made us more expert. We kill'd beeves, some of which I caus'd to be dry'd, and they were a considerable help to subsist us.

Some days after, the canoe *Monsieur de la Sale* had promis'd me, arriv'd with three soldiers, who brought us the news of the loss of the huntsman *Monsieur de la Sale* had taken along with him, and who had been found dead with cold in a ditch, where he had lain down to rest after hunting, which troubled us all very much.

The canoe was a great help to us to carry what we kill'd, which being brought to our habitation, found employment for all persons, some to flay, others to cut up, and others to dry it. At other times, I set some of our men to throw up a trench about our habitation.

Thus we spent our time, till about the middle of January, 1686, when being all, one evening, in our mansion, the sentinel came in to acquaint me, that he heard a voice towards the river ; some men ran thither immediately, and found a man in a canoe, crying, *Dominick*, which was the name of young *Duhaut*, who was with us. The sight of that made me apprehensive lest some disaster was befallen *Monsr. de la Sale*. I drew near, and perceiv'd it was *Duhaut the elder*, that was return'd.

I ask'd him whether he had any letters from *Monsieur de la Sale*, he answer'd, he had not. It gave me some uneasiness, considering I was forbid admitting any man without an order in writing, and I was almost resolv'd to secure him ; but the

account he gave me of the occasion of his returning wholly clear'd him. I admitted him, and he told me the whole matter as follows.

Monsr. de la Sale, having staid some time on the sea shore, near the place where the bark was at anchor, he resolv'd to try the anchoring places of the coasts round about, to know how near the bark *Le Belle* might come. To that purpose he sent the pilot with 5 of the best men to sound.

The pilot did as he was order'd, he sounded and observed the proper places to come near several coasts. At night he and his men being in all likelihood tir'd, they thought fit to go ashore and lie upon the land. They made a fire, perhaps to dress some meat; but neglecting to stand upon their guard, they were surpriz'd, and all six of them kill'd by the savages; who also broke their canoe, and thus reveng'd themselves for the irruption Monsr. de la Sale had lately made among them.

More time being elaps'd than Monsieur de la Sale had allotted those men to return, he grew uneasy, and went himself along the coast, to see if any news could be had of them, and keeping along the shore, he found the sad remains of those unfortunate wretches, whose carcasses, scatter'd about, were torn and almost devour'd by wolves or wild dogs, a spectacle which went to his heart.

However, this loss, which afflicted him, and particularly for the sake of the pilot, who was an able man, did not quite cast him down; but exerting himself against his misfortunes, he caus'd flesh to be dry'd, and with that and the other provisions he victuall'd the bark *La Belle*. He caus'd it to advance into the bay, put a good number of men on board to secure it, among whom were Monsieur Chedeville, the priest, and Plante-rose of Roan, and order'd them not to stir from that place till they heard from him, and not to go ashore, unless with a good guard and necessary precautions.

Next, he chose out twenty men, imbark'd on two canoes he had left, and being come ashore, caus'd the canoes to be sunk in the river, and every man to take up his bundle, consisting

of arms, tools, some utensils for the kitchen, a few goods, to trade with the natives, if he should find any sociable, and so advanc'd into the country, to try if any notice could be had of the Missisipi.

After several days march, they came to a good pleasant river, which they afterwards call'd "*La Maligne*." Monsieur de la Sale marching at the head of the company, and having order'd Monsieur Moranget to keep in the rear; it happen'd that Duhaut stopping to mend his knapsack and his shoes, which were in a bad condition; the *Sieur Moranget* coming up, commanded him to march, he desired him to stay a little. *Moranget* would not, but held on his way; Duhaut follow'd some time after, but having stay'd too long, he could not overtake the company, and found himself about night fall in a plain full of weeds, where there were several tracks of the way cattle had gone, but knew not which of them to take. He fir'd his piece several times, without hearing any thing of his company, and was oblig'd to pass the night in that same place.

In the morning he shot again, spent the day and night again in that place, so that not knowing what to do, he return'd the same way he had gone, and after a month's march, for he travell'd only by night, for fear of meeting with the savages, living upon what he kill'd with much difficulty and danger, having before spent all his own provisions; at length after most unaccountable hardships and sufferings, he arriv'd at the place where the canoes had been sunk. He took one of them up, with incredible labour, and too long to relate, and so came to our habitation of *St. Lewis*. Thus it pleas'd God that he who was to be one of the murderers of Monsieur de la Sale, should come off safe, and surmount almost infinite dangers.

This account, which seem'd to carry the face of probability, prevail'd with me to receive the *Sieur Duhaut*, and in reality I could do no otherwise, and I made it my business to examine into his behaviour, but could find nothing to lay to his charge.

Some weeks passed. Monsieur de la Sale had been now long gone, and we began to be in pain for him, when about

the middle of March, 1686, hapning to be on the top of the house, I spied seven or eight persons coming towards us. I presently ordered eight arm'd men to follow me, to go meet them; and as soon as we drew near them, we knew Monsieur de la Sale, Monsieur Cavelier, his brother, Monsieur Moranget, his nephew, and five or six men with them, the rest being gone another way to find out the bark *La Belle*, to give notice of Monsieur de la Sale's arrival.

They were in a bad condition, their cloaths ragged, Monsieur Cavelier's short cassock hung in tatters; most of them had not hats, and their linen was no better; however, the sight of Monsieur de la Sale rejoyc'd us all. The account he gave us of his journey reviv'd our hopes, tho' he had not found the fatal river, and we thought only of making ourselves as merry as we could. Only the sight of the Sieur Duhaut interrupted it for some time. Monsieur de la Sale ask'd me in an angry manner why I had receiv'd him, and Duhaut having given his reasons, as I and my men did, we were all satisfy'd.

La Salle was too anxious about his great purpose to be able to wait long in the comparative quietness of the settlement. As soon as he had rested and regained his strength, he organised another expedition, taking with him this time twenty men, including his brother, M. Cavalier; his nephew, M. Moranget; Father Anastasius, a Recolet monk; Messieurs Bihorel, Le Clerc, Hurier; the younger Duhaut; and Hiens, his surgeon. They set out towards the end of April, 1686. La Salle gave to M. Joutel the necessary orders, and they parted without any ceremony, La Salle desiring it to be so, as he hated formal leave-taking. A few days after they had left, tidings came of the loss of the barque *La Belle*, which had run aground on the coast of the bay, and those who now came to M. Joutel had saved only a few of the things on board, including a box with La Salle's clothes and papers. Six of the best sailors of the barque had been lost a few days before, having been sent on shore to fill some casks with water,

in doing which night overtook them, and, there being no light shown either on the boat or the ship, the poor fellows with the boat were never heard of again. After waiting several days the barque tried to get near to the fort, but a strong contrary wind having arisen, and the crew now reduced in number and exhausted, the ship was driven on shore at the other side of the bay. It was nearly three months before the canoe was formed in which they escaped, after making many vain attempts to construct a raft, and having suffered great privations. These disasters were told by M. de Chedeville, a priest, one of the shipwrecked party. Having described the place clearly and stated that they had been obliged to leave several useful things, which they were unable to bring in the canoe, M. Joutel sent the *Sieur Barbier* with two canoes and fifteen men to the place, where they found some *pedreroes*, rigging, and sails. The natives having discover'd the concealment, had taken away some pieces of linen and iron tools, which they very much covet.

The *Sieur Barbier* after his return, continuing his exercise of hunting, happen'd to meet with a parcel of the natives, some of whom had firelocks, which they had taken from our men, and with which they made some shots at him, but very weak; and he firing three or four shot at them they retir'd. He was then in a canoe on the river, and design'd to have gone upwards; but that rancounter having oblig'd him to take another way, and the savages perceiving it, eight of them swam over the river, hastening to get before the canoe, hid themselves among the weeds, near the way he was to pass, and when he was near enough, let fly their arrows, which wounded several men. One shot the *Sieur Barbier* made, put them all to flight again; he held on his way and return'd to our habitation.

Some days after, we perceiv'd a herd of bullocks flying, and guess'd they were pursu'd by the savages, which afterwards appear'd to be true. Some of them drew near to our habitation, but a cannon shot I pointed towards the gang of

them, and a musket-shot Monsieur Barbier fired at the nearest, made them all fly farther off.

About the same time, most of our men seeing Monsieur de la Sale did not return, began to mutter. The Sieur Duhaut, who perhaps had been the first fomentor of those discontents, back'd the complaints of the disgusted party, promis'd them great matters under his conduct, and offer'd to supply them with such effects as he had in possession, endeavouring, as I suppose, by those means, to gain their affections for a mischievous design, which it is likely he had even then conceiv'd.

It was not long before I had intimation of the whole affair, and I had done Monsieur de la Sale a singular piece of service, had I then put to death the person who was to be his murderer; but I rested satisfy'd with giving him a severe reprimand, and threat'ning to cause him to be secur'd if he persisted, being able to do no other under my present circumstances. However, I talk'd to all concern'd, and put them in such hopes of Monsieur de la Sale's return, and that things would soon change to their satisfaction, that they were all pacify'd.

But in regard that idleness often occasions uneasiness and impatience, I us'd all possible means to keep them employ'd, in the most obliging manner I could, setting some to cut down the bushes about our dwelling, others to hew down trees, that hinder'd the prospect, others mow'd the grass, that fresh might grow up for our cattle, and at night I made them divert themselves with dancing and singing.

Whilst we thus pass'd away the time the best we could, Monsieur de la Sale had penetrated very far up into the country, inclining towards the northern part of Mexico. He had travell'd through several nations, the inhabitants whereof were, for the most part, sociable, and had concluded a sort of alliance with them, and particularly with the Cenis and others whose names I shall mention. He had discover'd charming countries abounding in all things that could be wish'd, as well for sustenance, as for making of easy settlements, and after

he and his nephew Moranget had escap'd two dangerous sicknesses, he return'd to our habitation, with five horses he had purchas'd, and arriv'd at it in August, 1686.

Hearing of his voice, I was one of the first that ran towards the river. We took our canoes to bring him, his luggage and some provisions over, and the horses swam. We were extraordinary glad to see our cominander in chief return safe, tho' his journey had not advanc'd his design. Monsieur de la Sale had not found out his river, nor been towards the Islinois as we had hoped. Only eight men return'd with him of twenty he carry'd out, and all the visible advantage of that journey consisted in five horses, laden with Indian wheat, beans and some other grain, which was put into the store.

Monsr. de la Sale ask'd me, as soon as he came, whether the Sieurs Clerc, Hurie, Duhaut the younger, and two others were come, because they not being able to endure the fatigue of the journey, he had given them leave to return, and hearing they were not, he concluded the savages had killed them. We were also inform'd, that the Sieur Bihorel, had stray'd and was lost, so that there had been no news of him since; that one of Monsr. de la Sale's servants had been dragg'd down to the bottom of the water and devour'd by an alligator, and that four others had deserted and abandoned Monsieur de la Sale, when he was about the country of the Cenis.

This was a very dismal and deplorable account; but the even temper of our chief made all men easy, and he found, by his great vivacity of spirit, expedients, which reviv'd the lowest ebb of hope. He rejoiced at the return and sight of M. Chedeville, he was pleas'd at the recovering of his cloaths and part of his papers; and after some time of rest, he propos'd to undertake a journey towards the Islinois, and to make it the main business, by the way, to find the Missisipi; but it was thought proper to let the great heats pass, before that enterprize was taken in hand.

Monsieur de la Sale being recover'd of a severe illness, preparations were again made for his journey; but we first kept

the Christmas holy-days. The midnight mass was solemnly sung, and on Twelve-day, we cry'd, The King drinks (according to the custom of France), tho' we had only water. When that was over we began to think of setting out. Monsieur de la Sale gave the command of the settlement to the Sieur Barbier, directing him what he was to do and observe in his absence.

We set out the 12th of January, in the year 1687, being seventeen in number, viz., Monsieur de la Sale, Monsieur Cavalier, the priest, his brother, Father Anastasius, the Recolet, Messieurs Moranget and Cavalier, nephews to Monsieur de la Sale, the Sieurs Duhaut, the elder, L'Arcleveque, Hiens, Liotot, surgeon, young Talon, an Indian, and a footman belonging to Monsieur de la Sale, etc. We carried along with us part of the best things every man had, and what was thought would be of use, wherewith five horses were loaded, and we took our leaves with so much tenderness and sorrow, as if we had all presaged, that we should never see each other more.

We went that day to the place we call'd Le Boucon, because there, we had often dry'd flesh (which the French call Boucanner from the Indian word). This place was not far from our habitation. The 13th, we cross'd a plain, about two leagues over, where we saw several herds of beeves and flocks of goats, turkeys, bustards, and other sorts of wild fowl.

We kill'd five beeves at the entrance into the wood, forded the river, and incamp'd half a league beyond it, whence Monsieur de la Sale sent men with the horses, to bring the flesh of the bullocks we had kill'd; the hides of them, which serv'd to cover us, being very useful against a violent rain that fell.

The 14th, the rain ceasing, we travell'd over another spacious plain, where there is a multitude of beeves and wild fowl. We saw several tracks, leading every way, made by the bullocks, of which we saw several herds, some moving on hastily, and others running out-right, which made us suppose they were drove by the natives. In short, having halted to

help up one of our horses that was fallen, we saw an Indian following them very close. Monsieur de la Sale caus'd a horse to be immediately unloaded, which a man mounting, rode after, overtook, and brought the Indian.

When the savage saw himself among us, he concluded he was a lost man, he quak'd for fear, and not without reason, for most of our men had resolv'd to kill him; Monsieur de la Sale oppos'd it, alledging, that we were but a small number, that very few were left behind at the habitation, and therefore we ought not to render our selves odious to the natives, but to use them kindly, that we might have peace; an infallible maxim, the practice of which might have been fortunate to him, had he follow'd it sooner.

He therefore caus'd a fire to be made, gave him to eat and smoke, and afterwards a bit of roll-tobacco, and some other trifles. Monsieur de la Sale gave him to understand, that he came not to hurt any man, but to settle peace in all places, and so dismiss'd him. The Indian recover'd himself a little of his fright; but being still dubious what his fate might be, he at first walk'd away gently, still looking about him, and when at a good distance, made off as fast as he could. We held on our way, and soon after saw another Indian running after the bullocks. Monsieur de la Sale caus'd him to be taken, brought to us, and treated as the first had been.

We had not gone far before we spy'd a company of natives coming towards us, on our left, but we held on our way, till they were over against us, when Monsieur de la Sale caus'd us to halt. The savages seeing us halt, stood still also, which Monsieur de la Sale perceiving, he laid his firelock on the ground, and advanc'd towards them, making signs to him that commanded them, who was a handsome man, to draw near. That Indian came forward, and was follow'd by the rest, all of them caressing us after their manner, which we return'd the best we were able, and then made them smook.

Next Monsieur de la Sale gave them to understand, that we were going towards the Ceniz, that we desir'd to be at peace

with them all, and that we would return to our own country, whence we would bring them all they had occasion for. Then we distributed among them some bits of roll-tobacco, some strings of beads, and knives, which they seem'd to be pleas'd with, and all this was done by signs. Then every man went his own way. We advanc'd half a league farther, to get into a wood, where Monsieur de la Sale had encamp'd when he went that way before ; we cut down trees to secure our post, and lay there that night.

Before our intrenchment was finish'd, we discover'd, first one Indian, then two, and afterwards three, coming one after another ; which giving Monsieur de la Sale some jealousy, he caus'd us to handle our arms, with orders to stand upon our guard, for fear of being surpriz'd, and went towards them. They signify'd to him, that their people had told them, we did not hurt any body, which was very well, and that they were come to see us. They were entertain'd as the others had been, and then signs were made them to withdraw, because night drew on, and having observ'd, that they took notice of our fortifying our selves, we kept a good guard all the night, without any disturbance.

For a while the expedition advanced, through forests, over vast plains, across rivers, meeting every now and then with Indians, almost all of whom were satisfied by La Salle's friendly manners and gifts, but always a watchful caution being maintained, especially in the night halts. In more than one place La Salle met with marks on trees and articles deposited by him during his first journey, years ago, from Canada. A portable canoe had to be constructed for crossing streams, which were at this season often in high flood.

On the 13th of March, says M. Joutel, we came to the River of Canoes, so call'd by Monsieur de la Sale, because he the first time put canoes into it, at his former journey. We pass'd it the 14th, and encamped on the other side, where we again join'd the Indians.

The 15th, we held on our journey with them and found a

pleasanter country than that we had pass'd thro' ; and Monsieur de la Sale having in his former journey hid some Indian wheat and beans, two or three leagues from that place, and our provisions beginning to fall short, it was thought fit to go to that place. Accordingly he order'd the Sieurs Duhaut, Hiens, Liotot the surgeon, his own Indian, and his footman, whose name was Saget, who were followed by some natives, to go to the place he described to them, where they found all rotten and quite spoilt.

The 16th, in their return, they met with two bullocks, which Monsieur de la Sale's Indian kill'd, whereupon they sent back his footman, to give him notice of what they had kill'd, that if he would have the flesh dry'd, he might send horses for it. The 17th, Monsieur de la Sale had the horses taken up, and order'd the Sieurs Moranget and de Male and his footman to go for that meat, and send back a horse load immediately, till the rest was dry'd.

Monsieur Moranget, when he came thither, found they had smoak'd both the beeves, tho' they were not dry enough ; and the said Sieurs Liotot, Hiens, Duhaut, and the rest had laid aside the marrow-bones and others to roast them, and eat the flesh that remain'd on them, as was usual to do. The Sieur Moranget found fault with it, he in a passion seiz'd not only the flesh that was smoak'd and dry'd, but also the bones, without giving them any thing ; but, on the contrary, threatening they should not eat so much of it, as they had imagin'd, and that he would manage that flesh after another manner.

This passionate behaviour, so much out of season, and contrary to reason and custom, touch'd the surgeon Liotot, Heins, and Duhaut to the quick, they having other causes of complaint against Moranget. They withdrew, and resolv'd together upon a bloody revenge ; they agreed upon the manner of it, and concluded they would murder the Sieur Moranget, Monsieur de la Sale's footman, and his Indian, because he was very faithful to him.

They waited till night, when those unfortunate creatures had supp'd and were asleep. Liotot the surgeon was the inhuman executioner, he took an ax, began by the *Sieur Moranget*, giving him many strokes on the head; the same he did by the footman and the Indian, killing them on the spot, whilst his fellow villains, viz., *Duhaut*, *Hiens*, *Teissier*, and *Larcheveque*, stood upon their guard, with their arms, to fire upon such as should make any resistance. The Indian and the footman never stir'd, but the *Sieur Moranget* had so much vigour as to sit up, but without being able to speak one word, and the assassins obliged the *Sieur de Marle* to make an end of him, tho' he was not in the conspiracy.

This slaughter had yet satisfy'd but one part of the revenge of those murderers. To finish it and secure themselves it was requisite to destroy the commander in chief. They consulted about the safest method to effect it, and resolve to go together to *Monsieur de la Sale*, to knock out the brains of the most resolute immediately, and then it would be easier to overcome the rest. But the river, which was between them and us, being much swollen, the difficulty of passing it made them put it off the 18th and 19th. On the other hand, *Monsieur de la Sale* was very uneasy, on account of their long stay. His impatience made him resolve to go himself to find out his people and to know the cause of it.

This was not done without many previous tokens of concern and apprehension. He seem'd to have some presage of his misfortune, enquiring of some whether the *Sieur Liotot*, *Hiens*, and *Duhaut* had not express'd some discontent; and not hearing any thing of it, he could not forbear setting out the 20th, with *Father Anastasius* and an Indian, leaving me the command in his absence, and charging me from time to time to go the rounds about our camp, to prevent being surpriz'd, and to make a smoke for him to direct his way in case of need. When he came near the dwelling of the murderers, looking out sharp to discover something, he observed eagles fluttering about a spot, not far from them, which made him believe they

had found some carrion about the mansion, and he fired a shot, which was the signal of his death and forwarded it.

The conspirators hearing the shot, concluded it was Monsieur de la Sale, who was come to seek them. They made ready their arms and provided to surprize him. Duhaut passed the river, with Larcheveque. The first of them spying Monsieur de la Sale at a distance, as he was coming towards them, advanced and hid himself among the high weeds, to wait his passing by, so that Monsieur de la Sale suspecting nothing, and having not so much as charg'd his piece again, saw the aforesaid Larcheveque at a good distance from him, and immediately ask'd for his nephew Moranget, to which Larcheveque answer'd, that he was along the river. At the same time the traitor Duhaut fired his piece and shot Monsr. de la Sale thro' the head, so that he dropp'd down dead on the spot, without speaking one word.

Father Anastasius, who was then by his side, stood stock still in a fright, expecting the same fate, and not knowing whether he should go forwards or backwards ; but the murderer Duhaut put him out of that dread, bidding him not to fear, for no hurt was intended him ; that it was despair that had prevail'd with him to do what he saw ; that he had long desired to be revenged on Moranget, because he had design'd to ruin him, and that he was partly the occasion of his uncle's death. This is the exact relation of that murder, as it was presently after told me by F. Anastasius.

Such was the unfortunate end of Monsieur de la Sale's life, at a time when he might entertain the greatest hopes, as the reward of his labours. He had a capacity and talent to make his enterprize successful ; his constancy and courage and his extraordinary knowledge in arts and sciences, which render'd him fit for any thing, together with an indefatigable body, which made him surmount all difficulties, would have procur'd a glorious issue to his undertaking, had not all those excellent qualities been counterbalanced by too haughty a behaviour, which sometimes made him insupportable, and by a rigidity

towards those that were under his command, which at last drew on him an implacable hatred, and was the occasion of his death.

When those murderers had satiated their rage, they set out to come to us at our camp, with the dry'd flesh, which they had caus'd to be brought over the river by the Indians, who had been spectators of the murder and of all the inhuman actions that had been committed, with amazement and contempt of us. When they were come to the camp, they found Messieurs Cavelier, the one brother, the other nephew to the murder'd commander, whom Father Anastasius acquainted with the dismal end of our chief, and enjoyn'd them silence, which it is easy to imagine was very hard upon them ; but it was absolutely necessary.

However, Monsieur Cavelier, the priest, could not forbear telling them, that if they would do the same by him, he would forgive them his murder, and only desir'd them to give him a quarter of an hour to prepare himself. They answer'd, they had nothing to say to him ; that what they had done was the effect of despair, to be reveng'd for the ill usage they had receiv'd.

I was absent at that time ; he they call'd Larcheveque, who, as I have said, was one of the conspirators, had some kindness for me, and knowing they design'd to make me away too if I stood upon my defence, he parted from them, to give me notice of their mischievous resolution. He found me on a little rising ground, where I was looking upon our horses as they graz'd in a little adjacent bottom. His intelligence struck me to the heart, not knowing whether I should fly or stay ; but at length, having neither powder nor shot, nor arms, and the said Larcheveque giving me assurances of my life, provided I was quiet and said nothing, I committed my self to God's protection, and went to them, without taking any notice of what had been done.

Dehaut, puff'd up with his new gotten authority, procur'd him by his villany, as soon as he saw me, cry'd out, every

man ought to command in his turn; to which I made no answer; and we were all of us oblig'd to stifle our resentment, that it might not appear, for our lives depended on it. However, it was easy to judge with what eyes Father Anastasius, Messieurs Cavalier and I beheld these murderers, to whom we expected every moment to fall sacrifices. It is true, we dissembled so well, that they were not very suspicious of us, and that the temptation we were under of making them away in revenge for those they had murder'd would have easily prevail'd and been put in execution, had not Monsieur Cavalier, the priest, always positively oppos'd it, alledging, that we ought to leave vengeance to God.

However, the murderers seiz'd upon all the effects, without any opposition, and then we began to talk of proceeding on our journey.

We cannot afford space to continue M. Joutel's thrilling narrative after the death of La Salle. It was a terrible position for him to be in, and for M. Cavalier, the brother, and the few friends of their murdered chief. The majority of the survivors were mutinous and disaffected, and all were in fear of Duhaut and his villainous comrades. They too had their anxieties and fear. They knew well that if they returned to the northern French settlements, they must meet with just doom on their crime being made known. Their surest hope of escape was to put to death all La Salle's friends. But for this they were not apparently prepared. For some time the proposal was made that the expedition should be divided, Duhaut leading back his party to the fort near the Mexican Gulf. This would not, however, have hindered vengeance overtaking them if the friends of La Salle reached New France or returned to the old country. For the present the journey towards the Illinois country and the lakes was continued. If the plan of killing the possible talebearers was resumed, the execution of it was postponed. Fortunately for M. Joutel and his friends, a quarrel among the mutinous men brought matters to a crisis. One of Duhaut's set, a buccaneer

named Hiens, a Bavarian by birth, having had words with the chief, drew his pistol and shot him dead. At the same time Ruter, who had been a comrade of Hiens, discharged his fowling-piece at Liotot, another of the murderers. The wound not being fatal, he put him out of pain by a pistol-shot. Hiens, seeing Cavalier and Joutel in alarm—for the deeds were done coolly in their sight—told them to fear nothing; that they had resolved to avenge their leader's death. Some natives had come up with Hiens, and it was found afterwards that among them were two Frenchmen, who had been with them for many years, and as long as their ammunition lasted were held in high esteem, as helping them in their wars against hostile tribes. Through these men as interpreters, it was explained to the Indians, who were naturally amazed at the sudden killing of the white men, that the slain men had refused to give any share of the powder and bullets, which belonged to them all. The Indians were pleased with the result, and Hiens and his companion went off with the Indians to help them in a foray about to be made on a hostile tribe.

With the removal of Duhaut and Liotot, the authority of Joutel was restored, and the expedition northward was resumed. In due time the French settlements were reached, and as soon as it was safe to tell the whole story, the revelation was made. The actual murderers, however, had met their just retribution; and the other mutineers seem to have acted under the compulsion of fear.

In the later pages of the narrative of M. Joutel's journey, the names occur of places which have since become famous in history. We read of Fort Louis, where now stands the mighty city of St. Louis; and the name of Chicagon, an Indian village, also occurs, probably for the first time in a European report. Many other familiar names appear, both on the American and Canadian territory. From Montreal M. Joutel sailed for Europe, and there published his interesting narrative.

It only remains to add that the fort built by La Salle in Louisiana was destroyed by Spanish invaders.

At a later period, after peace was restored between the two great Catholic nations, French settlements were renewed in Louisiana, and commerce established between them and the Spanish ports of Vera Cruz, Havana, and other places. It was by purchase that the State of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans came to belong to the American republic. In the history of the Mississippi let not the name and tragic fate of La Salle be forgotten.

THE DANISH SILVER ROBBERY BY IRISHMEN
IN KERRY.

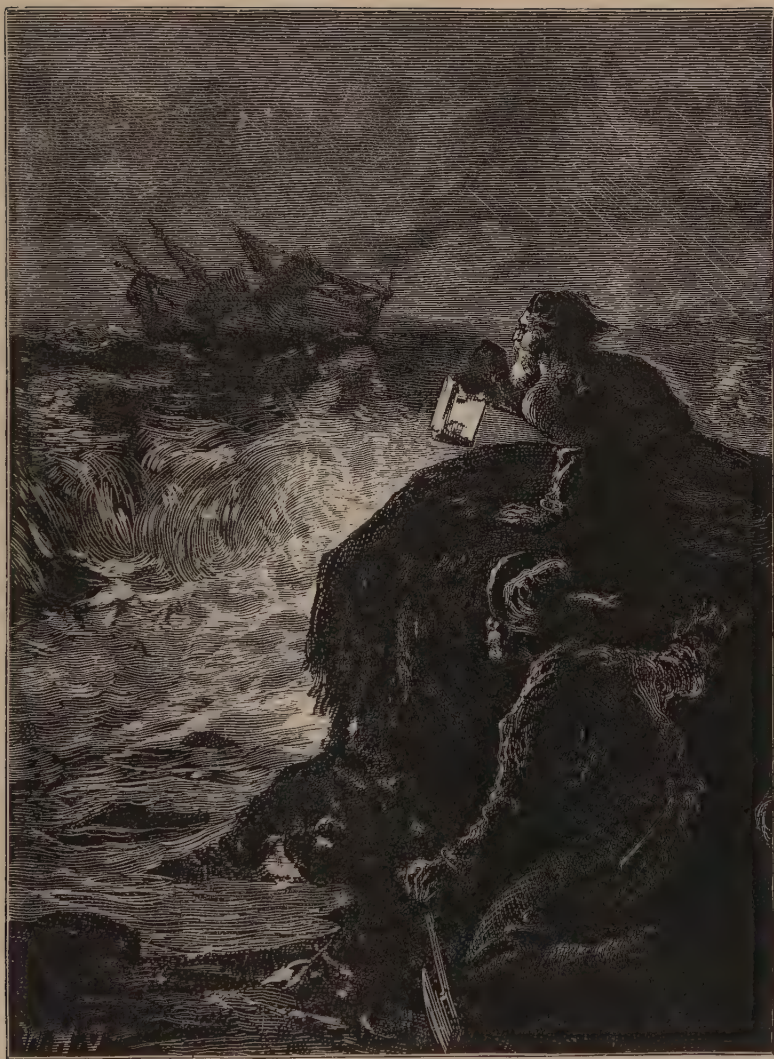
I N the autumn of the year 1731, a Danish East Indiaman, the *Golden Lion*, Captain Heitman, sailed from Copenhagen for Tranquebar, on the Madras coast, then a colony of Denmark. She carried a valuable cargo, including twelve large chests of silver, bullion and coin, with sixty tons of iron and various stores. The value of the silver was nearly sixteen thousand pounds sterling (£15,966 9s. 6d.). The weather in the English Channel was tempestuous, and the Danish ship, driven out of her course along the rocky coast of Kerry, entered the Bay of Tralee. Near the northern shore of that bay, above Fenit Isle, is a piece of water, with sand-banks and sunken rocks, and therefore very dangerous from the heavy breakers caused by the Atlantic billows as they sweep towards the coast. This is the Bay of Ballyheigue, where the captain of the *Golden Lion* found himself, embayed and tossed by the waves, on the 28th of October, 1731. Whether he learned it from charts, or from pilots, or his own observation, the only chance for a ship in that bay is to make for one part where the rocks come close to the sea, and to run ashore where the deeper water admits of less formidable breakers than those which in more shallow water would overwhelm any boat attempting to land. The Danish captain managed to save the

lives of his crew, nearly sixty all told, and the most precious portion of his cargo, including the twelve chests of silver.

It has been said that the ship must have been lured to this place by false lights displayed on shore, but of this there is not the slightest evidence. This villainous system of "wrecking" ships was in those times common in Scotland and in Cornwall, and other parts of the kingdom now advanced in civilisation, but the Irish have not this feature of barbarism in their history. The captain may have mistaken Kerry Head for Loop Head, the point which marks the northern entrance to the estuary of the Shannon. However the disaster came, the *Golden Lion* became a wreck in Ballyheigue bay, and the rescued crew were hospitably received by the people of the district. The captain, the chaplain, and the officers of the ship were invited to take up their quarters at Ballyheigue House, the residence of Thomas Crosbie, Esq., while the seamen were billeted in adjacent farmhouses or in lodgings in Tralee and Ardfert.

Ballyheigue House, situated a short distance inland from the sand hills skirting the shore, was a characteristic specimen of the Irish squire's dwelling in that day. It was a long, low, thatched mansion, with large garden and orchards, and in front a spacious walled court, with gates, which seem to have been left open for all comers. In the south-west corner of this court, and connected with the house by a wall, from eighty to a hundred feet long, was an ancient square tower, of two or three stories, with vaults and a cave beneath. The ground floor was occupied by a Mrs. Sandes, a poor relation, it was said, of the Crosbie family. The upper part of the tower was unused.

A curious piece of history is associated with this tower, besides its being the scene of the strange and daring enterprise which we are going to describe. This tower was the feudal keep, and the vault below was the dungeon belonging to a family named Cantelon or Cantillon, not native Irish, but descended probably from some Norman or French house,



settled in those parts in some former war and conquest. By intermarriage the Crosbies were now the lords of the soil, and the chiefs of the Cantillons had gone elsewhere, although Irishmen of the name still were in the neighbourhood, and one of these appears in the story of the Danish silver robbery. Another very curious fact connected with this family is, that one of them, long settled in France, and an old officer in the armies of Napoleon, was the man who is named in the Emperor's will as possessor of a pension for his service in attempting to assassinate Napoleon's dreaded and hated rival, the Duke of Wellington. The name of Cantillon has thus been always covered with odium in England, although honoured in France, and also by many in Ireland, where too much support is given to murderers and assassins. That the pensioned Cantillon came from this Irish stock is proved by the singular fact that a French count, Antoine de Cantillon, long after the death of Napoleon, was made a baron by King Louis Philippe, and the title assumed by him was the Baron de Ballyheigue.

To return to the shipwrecked Danes. After being sheltered for some time at Ballyheigue House, the captain and officers found it not very pleasant to be crowded together in the room or rooms where they were allowed to bivouac. On ascertaining that the upper part of the adjacent tower was uninhabited, some of them asked and received leave to remove thither, and to take with them the chests of silver which they thought they could safely deposit in the vault beneath the tower. Here they accordingly placed their precious treasure, and divided their number into watches, so that three Danes mounted guard in the cellar by day and night.

So things remained through the winter, letters and despatches no doubt having been sent to Danish authorities in London and Copenhagen, although it is very doubtful, from the sequel, whether these despatches were ever forwarded from the Kerry coasts. In those days there were no public mails in such out-of-the-way places, nor any newspapers, nor means

of quick and sure communication with distant parts. The fact of the wreck, and still more the existence of the treasure chests, could not, however, be prevented from becoming known far and wide in that part of Ireland, and we need not be surprised at the rumours and the plots to which the presence of this treasure gave rise.

Not long after the wreck, in the winter of 1731, the kind and hospitable Thomas Crosbie died. His end was hastened by illness due to the exertion and exposure on that night when he helped to rescue the shipwrecked Danes. His widow and his mother were executors, according to the will, and a distant relative, Arthur Crosbie, now appears on the scene. He was a meddlesome and scheming as well as a needy man, and his presence augured no good for the anxious guests at the house. By the advice of this Arthur, the widow and mother, as the executrices under the will, made claim on Captain Heitman for the sum of £4,000, for salvage and costs. The captain managed to send a complaint to the authorities at Dublin of this excessive charge, and a message was sent to Tralee to give protection to the Danes against unfair exactions. This made matters more unpleasant at Ballyheigue House, where Arthur Crosbie was a frequent resident. There was also much gossiping and grumbling in the neighbourhood, nor was Arthur Crosbie the only one who had covetous designs on the treasure in the vault, about which rumour grew, until criminal plots were laid.

It is not easy to trace the beginnings, nor to apportion the guilt, of these treacherous plots, but it seems certain that the actual robbery was planned by the tenant of a farm on the estate of the lord of Kerry, bearing the ill-omened name of Cantillon. This man soon found confederates to join the conspiracy. One of them was David Lawlor, an innkeeper from Tralee, who now often came over to consult with Cantillon. One morning in March or the beginning of April, Cantillon and Lawlor walked together to the farm of Beinaree, belonging to the Rev. Francis Lauder, the Protestant Archdeacon of Ard-

fert, and a justice of the peace. They found a number of men threshing corn in a barn, under the superintendence of Francis Ryan, tithe-proctor and steward to the Archdeacon. Ryan went out, and walked over the farm with the two visitors, hearing from them the project which they had come to communicate to him. They found in him a quick and willing accomplice. The three returned to the barn, and after chatting a while with the threshers, Cantillon and Lawlor left the place.

That night Ryan called aside one of the threshers, John Kevane, and told him of the plan to rob the Danish treasure, pressing him not only to join in the scheme, but to induce some of his relatives to do the same. Kevane answered that he "thought it too much to be engaged in," but added to this first word of surprise and caution the question "whether the consent of any of the gentlemen of the county had been obtained." Ryan gave no direct reply to this question, but merely said that "he intended to consult his master," Mr. Lauder, and that "he felt sure all the gentlemen of the county would consent to it." Ryan did not persuade Kevane at that time, but, having thus committed himself, he felt it necessary to try again. On this second interview, Kevane said that "if it was true that the gentry consented to the plan, some of them ought to appear in it, so as to spirit up" (encourage) "the people." To this Ryan answered that it might not be prudent for them to appear, but their servants were to assist in taking the treasure. Kevane, upon this assurance, consented to do the same.

Meanwhile Cantillon and Lawlor were busy in securing allies in various quarters. Of these not the least important were William Banner, the butler, and Richard Ball, the steward, at Ballyheigue, and Stephen MacMahon, who kept a little shop in the village, and was owner of a vessel which plied between Dunkirk and the Irish coast. This skipper, probably also smuggler when he had a chance, brought his trusty servant John Malony into the conspiracy, the members

of which soon were sufficiently numerous, although Cantillon still strove to enlist others.

One man he wished to secure was Denis Cahane, tenant of a small holding at Kilgobbin, a parish on the south-west side of Tralee bay. Cahane's landlord was John Carrique or Carrick, of Glandine, descendant of one of the Cromwellian commissioners for surveying forfeited lands. He was the principal proprietor in Killoggin, and a magistrate. Cahane hesitated, and Cantillon arranged to return at an appointed time to know his decision. It was a sore temptation to a poor man, but in his doubt and perplexity, having been told that the gentry of the county approved the design, he resolved to consult his landlord. Mr. Carrick warned him to listen to no one who would tempt him to commit such a crime. He promised to follow his advice, but entreated Mr. Carrick to say nothing of what he had told, as his life would be in danger as an informer. Cantillon was to return on the evening of the following Sunday. On the morning of that day, the Protestant rector of Killoggin, Vicar Collis, as he was called, from having held the office of vicar-general of the diocese, rode over from Tralee, where he resided, to perform the service at the parish church. Denis Cahane met him after the service, and astonished the vicar by saying that "he had a confession to make of a weighty matter which was troubling his mind." In his anxiety to relieve the poor man's evident trouble, the vicar promised counsel and secrecy, which Cahane said was necessary, as he had said to his landlord. Then he told Mr. Collis the tale of crime. Exhorting the man to adhere to his resolution to have no share in the plot, and promising secrecy as to his name, he nevertheless determined to use the information he had obtained. On the Monday morning he called on Mr. Carrick, who was staying in Tralee, and urged him, as a friend of Lady Margaret Crosbie, to give her immediate notice of the plot. Carrick promised to go to Ballyheigue the next day, which was the 18th of May. Something prevented him going, but Mr. Collis himself could not rest till he had seen Lady

Margaret, which he did that morning. She assured Mr. Collis that she would warn the Danes, and would advise them to remove the chests from the tower to her house for greater security.

Before the end of that week the rumours of an intended attack on the tower appear to have spread. A message was sent to Captain Heitman from Mr. Chute, the Collector of Customs at Tralee, advising that a guard of soldiers from the barracks at Tralee should be applied for, but this suggestion was unaccountably neglected. A more strange neglect was, that the Danes seemed to feel no alarm, although these rumours must have reached them, and although they had hardly any arms for defending their post. If they had for several months associated with the people freely, it is almost certain that some at least of the sailors had been gained to take part in the conspiracy, or at least to give no opposition to the plot. It is stated that the mate of the *Golden Lion*, residing at the house of Mr. Hilliard, of Listrim, a few miles from Ballyheigue, on the night when the robbery was carried out, could not rest in his bed, which he shared with one of the men of the house, but kept walking about the room and constantly looking from the window towards Ballyheigue. When asked the cause of his agitation, he said that he had an unaccountable feeling that some harm was happening to his comrades, which so disturbed his mind that he could not sleep.

In the first week of June some guests came to spend a few days at Ballyheigue House: the wife of John Blennerhasset, a well-known member of the Irish parliament, and the wife of John's brother, Thomas Blennerhasset, who himself joined the party on the 4th of June. At the dinner that day were the Danish officers who lived in the house. All had retired to rest, when, shortly after midnight, a terrible alarm disturbed the house, from firing of guns, shouts, and uproar, coming from the tower across the court. The captain hastily dressed, and rushed to the hall, where he found the guests and most of

the servants of the house assembled. He appealed for arms and for assistance to repel the robbers, as he now fully realised the truth of the rumours that had been current. On attempting to go out, Lady Margaret Crosbie threw herself before him, and entreated him to remain, as he would certainly be killed.

What passed in the court and the tower may be best gathered from the deposition afterwards made by one of the Danes, John Suchdorf, a soldier in the service of the Danish Asiatic Company, who was a passenger in the *Golden Lion* for Tranquebar. Having on oath testified to various incidents previous to the 4th of June, including interviews with Lady Margaret and with Arthur Crosbie, when the conversation was about payment due for salvage, and the proposal to remove the treasure to Ballyheigue House, the deponent thus describes the events of the night attack on the tower :—

In the night between the 4th and the 5th days of June, he this Informant, being in the Turret aforesaid in bed together with Alexander Foster and fast asleep, Andreas Peterson about 12 of the clock came to the bedside wounded and bleeding, and bade this Informant and the sd Foster get up, saying the rogues were come and had already killed Laurence Marcusson and Erasmus Nilsen who, together with him, were sentrys at the gate. Whereupon this Informant said Alexander Foster, Peter Mingard, and George Jensen, who all lay in the same room arose and having first fastened the street door went up into an uppermost room, where out of a window the Informant saw a great multitude, whose faces were blacked, in the court yard but this Informant and his companions having no more arms than a case of pistols and one gun amongst them all, and no powder or ball for a second charge (all their firelocks which were a great many being secured on their first landing by Thomas Crosbie, Esq., lately deceased) they did not think it would be of any service to them to fire so few shots, besides which, they apprehended it might be a means to have them murdered not being able to make any further resistance. This Informant further saith, that to the best of his knowledge

he heard the voice of John Malony, servant to Stephen Mac Mahon, who had lived for a considerable time before as he then did, in the said house of Ballyheigue, with whom this Informant was well acquainted amongst the persons that carried away the chests, and believes he likewise heard the voice of Thomas Crosbie, commonly called Thomas Godly, amongst them.

And this Informant further saith that on the sd 4th day of June, about seven or eight o'clock in the afternoon, he this Informant, saw sd John Malony, sd Wm Bonner, Richard Ball who was the manager of the affairs of the Lady Margaret Crosbie and two persons whom this Informant doth not know, but by the description this Informant hath since heard of the butcher that came from Newcastle whose name this Informant hath since heard is Gilligan, he verily believes he was one of them, standing close together discoursing earnestly, for about one quarter of an hour in the Square above mentioned. And this Informant further saith that the same evening, about five of the clock, he, this 'Informant,' saw David Lalor who is since proclaimed, as well as the sd Gilligan and the sd John Malony in the turret before mentioned and saw him go from thence into the sd Lady Margaret Crosbie's house.

And this Informant further saith that about five or six days before the sd 4th of June, Richard Ball aforesaid told this Informant that robbers would certainly come to take away the chests of silver, but did not say at what time, and that they would come through the garden and over the wall into the Bowling Green and from thence into the court yard where the aforesaid Turret is, as it afterwards happened, of which he said he was informed by a person to him unknown whom he met at the sand hills.

And this Informant further saith, that about four or five days after the said 4th of June this Informant meeting with Richard Ball above mentioned, he, the said Richard Ball said to this Informant, "your friend David Lawlor was one of the chief rogues," to which this Informant replied that he had seen

him at the Turret the evening before the night of the robbery, and the sd Richard Ball said that Lalor had been with him the same evening at his office, and he the sd Richard Ball had paid him some money that Lady Margaret Crosbie owed him the sd David Lalor, after which they drank together at the house of one Simpson who keeps a publick house in the Square above mentioned. And this Informant further saith, that before the day of the sd robbery this Informant went twice at different times to the said Lady Margaret Crosbie, by order of Capt. Heitman, to ask for some of the fire arms that had been in the ship and likewise for some of the powder and balls but was refused the first time and the second time. Her son, Master James Crosbie, gave this deponent his the sd James Crosbie's own fusee (which was taken away the next day again) and eight or nine musket balls but no powder. And this deponent further saith that some time before the robbery aforesaid, he this deponent was likewise sent by Capt. Heitman to the sd Lady Margaret to desire that he might have the room in the Turret aforesaid in which Mrs. Sandes lay, in order to have the greater part of his men together but was refused.

After reading this deposition, as well as those of other witnesses, it is impossible to doubt that Lady Margaret Crosbie was, to some extent, in the secret of the robbery. She had shown irritation at the refusal to meet her demand for salvage money, to which she was prompted by Arthur Crosbie. She had kept back the arms and ammunition asked for by the Danish officers. She took no steps for defending her guests after the clear information as to the plot given by Vicar Collis. Our own belief is that Arthur Crosbie, and Ball, the steward, had represented to her that they intended to take only that portion of the treasure which she considered due to her.

To return to the night of the robbery. Every preparation had been made for carrying away the silver. At one of the gates of the courtyard the chaise and horses of the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder were in readiness; and other vehicles were in attendance. Three of the chests were drawn by the

chaise horses home to Beinaree farm, and there, in Lauder's orchard, they were opened, and the contents divided. One chest was taken to Tralee, the presence of Colonel Denny, with his soldiers, probably causing caution in taking more into the town. Two chests were taken to Ballingown, and hidden in a place of security. The remaining six chests were left at Ballyheigue, to be apportioned among Malony, MacMahon, Ball, Bonner, and the other archconspirators. Ball, who presided at the division, said that about half of the treasure must be set aside for Lady Margaret and "the family."

The sequel of the story of this daring robbery is, on the whole, most unsatisfactory and discreditable to the authorities of those times. Colonel Arthur Denny, of Tralee, was by far the most energetic and active in endeavouring to bring the robbers to justice. He was aided by several of the gentry and magistrates of the country, but little success attended their efforts either to obtain evidence or to recover the treasure. After a few weeks, nine or ten of the gang were lodged in Tralee gaol, and the depositions were in due course forwarded to Dublin. At the summer assizes following, three of the prisoners were found guilty. One of these was pardoned, at the request of Captain Heitman and his agent, Alderman White, of Limerick, under the belief that he could put them on the track of the money. The Danes offered a tenth part of the treasure to any one who would give information leading to its recovery. One of the prisoners was hanged, and the second killed himself in prison on the evening before the day appointed for his execution. Of the remaining prisoners, some were allowed to turn King's evidence, and others had to be released from want of evidence of their guilt. Of the whole treasure only about £4,000 was ever recovered. It was supposed that a large portion had been carried to Dunkirk, and other portions, especially the wedges or bars of silver, were concealed till they could be removed with security. The trials of the prisoners were postponed from assize to assize, and as late as Michaelmas, 1735, we hear of poor Captain Heitman and some of the officers still

lingering in Dublin, in vain hope of regaining more of the lost treasure or of bringing the robbers to justice. The judges seem to have taken the whole affair very easily, admitting the accused persons to bail, and adjourning the case till every one was tired of the whole proceedings. It seems that tidings of this scandalous delay and miscarriage of justice reached the ear of King George II., and he made some sort of apology to the Danish envoy, but no adequate punishment ever overtook most of the guilty actors in the daring robbery of the Danish silver.*

ASCENT OF A VOLCANO IN JAPAN.

UNTIL recent years very little was known about the interior of Japan. Europeans were allowed to trade at certain ports, under restrictions as exclusive as those of the Chinese empire. But all is changed now. No country in the world has made so rapid a progress in civilisation as the long-mysterious land of Cipango. It is now a land of knowledge and culture, with schools and universities, newspapers and railroads, postal telegraphs and Parisian costumes, a regular army and powerful steam navy, flourishing arts and trades, and commerce measured by more than £13,000,000 of exports and imports, and, finally, with Government funds and a national debt. So Japan has entered thoroughly into the company of civilised nations.

* The story is told by Mr. Froude, but with errors and misstatements, which are pointed out by a Kerry lady, Mary Agnes Hickson. This lady with wonderful industry and patience, has searched out all the documents bearing on the case to be found in the Record Offices of Dublin and London, as well as in the registries of Dublin Castle. The original depositions, with many details, she has published in her book entitled "Selections from Old Kerry Records," and from this work we have obtained the facts presented in the foregoing narrative.

The whole of the four large islands which form the empire is open to travellers and explorers. One of the most adventurous tourists Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird), travelled for twelve hundred miles, with a single native attendant, and never once, as she tells us, met with extortion or incivility. This could be said of few countries of more ancient civilisation. The islands have also been traversed by scientific explorers, and we know already much of the geology, botany, and other departments of natural history, as well as of the physical geography of the empire. The population is about the same as that of Great Britain and Ireland, although the total surface area is more than twice as great. But large tracts of the country are sterile and mountainous, and these mountains form a remarkable feature in the physical geography.

Every one has heard of the magnificent mountain Fusi-yama, a conical mass, above thirteen thousand feet in height, crowned with perpetual snow. This mountain, rising in solitary majesty, in sight of the capital, Yeddo, and seen on every side from afar, was an object of superstitious awe in old times, and is now viewed with wonder and pride by the Japanese. It is the cone of an extinct, or at least dormant, volcano. In other parts of Japan there are numerous volcanic peaks, at least six of them of an altitude of from eight to ten thousand feet, and also many active volcanoes.

It is reckoned that above fifty lofty mountains are still in constant eruption, or liable to burst forth in volcanic activity. The records and traditions of the empire contain fearful accounts of these dangerous peaks and ranges. In 1783 there were eruptions and earthquakes, which destroyed above fifty thousand of the inhabitants of these districts of fire. In 1793 there were further catastrophes. No scientific reports of these volcanic disturbances exist, but now that the country is open to all travellers, we may expect to have authentic and accurate descriptions of the volcanoes of Japan.

The loftiest of the fifty active volcanoes is Mount Asamaya, in the province of Shinshiu. This mountain is in a

constant state of disturbance, and has attracted the most attention, because it is the nearest active volcano to the capital, and is situated in a district of picturesque beauty, and famous for its health resorts. Kusatsu is described as "the most unique watering-place in all Japan, if not in all the world." From this place an excursion was recently made for the ascent of Asamayama, of which an account was given in detail by a correspondent of the *Times* (October 27th, 1886). A previous notice had appeared in the *Japan Weekly Mail*, but the English account is far more complete and interesting.

Our first afternoon's march, says this traveller, lay over the lovely heights of Mount Haruna, and past the time-hallowed Shinto temple of the same name, which is situated in a sequestered and romantically beautiful glen on the southern slope of the mountain. Noon of the second day found us toiling up the weary zigzag of the Shizuma Pass, the summit of which, four thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, commands in clear weather a magnificent view of Asamayama, and of the wooded and grassy uplands that spread around its base. It had been dull since morning, with a steady drizzle, and long before reaching the top of the pass we had fairly entered the zone of cloud, and abandoned all hope of better weather. Suddenly, however, while we were yet resting on the summit, there was a play of light below. Then the fog began to lift, break, and roll away, and, one by one, the peaks, small and great, near and far, shed their garments of mist, until at length the whole glorious landscape of mountain and park-like dale, moor and forest, sharp-cut crags, and grassy plains bright with flowers lay before us, glowing in the brilliant light of the midday sun. Asamayama alone was denied to us. We were dead to leeward. We could see far up on his brown and naked shoulders; but the crater-peak remained doggedly hidden behind the vapour-cloud of its own creation. In front of us, five or six miles away, where the highest stretch of moorland meets the foot of the volcano, could be just descried the spot at which we were to pass the

night. A wretched place enough this afterwards proved to be—a mere barn, flea-ridden and smoke-begrimed, yet honoured by the high-sounding title of the Wakasare-no-chaya. But what more of comfort could be fairly expected in a wild region some five thousand feet above the sea, and in the ticklish neighbourhood of a live volcano, ready at the shortest notice to belch forth overwhelming ruin and destruction upon everything, animate and inanimate, within a radius of miles? Growling, at any rate, was useless in such a place. Then at sundown came rain to reconcile us to our rude quarters. And while the Japanese “boy” who served in the triple capacity of dragoman, valet, and cook to the expedition, was getting ready the supper we had brought with us, we were glad to turn once more to the interesting details that Professor Milne had collated about the Big Mountain, as the country folks of the district call it, which towers four thousand feet above the Wakasare-no-chaya.

“It is not known,” say the Japanese, “when Asamayama began to burn.” The earliest outburst mentioned in their annals took place just twelve centuries ago, since which date twenty-one, or perhaps more correctly twenty, eruptions have been recorded down to the latest in 1870, which, however, was of trifling magnitude. Of the whole series, four or five stand out conspicuously in the narratives that have been preserved. The first of these, which is also the first of the series, happened in the year 683; and though the record is, as might be expected of that period, extremely bald, there is sufficient mention of its destructive effects to indicate an unusual degree of violence. In 1532 there was a fearful outburst, during which large rocks and stones, one of the former having a diameter of forty-two feet, were violently ejected to distances as great as five miles. Ashes fell in places distant more than seventy miles, and lava-streams, mingling with heavy rain and lava-melted snow, which lay on the ground to a depth of six or seven feet, wrought havoc that it took years to efface. In 1708, and again in 1711, came eruptions of exceptional mag-

nitude. Parts of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries were epochs of marked activity. Especially during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century abnormal volcanic energy was displayed in many districts of Japan, as well as in other countries. In 1783 occurred the remarkable lava-flow at Skaptar Jokul, in Iceland, and in the summer of the same year took place the last and most memorable of the great eruptions of Asamayama, than which there are few more terrible in seismological records. On that occasion, after a period of unusual tranquillity, active eruption began on the 25th of June, and only reached its climax during the first week in August, from which time it rapidly declined. When at its height, says a Japanese historian, "the noise it made was like that of a thousand thunders. To the very foot the whole mountain seemed to be on fire, and from the midst of the smoke lightning flashed in every direction. The scene was fearful. The burning was furious, and shook the earth, and screens in houses twenty-five miles distant were shaken, and slipped out of their grooves." Lava, stones, mud, and cinders devastated the surrounding region, covering the ground to a depth of from two to five feet. In Tokio, eighty miles away, fine ashes fell to a depth of more than two inches. Whole valleys were filled with ejectamenta, rivers diverted, and villages, to the number of fifty-eight, buried or burnt; and pitchy darkness, even at noonday, with lightning and frightful thunder, prevailed in the leeward districts, so that in places as much as forty miles distant "night and day were equally dark, and no one knew when it was daybreak." Sudden and terrible death came to hundreds of the peasantry; and upon the ruined survivors fell soon afterwards the further horrors of starvation and riot. On the north side of the mountain a prodigious lava-stream descended for a distance of thirty-eight miles, the first thirty of which were accomplished in sixteen hours. Throes of earthquake constantly shook the land. Flights of huge stones, some of them from fifty feet to more than a hundred feet in diameter, were shot into the air, and

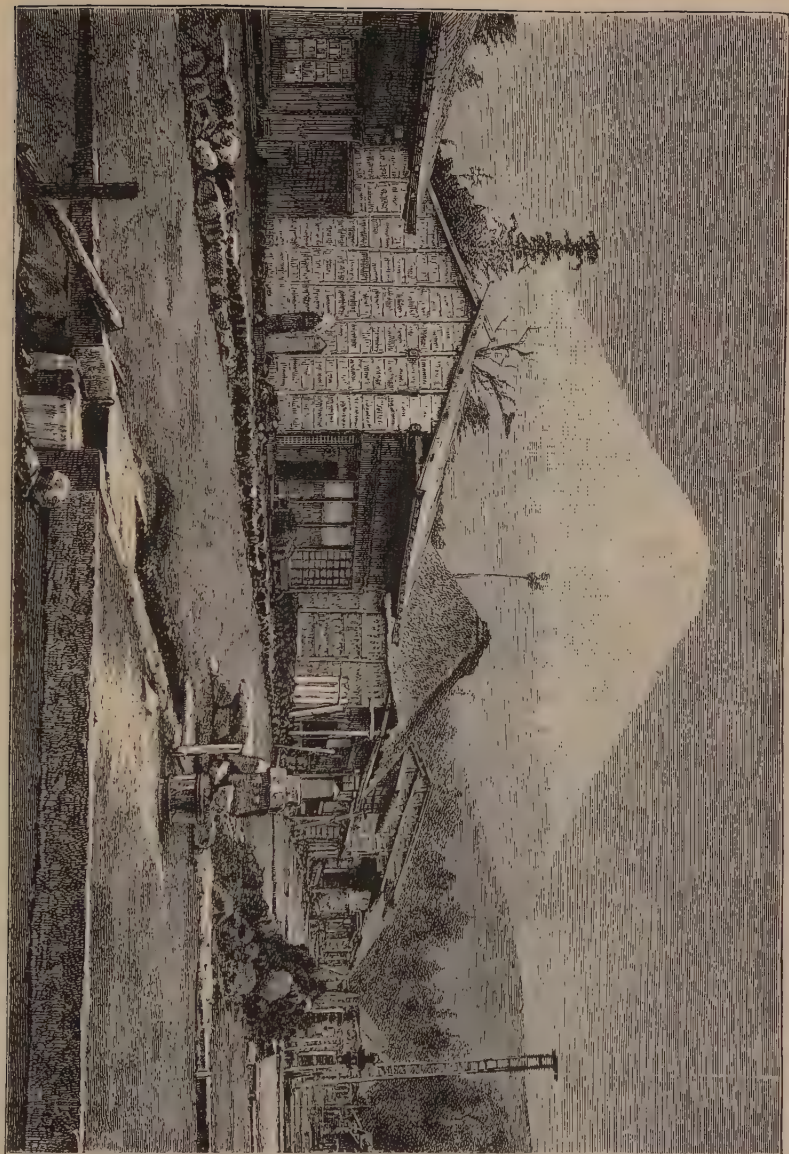
"dropped as abundantly as the leaves of trees." In Tokio, besides great darkness, there were shaking and roaring, both of which were also experienced in provinces as many as a hundred and eighty miles away. Half Japan, in short, was more or less agitated by this terrible convulsion; and, in the words of a Japanese narrator, "the various events which happened at this time could not be described by the pen, nor could they be told with the tongue." Smiling verdure now covers the erstwhile scorched and blackened landscape round Asamayama's base. But the still steaming crater, the old lava-stream, which looks for all the world like a "huge black serpent" on the bare face of the mountain, and the enormous blocks and masses of lava and other ejectamenta that cover the whole country side serve, amid countless lesser signs, to remind the traveller of those terrible summer days and nights of 1783. No one, indeed, can see the monster rocks, weighing tens of thousands of tons, which were ejected on that occasion, and which now strew the plains on the southern slope, without a feeling of astonishment that Asamayama did not burst bodily and collapse in the mighty efforts that brought them forth.

We were up long before dawn next morning, as full of energy as could be expected of men who had passed a well-nigh sleepless night, tormented by legions of fleas, half suffocated by the smoke of a wood fire, and enlivened by the chatter of our host and hostess and certain pilgrims who had arrived late in the evening. Sleep with these good people can have been no object. For, after keeping up a brisk conversation till close on midnight, by two o'clock they were out of bed again and at it as hard as ever. To these lonely folk in volcano-land gossip apparently had as great a charm as that of hot-water bathing to the visitors at Ikao, where it is no uncommon experience to find a Japanese who awakes in the dead of night suddenly arise, step over his sleeping household, and betake himself to the bath, to indulge for the next half-hour in a blissful simmering. With the first streak of daylight we were under weigh, headed by a guide from the tea-house, who had

hard enough work at first to make out the narrow, overgrown trail, through high grass and brushwood, lava blocks and fallen timber, that led for a mile or so to the immediate foot of the volcano. An hour's ascending carried us above the clouds and up to the uttermost limit of vegetation, just in time to see the sun's earliest rays salute the crown of Asamayama, faintly seen through light wisps of driving mist three thousand feet above us. Henceforward progress, though not difficult, was laborious to a degree—up a naked brown saddle-back ridge, inclined at a slope which averages nearly one in two, the path marked out by small cairns, climbed in short zigzags over gritty cinders, for the most part fairly well packed, but here and there loose enough to add sensibly to the fatigue of the ascent, and test severely the heart and lungs. At length, however, the summit was reached, two and a half hours after leaving the tea-house, and we were free to enjoy the full fruits of our toil. For some time past a sharp struggle had been going on between sun and cloud, only to end, with nineteenth-century appropriateness, in a pretty equal compromise. For, while the brightest earth was now wholly unmasked to the west of the meridian, and bathed in the golden glory of the morning sun, the rest of the circle was occupied by a billowy ocean of soft silver clouds of extraordinary beauty, three thousand feet below our standpoint, out of whose dense masses the highest peaks alone stood up here and there, as if to assure us of the presence of *terra firma* beneath that glittering, ever-shifting sea. In the clear half, however, we looked down upon a vast expanse of Central Japan, which, viewed from this airy height, seemed little less than a sea of mountains. Seventy miles off, in the south, rose the trifold peak of

“Great Fusi-yama, towering to the sky.”

Northward, along the border of earth and cloudland, the live volcano, Shirane-san, Asamayama's younger sister, a bare score of miles away, peered at us every now and then out of her veil of mist. On the west, the not very distant Sea of Japan was



FUSIYAMA.

shut from view by the giant granite range of Shinano-Hida, the "mightiest and wildest" chain in the empire. All this was grand enough. But do the bird's-eye prospects from great mountain tops fully come up to the expectations of even those travellers to whom such things are new? This is very doubtful. You get distance and vastness. You get all the joyousness of spirits due to your lofty elevation. You see spread out below and around you the giant vertebræ, ribs, and arteries of the land, snow and glaciers, lakes and rivers, and a host of lesser peaks sitting humbly at the feet of the monarch you have mastered. Perhaps also you catch the glimmer of some far-off ocean. Yet you lose most of the beauties of form, contrast, colour, and height which a less exalted standpoint commands; and you miss the details of cultivation, hamlets, wealth of verdure, rills, and waterfalls, which assuredly are needed to complete and gladden a landscape. So, at least, we thought as, from our perch on the summit of Asamayama, eight thousand five hundred feet above the sea, we surveyed a group of the fairest provinces of this earthly Eden which is called Japan. And, after all, the crater, not the view, was what we had come for. So to the crater we very soon addressed ourselves.

While climbing the last steep cone of the ascent we had heard, very faint at first, but gradually becoming more audible in the still morning air as we advanced, the roar or rumble of the volcano. Arrived at the crater's edge, it was vastly louder and angrier, and at times almost alarming, not unlike the noise produced by a train's passage over a bridge under which you are standing. There was none of the shaking, however, that some have spoken of; but loud hissing and bubbling constantly proceeded from numberless vapour-jets in the inner face of the crater-wall, from its rim downwards. The circumference of the crater, which is a rough oval in shape, was approximately estimated at one thousand and fifty-six yards, by walking round the windward half of it—it was impossible to pass through the vapours on the lee side—which was accomplished in six

minutes, at the rate of about three miles an hour. It is impossible, therefore, to accept the estimate of a German explorer, who set down the diameter at one thousand one hundred yards; or the yet wilder guess of the Japanese, who pronounce the circumference to be nearly four miles; or, again, the underestimate of the English mathematical professor who limited the diameter to two hundred yards—divergencies that well illustrate the mental confusion to which some men are liable when in the presence of dread natural phenomena. Whether regarded in plan or elevation, the crater-rim is irregular. But it is everywhere well defined, the inner face breaking down sharply and with excessive steepness, particularly towards the north, where it is nearly vertical. Vast clouds of the most pungent sulphurous steam rise swiftly out of this dismal and mighty caldron. Its depth no man can tell. All estimates hitherto made are the merest guesswork. A recent visitor claims to have seen on a moonlight night to its bottom, which looked like “a furnace filled with glowing coals,” and which he supposed to be only about two hundred feet below him. But, not to speak of the extreme difficulty of accurate observation by night, or of the fact that neither this visitor nor any of his party were experts, other more skilled observers have declared to seeing down to considerably greater depths. By us, certainly, glimpses of the crater-wall were occasionally obtained at depths which a very moderate estimate would place at three hundred feet. At the same time, the gradual convergence of the cavity which was there apparent would seem to forbid acceptance of the enormous profundity for which some visitors have contended, and to suggest that the depth can hardly much exceed five hundred feet. Crawling to the edge of the hideous abyss, peering into its depths, and occasionally catching a blast of the volcano’s stifling breath, there is brought home to you, in some degree at least, a conception of the tremendous and busy energies which from time to time furnish such convincing yet terrifying and disastrous proofs that this earth of ours is “still in its vigour.” The

churning and groaning far below, the masses of fetid vapour ever being hurled up wrathfully from the gloomy and awful depths, and the riven, scorched, and honey-combed walls, exhaling clouds of suffocating steam from a thousand crevices and holes, readily suggest latent possibilities well calculated to appal the stoutest heart. Apparently the present crater is the youngest and innermost of three. Further down on the south-west side are to be seen, along with numerous fissures of unfathomable depth, remains which point to the existence of two former craters, concentric and of large dimensions, and separated from one another by a considerable interval. Possibly the existing cone may have been formed during the great eruption in 1783.

Men who have reached the time of life which reminds them that knees have joints are little better able to run down a mountain than up it, especially when the slopes consist of cinders piled at angles of from thirty to thirty-five degrees above the horizon. Hence it happened that, though we had ascended to the crater in a hundred and fifty minutes, we needed a hundred minutes to accomplish our return to the Wakasare-no-chaya. Half an hour later we were in, or rather on, the saddle ; for he who would travel on horseback in the wilds of Japan must at times submit for hours to the refined torture of being well-nigh split apart on the broad span of a Japanese pack-saddle. By nightfall we reached Kusatsu, some seventeen miles to the northward.

AN ENGLISH LADY AMONG THE AINOS.

THE name of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop) has been mentioned in the preceding article. In her book of Japanese travels, "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" (Murray), she describes one of the extinct or dormant volcanoes, in the northern island of Yezo, the land of the Ainos, the aboriginal natives of the

islands, where they live, apart from the ruling race, with only a few officials to superintend their affairs and collect taxes and duties. Few European travellers have visited these primitive people, and the following is the account of Miss Bird's last days in their territory. The whole of her description, which occupies half of the second volume of her travels, is deeply interesting, as relating to a country and a race remote from ordinary spheres of voyage and travel. Very strange are their customs and manners, and of their so-called religious notions this is Miss Bird's account:—

There cannot be anything more vague and destitute of cohesion than Aino religious notions. With the exception of the hill shrines of Japanese construction dedicated to Yoshitsuné, they have no temples, and they have neither priests, sacrifices, nor worship. Apparently through all traditional time their *cultus* has been the rudest and most primitive form of nature-worship, the attaching of a vague sacredness to trees, rivers, rocks, and mountains, and of vague notions of power for good or evil to the sea, the forest, the fire, and the sun and moon. I cannot make out that they possess a trace of the deification of ancestors. I have taken infinite trouble to learn from themselves what their religious notions are, and Shinondi tells me that they have told me all they know, and the whole sum is a few vague fears and hopes, and a suspicion that there are things outside themselves more powerful than themselves, whose good influences may be obtained, or whose evil influences may be averted, by libations of *saké*.

The word *worship* is in itself misleading. When I use it of these savages, it simply means libations of *saké*, waving bowls and waving hands, without any spiritual act of deprecation or supplication. In such a sense, and such alone, they worship the sun and moon (but not the stars), the forest, and the sea. The wolf, the black snake, the owl, and several other beasts and birds have the word *kamoi*—god—attached to them, as the wolf is the "howling god," the owl "the bird of the gods,"

a black snake the "raven god," but none of these things are now "worshipped," wolf-worship having quite lately died out. Thunder, "the voice of the gods," inspires some fear. The sun, they say, is their best god, and the fire their next-best, obviously the divinities from whom their greatest benefits are received. Some idea of gratitude pervades their rude notions, as in the case of the "worship" paid to Yoshitsuné, and it appears in one of the rude recitations chanted at the saturnalia which in several places conclude the hunting and fishing seasons :—

"To the sea which nourishes us, to the forest which protects us, we present our grateful thanks. You are two mothers that nourish the same child ; do not be angry if we leave one to go to the other.

"The Ainos will always be the pride of the forest and of the sea."

The solitary act of sacrifice which they perform is the placing of a worthless, dead bird, something like a sparrow, near one of their peeled wands, where it is left till it reaches an advanced stage of putrefaction. "To drink for the god" is the chief act of "worship," and thus drunkenness and religion are inseparably connected, as the more *saké* the Ainos drink the more devout they are, and the better pleased are the gods. It does not appear that anything but *saké* is of sufficient value to please the gods. The libations to the fire and the peeled post are never omitted, and are always accompanied by the inward waving of the *saké* bowls.

The peculiarity which distinguishes this rude mythology is the "worship" of the bear, the Yezo bear being one of the finest of his species, but it is impossible to understand the feelings by which it is prompted, for they worship it after their fashion, and set up its head in their villages, yet they trap it, kill it, eat it, and sell its skin. There is no doubt that this wild beast inspires more of the feeling which prompts worship than the inanimate forces of nature, and the Ainos may be distinguished as bear-worshippers, and their greatest religious

festival or saturnalia as the Festival of the Bear. Gentle and peaceable as they are, they have a great admiration for fierceness and courage; and the bear, which is the strongest, fiercest, and most courageous animal known to them, has probably in all ages inspired them with veneration. Some of their rude chants are in praise of the bear, and their highest eulogy on a man is to compare him to a bear. Thus Shinondi said of Benri the chief, "He is as strong as a bear," and the old Fate praising Pipichari called him "the young bear."

In all Aino villages, specially near the chief's house, there are several tall poles with the fleshless skull of a bear on the top of each, and in most there is also a large cage, made grid-iron fashion, of stout timbers, and raised two or three feet from the ground. At the present time such cages contain young but well-grown bears, captured when quite small in the early spring. After the capture the bear-cub is introduced into a dwelling-house, generally that of the chief or sub-chief, where it is suckled by a woman, and played with by the children, till it grows too big and rough for domestic ways, and is placed in a strong cage, in which it is fed and cared for, as I understand, till the autumn of the following year, when, being strong and well grown, the Festival of the Bear is celebrated. The customs of this festival vary considerably, and the manner of the bear's death differs among the mountain and coast Ainos, but everywhere there is a general gathering of the people, and it is the occasion of a great feast, accompanied with much *saké* and a curious dance, in which men alone take part.

They have no definite ideas concerning a future state; and the subject is evidently not a pleasing one to them. Such notions as they have are few and confused. Some think that the spirits of their friends go into wolves and snakes; others, that they wander about the forests; and they are much afraid of ghosts. A few think that they go to "a good or bad place," according to their deeds; but Shinondi said—and there was an infinite pathos in his words—"How can we know? No one



AN AINO FAMILY.

ever came back to tell us!" On asking him what were bad deeds, he said, "Being bad to parents, stealing, and telling lies." The future, however, does not occupy any place in their thoughts, and they can hardly be said to believe in the immortality of the soul, though their fear of ghosts shows that they recognise a distinction between body and spirit.

We must confine our further extracts to the record of the traveller's last experiences of the Ainos.

Their skins, she says, are as swarthy as those of Bedaween, their foreheads comparatively low, their eyes far more deeply set, their stature lower, their hair yet more abundant, the look of wistful melancholy more marked, and two, who were unclothed for hard work in fashioning a canoe, were almost entirely covered with short, black hair, specially thick on the shoulders and back, and so completely concealing the skin as to reconcile one to the lack of clothing. I noticed an enormous breadth of chest, and a great development of the muscles of the arms and legs. All these Ainos shave their hair off for two inches above their brows, only allowing it there to attain the length of an inch. Among the well-clothed Ainos in the yard there was one smooth-faced, smooth-skinned, concave-chested, spindle-limbed, yellow Japanese, with no other clothing than the decorated bark-cloth apron which the Ainos wear in addition to their coats and leggings. Escorted by these gentle, friendly savages, I visited their lodges, which are very small and poor, and in every way inferior to those of the mountain Ainos. The women are short and thick-set, and most uncomely.

From their village I started for the longest and by reputation the worst stage of my journey, seventeen miles, the first ten of which are over mountains. So solitary and disused is this track, that on a four days' journey we have not met a human being. In the Lebungé valley, which is densely forested, and abounds with fordable streams and treacherous ground, I came upon a grand specimen of the *Salisburia adiantifolia*, which at a height of three feet from the ground,

divides into eight lofty stems, none of them less than two feet five inches in diameter. This tree, which grows rapidly, is so well adapted to our climate, that I wonder it has not been introduced on a large scale, as it may be seen by everybody in Kew Gardens. There is another tree with orbicular leaves in pairs, which grows to an immense size.

From this valley a worn-out, stony bridle-track ascends the western side of Lebungétogé, climbing through a dense forest of trees and trailers to a height of about two thousand feet, where, contented with its efforts, it reposes, and, with only slight ups and downs, continues along the top of a narrow ridge within the seaward mountains, between high walls of dense bamboo, which, for much of that day's journey, is the undergrowth alike of mountain and valley, ragged peak, and rugged ravine. The scenery was as magnificent as on the previous day. A guide was absolutely needed, as the track ceased altogether in one place, and for some time the horses had to blunder their way along a bright, rushing river, swirling rapidly downwards, heavily bordered with bamboo, full of deep holes, and made difficult by trees which have fallen across it. There Ito, whose horse could not keep up with the others, was lost, or rather lost himself, which led to a delay of two hours. I have never seen grander forest than on that two days' ride.

At last the track, barely passable after its recovery, dips over a precipitous bluff, and descends close to the sea, which has evidently receded considerably. Thence it runs for six miles on a level, sandy strip, covered near the sea with a dwarf bamboo about five inches high, and farther inland with red roses and blue campanula.

At the foot of the bluff there is a ruinous Japanese house, where an Aino family has been placed to give shelter and rest to any who may be crossing the pass. I opened my *bentô bako* of red lacquer, and found that it contained some cold, waxy potatoes, on which I dined, with the addition of some tea, and then waited wearily for Ito, for whom the guide went in

search. The house and its inmates were a study. The ceiling was gone, and all kinds of things, for which I could not imagine any possible use, hung from the blackened rafters. Everything was broken and decayed, and the dirt was appalling. A very ugly Aino woman, hardly human in her ugliness, was splitting bark fibre. There were several fires, Japanese fashion, and at one of them a grand-looking old man was seated apathetically contemplating the boiling of a pot. Old, and sitting among ruins, he represented the fate of a race which, living, has no history, and perishing, leaves no monument. By the other fire sat, or rather crouched, the "MISSING LINK." I was startled when I first saw it. It was—shall I say?—a man, and the *mate*—I cannot write the husband—of the ugly woman. It was about fifty. The lofty Aino brow had been made still loftier by shaving the head for three inches above it. The hair hung, not in shocks, but in snaky wisps, mingling with a beard which was grey and matted. The eyes were dark, but vacant, and the face had no other expression than that look of apathetic melancholy which one sometimes sees on the faces of captive beasts. The arms and legs were unnaturally long and thin, and the creature sat with the knees tucked into the armpits. The limbs and body, with the exception of a patch on each side, were thinly covered with fine black hair, more than an inch long, which was slightly curly on the shoulders. It showed no other sign of intelligence than that evidenced by boiling water for my tea. When Ito arrived, he looked at it with disgust, exclaiming, "The Ainos are only dogs; they had a dog for their father," in allusion to their own legend of their origin.

The level was pleasant after the mountains, and a canter took us pleasantly to Oshamambé, where we struck the old road from Mori to Satsuporo, and where I halted for a day to rest my spine, from which I was suffering much. Oshamambé looks dismal even in the sunshine, decayed and dissipated, with many people lounging about in it doing nothing, with the dazed look which overindulgence in *saké* gives to the eyes.

The sun was scorching hot ; and I was glad to find refuge from it in a crowded and dilapidated *yadoya* (inn), where there were no black beans, and the use of eggs did not appear to be recognised. My room was only enclosed by *shôji* (sliding screens), and there were scarcely five minutes of the day in which eyes were not applied to the finger-holes with which they were liberally riddled ; and during the night one of them fell down, revealing six Japanese sleeping in a row, each head on a wooden pillow.

The grandeur of the route ceased with the mountain passes, but in the brilliant sunshine the ride from Oshamambé to Mori, which took me two days, was as pretty and pleasant as it could be. At first we got on very slowly, as, besides my four horses, there were four led ones going home, which got up fights and entangled their ropes, and occasionally lay down and rolled ; and besides these there were three foals following their mothers, and if they stayed behind, the mares hung back neighing, and if they frolicked ahead, the mares wanted to look after them ; and the whole string showed a combined inclination to dispense with their riders and join the many herds of horses which we passed. It was so tedious that, after enduring it for some time, I got Ito's horse and mine into a scow at a river of some size, and left the disorderly drove to follow at leisure.

At Yurapu, where there is an Aino village of thirty houses, we saw the last of the aborigines, and the interest of the journey ended. Strips of hard sand below high-water mark, strips of red roses, ranges of wooded mountains, rivers deep and shallow, a few villages of old grey houses amidst grey sand and bleaching driftwood, and then came the river Yurapu, a broad, deep stream, navigable in a canoe for fourteen miles. The scenery there was truly beautiful in the late and splendid afternoon. The long blue waves rolled on shore, each one crested with light as it curled before it broke, and hurled its snowy drift for miles along the coast with a deep, booming music. The glorious inland view was composed of

six ranges of forest-covered mountains, broken, chasmed, caverned, and dark with timber, and above them bald, grey peaks rose against a green sky of singular purity. I longed to take a boat up the Yurapu, which penetrates by many a gorge into their solemn recesses, but had not strength to carry my wish.

After this I exchanged the silence or low musical speech of Aino guides for the harsh and ceaseless clatter of Japanese. At Yamakushinoi, a small hamlet on the sea-shore, where I slept, there was a sweet, quiet *yadoya*, delightfully situated, with a wooded cliff at the back, over which a crescent hung out of a pure sky; and besides there were the more solid pleasures of fish, eggs, and black beans. Thus, instead of being starved and finding wretched accommodation, the week I spent on Volcano Bay has been the best-fed, as it was certainly the most comfortable, week of my travels in Northern Japan.

Another glorious day favoured my ride to Mori, but I was unfortunate in my horse at each stage, and the Japanese guide was grumpy and ill-natured, a most unusual thing. Otoshibé and a few other small villages of grey houses, with "an ancient and fish-like smell," lie along the coast, busy enough doubtless in the season, but now looking deserted and decayed, and houses are rather plentifully sprinkled along many parts of the shore, with a wonderful profusion of vegetables and flowers about them, raised from seeds liberally supplied by the Agricultural Department from its Nanai experimental farm and nurseries. For a considerable part of the way to Mori there is no track at all, though there is a good deal of travel. One makes one's way fatiguingly along soft sea sand or coarse shingle close to the sea, or absolutely in it, under cliffs of hardened clay or yellow conglomerate, fording many small streams, several of which have cut their way deeply through a stratum of black volcanic sand. I have crossed about a hundred rivers and streams on the Yezo coast, and all the larger ones are marked by a most noticeable pecu-

liarity, *i.e.*, that on nearing the sea, they turn south, and run for some distance parallel with it, before they succeed in finding an exit through the bank of sand and shingle which forms the beach and blocks their progress.

I have not said anything about the crows, which are a feature of Yezo, and one which the colonists would willingly dispense with. There are millions of them, and in many places they break the silence of the silent land with a Babel of noisy discords. They are everywhere, and have attained a degree of most unpardonable impertinence, mingled with a cunning and sagacity which almost put them on a level with man in some circumstances. Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses, and so be ferried across the Yurapugawa. In the inn-garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject; and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and, with much fluttering and hilarity, they all ate or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely. A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him, and after a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn round with a squeak, on which the other villains seized the meat, and the three fed triumphantly upon it on the top of a wall. In many places they are so aggressive as

to destroy the crops unless they are protected by netting. They assemble on the sore backs of horses and pick them into holes, and are mischievous in many ways. They are very late in going to roost and are early astir in the morning, and are so bold that they often came "with many a stately flirt and flutter" into the verandah where I was sitting. I never watched an assemblage of them for any length of time without being convinced that there was a Nestor among them to lead their movements. Along the sea-shore they are very amusing, for they "take the air" in the evening seated on sand banks facing the wind, with their mouths open. They are threatening to devour the settlers, and a crusade is just now being waged against them, but they are legion.

On the way I saw two Ainos land through the surf in a canoe, in which they had paddled for nearly a hundred miles. A river canoe is dug out of a single log, and two men can fashion one in five days, but on examining this one, which was twenty-five feet long, I found that it consisted of two halves, laced together with very strong bark fibre for their whole length, and with high sides also laced on. They consider that they are stronger for rough sea and surf work when made in two parts. Their bark-fibre rope is beautifully made, and they twist it of all sizes, from twine up to a nine-inch hawser.

Beautiful as the blue ocean was, I had too much of it, for the horses were either walking in a lather of sea foam or were crowded between the cliff and the sea, every larger wave breaking over my foot and irreverently splashing my face, and the surges were so loud-tongued and incessant, throwing themselves on the beach with a tremendous boom, and drawing the shingle back with them with an equally tremendous rattle, so impolite and noisy, bent only on showing their strength, reckless, rude, self-willed, and inconsiderate ! This purposeless display of force, and this incessant waste of power, and the noisy self-assertion in both, approach vulgarity !

Towards evening we crossed the last of the bridgeless rivers, and put up at Mori, which I left three weeks before; and I was very thankful to have accomplished my object without disappointment, disaster, or any considerable discomfort. Had I not promised to return Ito to his master by a given day, I should like to spend the next six weeks in the Yezo wilds, for the climate is good, the scenery beautiful, and the objects of interest are many.

The peaks of the volcano of Komono-taki were blazing in the setting sun, and with a glass I was able then, and from a point above the lakes, to trace its configuration pretty easily. It may still prove mischievous, and in its last recent eruption it covered the ground in its neighbourhood with pumice to a depth of three feet. The lava ejected by it and the other volcanoes of this coast appears to differ considerably from that of the flows from the flank and summit craters of Mauna Loa on Hawaii, as it is light and porous, consisting almost entirely of pumice, which on Hawaii appears rarely, and then only as the *froth* on streams, which solidify into dense basalt, either jagged or smooth. The highest peak is estimated at a height of three thousand three hundred feet, but the great crater, which is about three quarters of a mile in diameter, lies five hundred feet lower, and contains six smaller craters, one of which was active in 1872. One of these is about a hundred feet deep. Steam escapes from many apertures in their sides. The slopes of the volcano have a scathed and dreary look, from the remains of a forest charred in the last great eruption, and the immediate neighbourhood cannot be profitably tilled till a greater depth of soil has accumulated over the last layer of pumice. In the meantime Nature is doing her best to provide it by covering the ground with young woods.

Another splendid day favoured my ride from Mori to Togénoshita, where I remained for the night, and I had exceptionally good horses for both days, though the one which Ito rode, while going at a rapid "scramble," threw himself down three times and rolled over to rid himself from flies. I

had not admired the wood between Mori and Ginsainoma (the lakes) on the sullen, grey day on which I saw it before, but this time there was an abundance of light and shadow and solar glitter, and many a scarlet spray and crimson trailer, and many a maple flaming in the valleys, gladdened me with the music of colour. From the top of the pass beyond the lakes there is a grand view of the volcano in all its nakedness, with its lava beds and fields of pumice, with the lakes of Onuma, Konuma, and Ginsainoma, lying in the forests at its feet, and from the top of another hill there is a remarkable view of windy Hakodaté, with its headland looking like Gibraltar.

BELZONI, THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORER: MEMNON'S HEAD AND THE MUMMIES.

THERE have been many adventurous and learned explorers of the antiquities of Egypt. Wonderful discoveries have been made, and are still being made, one of the latest being the treasure-city of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Hebrews and the storehouses where corn was laid up by Joseph against the years of famine. It was a memorable discovery when the Rosetta stone, with its trilingual inscription, first gave a certain key to the reading of the mysterious hieroglyphics which recorded many events of ancient history. When Napoleon invaded Egypt, the interest in these monumental records was intense, and so he caused a staff of learned men to accompany his army, to continue and extend the explorations which travellers from other nations had begun. These Frenchmen carried on their work amidst the excitement of camps and the confusion of marches. At times the troops had to form squares, when threatened by clouds of Mameluke horsemen, and a standing joke among the soldiers was the word of command given on the first occasion of these sudden

surprises—"The *savans* and the (baggage) asses in the centre of the squares!" Denon, and Savary, and other of these *savans* wrote books describing the curious discoveries and researches made during the French occupation of Egypt. But of all the travellers in former or more recent times, and of all the books about their travels, there is not one that possesses the romantic interest of "Belzoni's Narrative" of his operations and discoveries, first published in London in 1821. Of this man, and of his travels, I am about to give a brief account.

In the preface to his travels the author gives a sketch of his own history, and explains the reason of his going to Egypt. It was not as an explorer that he went, but as a mechanician, who had invented a new machine for irrigation, and this he wished to bring to the notice of Mehemet Ali. This adventurer had made himself the independent ruler of Egypt, throwing off the yoke of the Turkish sultan, and then establishing his power by the terrible massacre of the Janissaries, the foreign guards who had long lorded it over the unwarlike native population.

It may be said at once that Belzoni's irrigation scheme came to nothing. Although Mehemet Ali received him with favour, those who had vested interests in the old clumsy, ox-driven machines resisted the proposed innovation, and the inventor had to turn his mind to other subjects. But let us hear his own bit of autobiography.

"My native place," says Belzoni, "is the city of Padua; I am of a Roman family, which had resided there for many years. The state and troubles of Italy in 1800, which are too well known to require any comment from me, compelled me to leave it, and from that time I have visited different parts of Europe, and suffered many vicissitudes. The greater part of my younger days I passed in Rome, the former abode of my ancestors, where I was preparing myself to become a monk; but the sudden entry of the French army into that city altered the course of my education, and being destined to travel, I have been a wanderer ever since. My family supplied me occasionally with remittances; but as they were not rich, I

did not choose to be a burden to them, and contrived to live on my own industry and the little knowledge I had acquired in various branches. I turned my chief attention to hydraulics, a science that I had learned in Rome, which I found much to my advantage, and which was ultimately the very cause of my going to Egypt. For I had good information that a hydraulic machine would be of great service in that country, to irrigate the fields, which want water only to make them produce at any time of the year. But I am rather anticipating. In 1803 I arrived in England, soon after which I married, and, after residing in it nine years, I formed the resolution of going to the south of Europe. Taking Mrs. Belzoni with me, I visited Portugal, Spain, and Malta, from which latter place we embarked for Egypt, where we remained from 1815 to 1819. Here I had the good fortune to be the discoverer of many remains of antiquity of that primitive nation. I succeeded in opening one of the two famous Pyramids of Ghizeh, as well as several of the tombs of the kings at Thebes. Among the latter, that which has been pronounced by one of the most distinguished scholars of the age to be the tomb of Psammuthis is at this moment the principal, the most perfect and splendid monument in that country. The celebrated bust of young Memnon, which I brought from Thebes, is now in the British Museum ; and the alabaster sarcophagus, found in the tombs of the kings, is on its way to England. [It now forms one of the treasures in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields.]

Near the second cataract of the Nile, I opened the temple of Ipsambul, then made a journey to the coast of the Red Sea, to the city of Berenice, and afterwards an excursion in the western Elloah, or Oasis. I now embarked for Europe, and after an absence of twenty years, returned to my native land, and to the bosom of my family, from whence I proceeded to England.

On my arrival in Europe, I found so many erroneous accounts had been given to the public of my operations and

discoveries in Egypt, that it appeared to be my duty to publish a plain statement of facts ; and should any one call its correctness in question, I hope they will do it openly, that I may be able to prove the truth of my assertions."

Belzoni sailed from Malta on the 19th of May, 1815, and arrived at Alexandria on the 9th of June, the passage in those days being tedious and uncertain. A young Irish lad accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Belzoni, as their attendant and servant, and he figures in many of the curious adventures among the natives. We are not going to relate these adventures, such as happen to all travellers in Eastern lands, confining our remarks to the Egyptian discoveries which have made the name of Belzoni famous in history. The end of the irrigation scheme is, however, so amusing an incident, that we must tell it.

Mehemet Ali (the Bashaw, as Belzoni always calls him), after long delay, had come from Alexandria to Cairo to witness the trial of the machine. It was constructed on the principle of a crane, with a walking wheel, in which a single ox, by its own weight alone, could effect as much as four oxen employed in the machines of the country. The trial was at Soubra, not far from Boulak, the port of Cairo.

"The Bashaw," says Belzoni, "was now come to Soubra, accompanied with several connoisseurs in hydraulics. The machine was set to work ; and, although constructed with bad wood and bad iron, and erected by Arabian carpenters and bricklayers, it was a question whether it did not draw six or seven times as much water as the common machines. The Bashaw, after long consideration, gave his decision ; and declared that it drew up only four times as much. It is to be observed that the water produced by this machine was measured by comparison with the water procured by six of their own, and that, at the time of measuring, the Arabs urged their animals at such a rate, that they could not have continued their exertion above an hour ; and for the moment they produced nearly double the quantity of water that was usually obtained. Notwithstanding all this, the calculation

of the Bashaw was to my satisfaction, as it decided on the accomplishment of my undertaking. Still Mehemet Ali perceived plainly the prejudice among the Arabs, and some of the Turks, who were concerned in the cultivation of the land, for, instead of four hundred people and four hundred oxen, they would have only to command one hundred of each, which would make a considerable difference in their profits. But, as it happened, an accident occurred that put an end to all their fears.

The Bashaw took it into his head to have the ox taken out of the wheel, in order to see, by way of frolic, what effect the machine would have by putting fifteen men into it. James, the Irish lad in my service, entered along with them ; but no sooner had the wheel turned once round, than they all jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, of course, over-balanced by the weight of the water, turned back with such velocity, that the catch was unable to stop it. The lad was thrown out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs. I contrived to stop the wheel before it did farther injury, which might have been fatal to him. The Turks have a belief that, when such accidents happen in the commencement of any new invention, it is a bad omen. In consequence of this, exclusive of the prejudice against the machine itself, the Bashaw had been persuaded to abandon the affair. It had been stated to him also that it cost as much as four of the usual machines in making, while nothing was said of the advantages as to the oxen that would be saved in the working of it. The business ended in this manner ; and all that was due to me from the Bashaw was consigned to oblivion, as well as the stipulation I had made with him."

When at Cairo Belzoni made the acquaintance of the distinguished traveller Burckhardt, who had recently returned from Upper Egypt. From him he learned for the first time of many of the wonderful temples and monuments of these regions. He was told of the head of the statue of Memnon at Thebes, which Mehemet Ali had presented to the English

nation, as he had done the famous obelisk known popularly as Cleopatra's Needle, if they could be conveyed from their existing sites. The head of Memnon, he was told by Burckhardt, lay half buried in the sand amidst the ruins of Thebes. Soon afterwards Mr. Salt, the Consul-General from England, arrived at Cairo, and having talked the matter over with Burckhardt, the proposal was made that Belzoni should be asked to bring the colossal bust from Thebes to Alexandria, a commission which he gladly undertook.

A Nile boat was soon hired, with four sailors, a boy, and a *reis*, or captain. The consul gave him a letter to the physician of Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mehemet Ali, the governor of Upper Egypt. M. Burckhardt offered to pay half the expense of the expedition, and Consul Salt commissioned Belzoni to purchase any remarkable antiquities that he might think worthy of a place in the British Museum, giving him money in advance for this purpose.

The details of the expedition we have not space to give. Suffice it to say that Belzoni succeeded in his undertaking, and the dark granite bust of "young Memnon" is at this day one of the chief objects of interest and wonder in the Egyptian courts of the British Museum.

It was amidst the ruins of Thebes, Homer's "city of the hundred gates," that this far-famed statue of Memnon had long lain. The wonder with which the traveller first saw the ruins of Thebes is expressed in eloquent words. Here is what he says of the temple of Luxor, now so familiar to all "tourists," and described in a hundred guide-books and volumes of travel. There is a freshness in the description of the enthusiastic traveller who saw the place seventy years ago, when it had been visited by few Europeans.

The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller at once one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with the two obelisks, and colossal statues in the front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments and the sanctuary it contains; the

beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns, cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all that he has seen before. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the towering remains that project a great height above the wood of palm trees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphynxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournou, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plain of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, etc., are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices could so far fall into oblivion, that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.

The bust of Memnon, the immediate object of Belzoni's research, soon caught his eye. It was lying with its face upwards, and "apparently smiling on me," says Belzoni, "at the thought of being taken to England." Among a semi-barbarous people like the Arabs, the discoverer had a thousand difficulties to overcome before he could succeed in moving this bust of ten or twelve tons weight one inch from its bed of sand. The chiefs eyed him with jealousy, and conceived, as usual, that he came in quest of hidden treasures; and the fellahs were with difficulty set to work, having made up their minds that it was a hopeless task. When these simple people saw it first move, they all set up a loud shout, declaring that it was not their exertions, but the power of the devil, that had effected it. The enormous mass was put in motion by a few poles and palm-leaf ropes, all the means which they could command, and which nothing but the ingenuity of Belzoni

could have made efficient. But these materials, poor as they were, created not half the difficulty and delay occasioned by the intrigues of the *cachefs*, or tax-collectors, and other officials, all of whom were desirous of 'extorting as much money as they possibly could, and of obstructing the progress of the work, as the surest means of effecting their purpose. Even the labourers, on finding that money was given to them for removing a mere mass of stone, took it into their heads that it must be filled with gold, and agreed that so precious an article ought not to be taken out of the country.

Belzoni succeeded, however, in allaying these ridiculous imaginings, and eighteen days after the commencement of the operation, the colossal bust reached the banks of the Nile. One day was consumed in embarking it; and after a voyage of hazard among the cataracts of the Nile, the illustrious traveller reached Cairo with his prize. From thence he conveyed it to Alexandria, and lodged it in the Pasha's magazine; he then returned to Cairo, and, accompanied by Mr. Beechy, immediately proceeded up the Nile, with the determination, if possible, to accomplish the opening of the great temple of Ipsambul, a labour he had commenced but a short time before.

This grand and gigantic relic of antiquity was discovered and brought into notice by Burckhardt, but when Belzoni first approached it, the accumulation of sand was such "that it appeared an impossibility ever to reach the door." The exact spot where he had fixed the entrance to be was determined in his own mind from observing the head of a hawk, of such a monstrous size that, with the body, it could not be less than twenty feet high. This bird he concluded to be over the doorway; and as below the figure there is generally a vacant space, followed by a frieze and cornice, he calculated the upper part of the doorway to be about thirty-five feet below the summit of the sand.

Having succeeded in procuring for hire, from one of the *cachefs*, as many labourers as he could afford to employ, Belzoni set about clearing away the sand from the front of the



THE STREET OF BAB-EL-NUTAWELLEEE, CAIRO.

temple. The only condition made with the *cache* was, that all the gold and jewels found in it should belong to him, as chief of the country, and that Belzoni should have all the stones. At the end of four or five days his funds were entirely exhausted ; he therefore, after obtaining a promise from the chief that no one should molest the work in his absence, resumed his search for other antiquities ; and, after conveying the Memnon to Alexandria, and being joined by Mr. Beechy at Cairo, met, at Philæ, with Captains Irby and Mangles, of the British navy, and was joined also by them.

Having conciliated the *cache*s by suitable presents, they agreed to give the workmen, who were eighty in number, three hundred piastres for removing the sand as low down as the entrance. At first they seemed to set about the task like men who were determined to finish the job ; but, at the end of the third day, they all grew tired, and, “under the pretext that the Rhamadan was to commence on the next day, they left us,” says Belzoni, “with the temple, the sand, and the treasure, and contented themselves with keeping the three hundred piastres.”

The travellers were now convinced that, if the temple was to be opened at all, it must be by their own exertions ; and, accordingly, assisted by the crew of the boat, they set to work, and, by dint of perseverance and hard labour for about eighteen days, they arrived at the doorway of that temple which had, in all probability, been covered with sand two thousand years, and which proved to be the finest and most extensive in Nubia. Belzoni thus describes the exterior of the temple of Ipsambul :—

The outside of this temple is magnificent. It is a hundred and seventeen feet wide, and eighty-six feet high, the height from the top of the cornice to the top of the door being sixty-six feet six inches, and the height of the door twenty feet. There are four enormous sitting colossi, the largest in Egypt or Nubia, except the great sphinx at the Pyramids, to which they approach in the proportion of nearly two-thirds. From

the shoulder to the elbow they measure fifteen feet six inches, the ears three feet six inches, the face seven feet, the beard five feet six inches, across the shoulders twenty-five feet four inches ; their height is about fifty-one feet, not including the caps, which are about fourteen feet.

There are only two of these colossi in sight. One is still buried under the sand, and the other, which is near the door, is half fallen down, and buried also. On the top of the door is a colossal figure of Osiris, twenty feet high, with two colossal hieroglyphic figures, one on each side, looking towards it. On the top of the temple is a cornice with hieroglyphics, a torus and frieze under it. The cornice is six feet wide ; the frieze is four feet. Above the cornice is a row of sitting monkeys, eight feet high and six feet wide across the shoulders. They are twenty-one in number. This temple was nearly two-thirds buried under the sand, of which we removed thirty-one feet before we came to the upper part of the door. It must have had a very fine landing-place, which is now totally buried under the sand. It is the last and largest temple excavated in the solid rock in Nubia or Egypt, except the new tomb in Beban el Molook.

The heat on first entering the temple was so great that they could scarcely bear it, and the perspiration from their hands was so copious as to render the paper, by its dripping, unfit for use. On the first opening that was made by the removal of the sand, the only living object that presented itself was a toad of prodigious size. Halls and chambers, supported by magnificent columns and adorned with beautiful intaglios, paintings, and colossal figures, the walls being covered partly with hieroglyphics, and partly with exhibitions of battles, storming of castles, triumphs over the Ethiopians, sacrifices, etc., made up the striking interior.

Nothing but the most extraordinary degree of enthusiasm could have supported Belzoni in the numerous descents which he made into the mummy pits of Egypt, and through the long, narrow subterraneous passages, particularly inconvenient for a

man of his size, for he was six feet and a half in height, and muscular in proportion.

"Of some of these tombs," says he, "many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust arises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all : the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture like a snail, on pointed and keen stones that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest, surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies, in all directions, which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror! The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches, for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose ; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit ; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a bandbox. I naturally had recourse to my hands to

sustain my weight, but they found no better support, so that I sank altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other.

Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian, but as the passage inclined downwards my own weight helped me on; however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri, of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelop the mummy. The people of Gournou, who make a trade of antiquities of this sort, are very jealous of strangers, and keep them as secret as possible, deceiving travellers by pretending that they have arrived at the end of the pits when they are scarcely at the entrance. I could never prevail on them to conduct me into these places till this my second voyage, when I succeeded in obtaining admission into any cave where mummies were to be seen."

M. Drouetti, the French consul, had discovered a sarcophagus in a cavern of the mountains of Gournou, but had endeavoured in vain to get it out; he therefore acquainted Belzoni that he would present him with it. This gave occasion to an adventure which possesses much of the interest of romance in the recital. Mr. Belzoni entered the cavern with two Arabs and an interpreter. He thus describes the enterprise:—

“Previous to our entering the cave we took off the greater part of our clothes, and, each having a candle, advanced through a cavity in the rock, which extended a considerable length in the mountain, sometimes pretty high, sometimes very narrow, and without any regularity. In some passages we were obliged to creep on the ground, like crocodiles. I perceived that we were at a great distance from the entrance, and the way was so intricate that I depended entirely on the two Arabs to conduct us out again. At length we arrived at a large space into which many other holes or cavities opened; and after some examination by the two Arabs, we entered one of these, which was very narrow, and continued downward for a long way, through a craggy passage, till we came where two other apertures led to the interior in a horizontal direction. One of the Arabs then said, ‘This is the place.’ I could not conceive how so large a sarcophagus as had been described to me could have been taken through the aperture which the Arab now pointed out. I had no doubt but these recesses were burial-places, as we continually walked over skulls and other bones; but the sarcophagus could never have entered this recess, for it was so narrow that on my attempt to penetrate it I could not pass.

One of the Arabs, however, succeeded, as did my interpreter; and it was agreed that I and the other Arab should wait till they returned. They proceeded evidently to a great distance, for the light disappeared, and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished as they went on. After a few moments I heard a loud noise, and the interpreter distinctly crying, ‘O my God, I am lost!’ after which a profound silence ensued. I asked my Arab whether he had ever been in that place. He replied, ‘Never.’ I could not conceive what could have happened, and thought the best plan was to return, to procure help from the other Arabs. Accordingly, I told my man to show me the way out again; but, staring at me like an idiot, he said he did not know the road. I called repeatedly to the interpreter, but received no answer.

I watched a long time, but no one returned ; and my situation was no very pleasant one. I naturally returned, through the passages by which we had come ; and, after some time, I succeeded in reaching the place where, as I mentioned, were many cavities. It was a complete labyrinth, as all these places bore a great resemblance to the one which we first entered. At last, seeing one which appeared to be the right, we proceeded through it a long way ; but by this time our candles had diminished considerably, and I feared that if we did not get out soon, we should have to remain in the dark. Meantime, it would have been dangerous to put one out to save the other, lest that which was left should, by some accident, be extinguished. At this time we were considerably advanced towards the outside, as we thought ; but, to our sorrow, we found the end of that cavity without any outlet.

Convinced that we were mistaken in our conjecture, we quickly returned towards the place of the various entries, which we strove to regain. But we were then as perplexed as ever, and were both exhausted from the ascents and descents which we had been obliged to go over. The Arab seated himself, but every moment of delay was dangerous. The only expedient was to put a mark at the place out of which we had just come, and then examine the cavities in succession, by putting also a mark at their entrance, so as to know where we had been. Unfortunately our candles would not last through the whole. However, we began our operations.

On the second attempt, when passing before a small aperture, I thought I heard the sound of something like the roaring of the sea at a distance. In consequence, I entered this cavity ; and as we advanced, the noise increased, till I could distinctly hear a number of voices all at one time. At last, thank God, we walked out ; and, to my no small surprise, the first person I saw was my interpreter. How he came to be there I could not conjecture. He told me that, in proceeding with the Arab along the passage below, they came to a pit, which they did not see ; that the Arab fell into it, and in falling put out both

candles. It was then that he cried out, 'I am lost!' as he thought he also should have fallen into the pit. But on raising his head, he saw, at a great distance, a glimpse of daylight, towards which he advanced, and thus arrived at a small aperture. He then scraped away some loose sand and stones, to widen the place where he came out, and went to give the alarm to the Arabs, who were at the other entrance. Being all concerned for the man who fell to the bottom of the pit, it was their noise that I heard in the cave. The place by which my interpreter got out was instantly widened; and, in the confusion, the Arabs did not regard letting me see that they were acquainted with that entrance, and that it had lately been shut up. I was not long in detecting their scheme. The Arabs had intended to show me the sarcophagus without letting me see the way by which it might be taken out, and then to stipulate a price for the secret. It was with this view they took me such a way round about."

Of all the discoveries of Belzoni, the most magnificent was that of a new tomb in the Beban el Molook, or Vale of the Tombs of Kings. "I may call this," says the traveller, "a fortunate day, one of the best perhaps of my life, from the pleasure it afforded me of presenting to the world a new and perfect monument of Egyptian antiquity, which can be recorded as superior to any other in point of grandeur, style, and preservation, appearing as if just finished on the day we entered it; and what I found in it," he adds, "will show its great superiority to all others." Certain indications had convinced him of the existence of a large and unopened sepulchre. Impressed with this idea, he caused the earth to be dug away to the depth of eighteen feet, when the entrance made its appearance. The passage, however, was choked up with large stones, which were with difficulty removed. A long corridor, with a painted ceiling, led to a staircase twenty-three feet long, and nearly nine feet wide. At the bottom was a door, twelve feet high; it opened into a second corridor of the same width, thirty-seven feet long, the sides and ceiling finely sculptured

and painted. "The more I saw," he says, "the more I was eager to see." His progress, however, was interrupted at the end of this second corridor by a pit thirty feet deep and twelve wide. Beyond this was perceived a small aperture about two feet square in the wall, out of which hung a rope reaching probably to the bottom of the well; another rope, fastened to a beam of wood stretching across the passage, on this side also, hung into the well. One of these ropes was unquestionably for the purpose of descending on one side of the well, and the other for that of ascending on the opposite side. Both the wood and the rope crumbled to dust on being touched.

By means of two beams, Belzoni contrived to cross this pit or well, and to force a larger opening in the wall, beyond which was discovered a third corridor, of the same dimensions as the two former. Those parts of the wood and rope which were on the further side of this wall did not fall to dust, but were in a tolerably good state of preservation, owing, as he supposed, to the dryness of the air in these more distant apartments. The pit, he thought, was intended as a sort of reservoir to receive the wet which might drain through the ground between it and the external entrance.

"The sepulchre was now found to open into a number of chambers of different dimensions, with corridors and staircases. Of the chambers, the first was a beautiful hall, twenty-seven feet six inches by twenty-five feet ten inches, in which were four pillars, each three feet square. At the end of this room I call the entrance-hall," says the famous discoverer, "is a large door, from which three steps lead down into a chamber with two pillars. This is twenty-eight feet two inches by twenty-five feet six inches. The pillars are three feet ten inches square. I gave it the name of the drawing-room; for it is covered with figures, which, though only outlined, are so fine and perfect, that you would think they had been drawn only the day before. Returning into the entrance-hall, we saw on the left of the aperture a large staircase, which descended into a corridor. It is thirteen feet four inches long,

seven and a half wide, and has eighteen steps. At the bottom we entered a beautiful corridor, thirty-six feet six inches by six feet eleven inches. We perceived that the paintings became more perfect as we advanced farther into the interior. They retained their gloss, or a kind of varnish over the colours, which had a beautiful effect. The figures are painted on a white ground. At the end of this corridor we descended ten steps, which I call the small stairs, into another, seventeen feet two inches by ten feet five inches. From this we entered a small chamber, twenty feet four inches by thirteen feet eight inches, to which I gave the name of the Room of Beauties; for it is adorned with the most beautiful figures in basso relievo, like all the rest, and painted. When standing in the centre of this chamber, the traveller is surrounded by an assembly of Egyptian gods and goddesses.

Proceeding further, we entered a large hall, twenty-seven feet nine inches by twenty-six feet ten inches. In this hall are two rows of square pillars, three on each side of the entrance, forming a line with the corridors. At each side of this hall is a small chamber. This hall I termed the Hall of Pillars; the chamber on the right, Isis' Room, as in it a large cow is painted; that on the left, the Room of Mysteries, from the mysterious figures it exhibits. At the end of this hall we entered a large saloon with an arched roof or ceiling, which is separated from the Hall of Pillars only by a step, so that the two may be reckoned one.

The saloon is thirty-one feet ten inches by twenty-seven feet. On the right of the saloon is a small chamber without anything in it, roughly cut, as if unfinished, and without painting; on the left we entered a chamber with two square pillars, twenty-five feet eight inches by twenty-two feet ten inches. This I called the Sideboard Room, as it has a projection of three feet in the form of a sideboard all round, which was perhaps intended to contain the articles necessary for the funeral ceremony. The pillars are three feet four inches square, and the whole beautifully painted as the rest. At the

same end of the room, and facing the Hall of Pillars, we entered by a large door into another chamber, with four pillars, one of which is fallen down. This chamber is forty-three feet four inches by seventeen feet six inches, the pillars three feet seven inches square. It is covered with white plaster, where the rock did not cut smoothly, but there is no painting in it. I named it the Bull's, or Apis', Room, as we found the carcase of a bull in it, embalmed with asphaltum, and also, scattered in various places, an immense quantity of small wooden figures of mummies, six or eight inches long, and covered with asphaltum to preserve them. There were some other figures of fine earth baked, coloured blue, and strongly varnished. On each side of the two little rooms were wooden statues standing erect, four feet high, with a circular hollow inside, as if to contain a roll of papyrus, which I have no doubt they did. We found likewise fragments of other statues of wood and of composition.

But the description of what we found in the centre of the saloon, and which I have reserved till this place, merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is a sarcophagus of the finest Oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long and three feet seven inches wide. Its thickness is only two inches; and it is transparent when a light is placed inside of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased, united with several emblems. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out, and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance. The sarcophagus was over a staircase in the centre of the saloon, which communicated in a subterraneous passage, leading downwards three

hundred feet in length. At the end of this passage we found a great quantity of bats' dung, which choked it up, so that we could go no further without digging. It was nearly filled up, too, by the falling in of the upper part."

This sarcophagus, as we have already stated (p. 195), is now in Sir John Soane's Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Copies of the figures on the walls of the tomb are to be seen in the Egyptian rooms of the British Museum, and form not the least striking of its vast collection of curiosities.

Perhaps the most arduous of Belzoni's enterprises was the opening of the second pyramid of Ghiza, known by the name of Cephrenes, as the largest pyramid is known by the name of Cheops. Herodotus, the ancient Greek historian, was informed that this pyramid had no subterranean chambers, and his information being found in latter ages to be generally correct, may be supposed to have operated in preventing that curiosity which prompted the opening of the great pyramid of Cheops by Shaw. Belzoni, however, perceived certain indications of sufficient weight to induce him to make the attempt. His account of the affair is very characteristic.

"Having acquired permission," he says, "I began my labours on the 10th of February, 1818, at a point on the north side, in a vertical section at right angles to that side of the base. On the 17th we had made a considerable advance downwards, when an Arab workman called out, making a great noise, and saying that he had found the entrance. He had discovered a hole in the pyramid into which he could just thrust his arm and spear of six feet long. Towards the evening we discovered a larger aperture, about three feet square, which had been closed in irregularly by a hewn stone. This stone I caused to be removed, and then came to an opening larger than the preceding, but filled up with loose stones and sand. This satisfied me that it was not the real, but a forced passage, which I found to lead inwards and towards the south. The next day we succeeded in entering fifteen feet from the outside, when we reached a place where

the sand and stones began to fall from above. I caused the rubbish to be taken out, but it still continued to fall in great quantities. At last, after some days' labour, I discovered an upper forced entrance, communicating with the outside from above, and which had evidently been cut by some one who was in search of the true passage. Having cleared this passage, I perceived another opening below, which apparently ran towards the centre of the pyramid.

In a few hours I was able to enter this passage, which runs horizontally towards the centre of the pyramid, nearly all choked up with stones and sand. These obstructions I caused to be taken out, and at half-way from the entrance I found a descent, which also had been forced, and which ended at the distance of forty feet. I afterwards continued the work in the horizontal passage above, in hopes that it might lead to the centre; but I was disappointed, and at last was convinced that it ended there, and that to attempt to advance that way would only incur the risk of sacrificing some of my workmen, as it was really astonishing to see how the stones hung suspended over their heads, resting perhaps by a single point; indeed, one of these stones fell, and had nearly killed one of the men. I therefore retired from the forced passage with great regret and disappointment.

Notwithstanding the discouragements I met with, I recommenced my researches on the following day, depending upon my indications. I directed the ground to be cleared away to the eastward of the false entrance; the stones, encrusted and bound together with cement, were equally as hard as the former, and we had as many large stones to remove as before. By this time my retreat had been discovered, which occasioned me many interruptions from visitors.

On February 28th we discovered a block of granite in an inclined direction towards the centre of the pyramid, and I perceived that the inclination was the same as that of the passage of the first pyramid, or that of Cheops; consequently I began to hope that I was near the true entrance. On the



THE SECOND AND THIRD PYRAMIDS.

1st of March we observed three large blocks of stone one upon the other, all inclined towards the centre; these large stones we had to remove, as well as others much larger, as we advanced, which considerably retarded our approach to the desired spot. I perceived, however, that I was near the true entrance, and, in fact, the next day about noon, on the 2nd of March, was the epoch at which the grand pyramid of Cephrenes was at last opened, after being closed up so many centuries that it remained an uncertainty whether any interior chambers did or did not exist."

Belzoni succeeded in reaching the central chamber of the pyramid, and found a quaint sarcophagus, of which the lid had been at some time opened. Some bones were found, which were brought, with great care, to England, under the idea that they were the bones of Cephrenes, the reputed builder of the Second Pyramid. It turned out that the bones were those of a cow! A learned osteologist affirmed this. So either some ancient searcher after hidden treasure had perpetrated a practical joke, which is very unlikely, or the sacred animals of the Egyptians were sometimes interred with regal honours. The tomb may have been that of the holy cow, worshipped by Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid!

Poor Belzoni amassed no fortune by the wonderful relics that he brought to England. He was a man of high honour, and in his book of travels he is very anxious to show that he was not paid by Mr. Salt for his services, but that he only received the bare expenses necessary for obtaining the precious relics for the Museum of the British nation, of which he was a grateful and loyal naturalised citizen. In an article on Jean Baptiste Belzoni in a standard French dictionary of biography, it is stated that his book of travels, first published in London in 1821, was translated in the following year by M. Depping, and issued in Paris, in two volumes. He died in 1823, soon after starting on a new journey in Africa, "leaving to his widow little beyond the glory of his name." So says his French biographer.

Many years after his death it was ascertained (through a curious chain of incidents, which are narrated in the *Leisure Hour* for 1876, p. 557) that the widow of Belzoni was living in great poverty in Germany. The fact was communicated to Sir Roderick Murchison, who, with his wonted kindness of heart, got the Foreign Office to make inquiries, and the result was that Mrs. Belzoni enjoyed for the remainder of her life a pension of £100 a year from the British Government.

As Belzoni remained several years in Egypt, and was always busy with his explorations, he came to know more than any previous traveller about the ruined cities, and especially about the tombs of their inhabitants. The description of the great rock cave cemetery of ancient Thebes and the searches for notable mummies will be read with deep interest.

"Gournou is a tract of rocks, about two miles in length, at the foot of the Libyan mountains, on the west of Thebes, and was the burial-place of the great city of a hundred gates. Every part of these rocks is cut out by art, in the form of large and small chambers, each of which has its separate entrance; and, though they are very close to each other, it is seldom that there is any interior communication from one to another. I can truly say, it is impossible to give any description sufficient to convey the smallest idea of those subterranean abodes and their inhabitants. There are no sepulchres in any part of the world like them; there are no excavations or mines that can be compared to these truly astonishing places; and no exact description can be given of their interior, owing to the difficulty of visiting these recesses. The inconveniency of entering into them is such, that it is not every one who can support the exertion.

A traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go; besides, he is taken up with the strange works he observes cut in various places, and painted on each side of the walls; so that when he comes to a narrow and difficult

passage, or to have to descend to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, naturally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses anything so magnificent as what he sees above, and consequently deeming it useless to proceed any farther.

My permanent residence in Thebes was the cause of my success. The Arabs saw that I paid particular attention to the situation of the entrance into the tombs, and that they could not avoid being seen by me when they were at work digging in search of a new tomb, though they are very cautious when any stranger is in Gournou not to let it be known where they go to open the earth; and as travellers generally remain in that place a few days only, they used to leave off digging during that time. If any traveller be curious enough to ask to examine the interior of a tomb, they are ready to show him one immediately, and conduct him to some of the old tombs, where he sees nothing but the grottoes in which mummies formerly had been deposited, or where there are but few, and these already plundered; so that he can form but a poor idea of the real tombs where the remains were originally placed."

It was one of Belzoni's mummies, when brought to London, that inspired the famous poem by Horace Smith, in which the humorous in some places reaches to the sublime. As it is familiar, from being in many collections of poetry, we quote only some of the stanzas, which will be read with new interest, after what has been said in the foregoing pages of the laborious search for mummies by Belzoni:—

"And hast thou walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago?—

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

"Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;

Thou hast a tongue? come, let us hear its tune:

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, mummy!

'Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,'

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,

But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

- “Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx’s fame ;
 Was Cheops, or Cephrenes, architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
 Is ‘ Pompey’s Pillar ’ really a misnomer ?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?
- “Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer’s hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;
 Or held, by Solomon’s own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple’s dedication.
- “Didst thou not hear the pother o’er thy head
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
 Marched armies o’er thy tomb with thundering tread,
 O’erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?
- If the tomb’s secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold ;
 A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled :
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?
- “Statue of flesh ! immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quitt’st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,—
 Thou wilt hear nothing—till the Judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning !
- “Why should this worthless tegument endure
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 Oh ! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !”
-

THE STORY OF LORD DUNDONALD, K.C.B.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY holds the remains of no warrior more brave, of no man more honourable, than Thomas Cochrane, tenth earl of Dundonald. In the glorious annals of the British navy, if his name is less renowned than that of Howe, or Duncan, or Nelson, it is not because he was inferior to them in talents or in heroism, but because he had not the same opportunity of distinguishing himself. He never had command of a British fleet, nor, except for a brief period, of more than a single ship. Yet his achievements were so remarkable that they fill many a page in the naval history of England; and the same enterprise and daring was shown in his later life, when assisting the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in South America to gain their independence. His was altogether a long and varied and most extraordinary career. Of some of his most notable exploits I propose to give an account, and to explain why he was prevented from holding high command in the British navy, and why he passed so many years of his adventurous life in foreign service.

Born in 1775, the heir of an old Scottish peerage, Lord Cochrane was at first intended for the army, and a commission was procured for him. But he showed so strong an aversion to a military life, and so decided a preference for the sea—possibly inherited from his maternal grandfather, Captain Gilchrist, a distinguished naval officer,—that his father allowed him to follow his inclination. In 1793, his uncle, Captain the Hon. Alexander Cochrane, took him on board his ship, the *Hind*, 28 guns, then lying at Sheerness. His first appearance on the deck of a man-of-war was a curious scene. The captain introduced his nephew to the first lieutenant, well known in the service as “honest Jack Larmour.” Jack had been promoted from the forecastle to the quarter-deck for gallant deeds and good conduct. Lord Cochrane describes the

scene in his "Autobiography of a Seaman," a work written near the close of his life. "On my introduction, Jack was dressed in the garb of a seaman, with marlinspike slung round his neck and a lump of grease in his hand, and was busily employed in setting up the rigging." At first Jack Larmour was inclined to be brusque towards the new midshipman, and his being a lord was no recommendation. But on finding that the youth was no idler, and a frank, willing learner, honest Jack took the utmost pains to instruct him in the duties of his profession. They became fast friends, and when the *Hind* returned from a cruise, and Cochrane was transferred to the *Thetis*, Larmour joined the same ship. The *Thetis* was ordered to the North American station. In 1795, within eighteen months of his entering the service, Admiral Murray, commander of the fleet, appointed Lord Cochrane third lieutenant. After a few months he was made acting lieutenant of the *Africa*. In May, 1796, he was transferred to his uncle's ship, and in June, 1797, he passed for lieutenant, having as yet held only brevet rank, till his time for midshipman was completed. He was appointed to the *Resolution*, the flag-ship of Admiral Vandeput, who had succeeded Admiral Murray in command of the station. These five years proved almost uneventful, but in the following year—1798—he returned to Europe, where more stirring scenes were to be expected.

His first appointment was to the *Barfleur*, the flag-ship of Admiral Lord Keith, who was then engaged in blockading a powerful Spanish fleet off Cadiz. Thence Lord Keith proceeded to Toulon, where there was a still more powerful French fleet. At Cadiz there were twenty-two Spanish ships, and at Toulon thirty-three French men-of-war; yet Lord Keith was not afraid to meet them with only sixteen British sail of the line and a few frigates. The commander on the Mediterranean station was then Lord St. Vincent, who probably thought that Lord Keith was running too great risks, and ordered him to retire to Minorca.

In June, 1799, Lord Cochrane joined the *Queen Charlotte*, to

which Lord Keith had removed his flag, on assuming command of the fleet, after the return of Lord St. Vincent to England. The French fleet managed to pass the Straits of Gibraltar, and got safely to Brest, followed by the British. At Torbay the Mediterranean fleet and the Channel fleet, under Sir Alan Gardner, mustered nearly fifty sail of the line. The French fleet did not care to remain at Brest, and returned to Gibraltar, pursued by Lord Keith, relieving Lord Nelson, who had temporary command.

Lord Cochrane never sailed with Nelson or served under him, but saw a good deal of him at Palermo, in this year. One remark of Nelson in conversation he never forgot. "Never mind manœuvres," he said; "always go at them." It was a bit of advice quite in accord with Cochrane's own disposition, "an advice to which," he says, "I subsequently had reason to consider myself indebted for successful attacks under apparently difficult circumstances."

Soon after this, Lord Keith gave Lord Cochrane the command of the *Généreux*, a French seventy-four, which had been captured by Nelson's squadron. He had orders to take the ship to Port Mahon. It was a poor crew, consisting largely of sick and invalided men, drafted from other ships. The voyage was perilous, yet this appointment was the means of Cochrane's life in all probability being preserved, as the *Queen Charlotte*, after leaving Leghorn, where she landed the admiral, was destroyed by fire, when her captain, four lieutenants, twenty-two other officers, and upwards of six hundred seamen and marines perished.

As a reward for his conduct on the *Généreux*, bringing her safely to harbour, Lord Keith promoted Cochrane to the command of the *Speedy*, then lying at Port Mahon. "The *Speedy*," says Lord Cochrane in his autobiography, "was little more than a burlesque on a vessel of war, even in those days. She was about the size of an average coasting brig, her burden being 158 tons. She was crowded rather than manned with a crew of eighty-four men, myself included. Her armament

consisted of fourteen 4-pounders." Lord Cochrane once carried in his pockets the broadside, twenty-eight pounds in all, thrown by these guns, which were little larger than a blunderbuss! When a new main-yard was required for this little craft, the foretop gallant-yard of the *Généreux*, reduced, was supplied; and the captain's cabin, which was only five feet high, was too small for a chair, the whole available space being occupied by a table and lockers. This, however, was the ship in which some of Lord Cochrane's most daring enterprises were carried out, and "her captain," says Lieutenant Lowe, in a sketch in the *Army and Navy Magazine*, "earned a reputation for dash and capacity which made his name a proverb in the navies of the Old and New World."

The first prize of the *Speedy* was a French privateer, the *Intrepide*, the rumour of which capture soon spread along the Spanish coast. This was in May, 1800, and from that time till the May of the following year he was engaged in watching and blockading the Spanish ports, every now and then dashing after any ship that hove in sight. On one occasion he gave chase to what appeared a large merchantman, but on getting near the vessel raised her ports, which had been closed, and the little *Speedy* was under the guns of a powerful frigate. Lord Cochrane knew that a fight would be disastrous, so he had recourse to stratagem. Danish colours were run up, hoping the *Speedy* would be taken for a Danish brig, the *Clomer*, well known then in these waters. The Spanish captain was not satisfied, however, and sent a boat towards the *Speedy*. Cochrane was equal to the occasion. The yellow quarantine flag was hoisted at the fore, and a Danish quarter-master, whom he had recently shipped, was ordered to hail the boat, and to convey the report that he was two days from Algiers, where the plague was raging. This was enough for the officer, who hastened back to the frigate with the alarming news; and the *Speedy* was left alone.

Many adventures were crowded into that year, but the grand event was the capture of the *Gamo*, Spanish frigate, a feat of daring almost unequalled in naval conflicts.

On the 4th May the *Speedy* was off Barcelona, having within the last few days captured several Spanish ships, which were sent off to Port Mahon, as a swarm of gunboats showed themselves, watching to attack the *Speedy* and retake its prizes. At midnight on the 5th May the gunboats came out, but on being approached they ran towards the shore, keeping up a running fire. Cochrane suspected that this might be a ruse or decoy, as it was repeated several times, and on the morning of the 6th he ran in for Barcelona. The trap then was revealed in the form of a large Spanish frigate, running under the land, bearing E.S.E.

As some of the officers of the *Speedy* had expressed dissatisfaction at not having been permitted to attack the other frigate, which had been driven off by the fear of the plague, he told them they would have a fair fight this time, notwithstanding that, through manning the two last prizes sent to Port Mahon, the crew was reduced to fifty-four—officers, men, and boys all told. Orders were given to pipe all hands and prepare for action. The result we give in the gallant Cochrane's own words, as recorded in the "Autobiography of a Seaman" (Bentley), a work of thrilling interest throughout :—

"Accordingly we made towards the frigate, which was now coming down under steering sails. At 9.30 A.M. she fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours, which the *Speedy* acknowledged by hoisting American colours, our object being, as we were now exposed to her full broadside, to puzzle her, till we got on the other tack, when we ran up the English ensign, and immediately afterwards encountered her broadside without damage.

Shortly afterwards she gave us another broadside, also without effect. My orders were not to fire a gun till we were close to her, when, running under her lee, we locked our yards amongst her rigging, and in this position returned our broadside, such as it was.

To have fired our popgun 4-pounders at a distance would have been to throw away the ammunition ; but the guns being

doubly, and, as I afterwards learned, trebly, shotted, and being elevated, they told admirably upon her main-deck, the first discharge, as was subsequently ascertained, killing the Spanish captain and the boatswain.

My reason for locking our small craft in the enemy's rigging was the one upon which I mainly relied for victory, viz., that, from the height of the frigate out of the water, the whole of her shot must necessarily go over our heads, whilst our guns, being elevated, would blow up her main-deck.

The Spaniards speedily found out the disadvantage under which they were fighting, and gave the order to board the *Speedy*; but as this order was as distinctly heard by us as by them, we avoided it at the moment of execution by sheering off sufficiently to prevent the movement, giving them a volley of musketry and a broadside before they could recover themselves.

Twice was this manœuvre repeated, and twice thus averted. The Spaniards finding that they were only punishing themselves, gave up further attempts to board, and stood to their guns, which were cutting up our rigging from stem to stern, but doing little farther damage; for after the lapse of an hour the loss to the *Speedy* was only two men killed and four wounded.

This kind of combat, however, could not last. Our rigging being cut up, and the *Speedy's* sails riddled with shot, I told the men that they must either take the frigate or be themselves taken, in which case the Spaniards would give no quarter, whilst a few minutes energetically employed on their part would decide the matter in their own favour."

The doctor, Mr. Guthrie, who when Lord Dundonald's book appeared was still living to peruse this record of his gallantry, volunteered to take the helm. Leaving him therefore for the time both commander and crew of the *Speedy*, the order was given to board, and in a few seconds every man was on the enemy's deck—a feat rendered the more easy as the doctor placed the *Speedy* close alongside with admirable skill.

"For a moment the Spaniards seemed taken by surprise, as

though unwilling to believe that so small a crew would have the audacity to board them; but soon recovering themselves, they made a rush to the waist of the frigate, where the fight was for some minutes gallantly carried on. Observing the enemy's colours still flying, I directed one of our men immediately to haul them down, when the Spanish crew, without pausing to consider by whose orders the colours had been struck, and naturally believing it the act of their own officers, gave in, and we were in possession of the *Gamo* frigate of thirty-two heavy guns and three hundred and nineteen men, who an hour and a half before had looked upon us as a certain, if not an easy, prey.

Our loss in boarding was Lieutenant Parker, severely wounded in several places, one seaman killed, and three wounded, which, with those previously killed and wounded, gave a total of three seamen killed and one officer and seventeen men wounded.

The *Gamo's* loss was Captain de Torres—the boatswain—and thirteen seamen killed, together with forty-one wounded, her casualties thus exceeding the whole number of officers and crew on board the *Speedy*.

Some time after the surrender of the *Gamo*, and when we were in quiet possession, the officer who had succeeded the deceased Captain Don Francisco de Torres, not in command, but in rank, applied to me for a certificate that he had done his duty during the action! whereupon he received from me a certificate that he had “conducted himself like a true Spaniard,” with which document he appeared highly gratified, and I had afterwards the satisfaction of learning that it procured him further promotion in the Spanish service!

Shortly before boarding an incident occurred which, by those who have never been placed in similar circumstances, may be thought too absurd for notice. Knowing that the final struggle would be a desperate one, and calculating on the superstitious wonder which forms an element in the Spanish character, a portion of our crew were ordered to blacken their faces, and

what with this and the excitement of combat, more ferocious-looking objects could scarcely be imagined. The fellows thus disguised were directed to board by the head, and the effect produced was precisely that calculated on. The greater portion of the Spaniard's crew was prepared to repel boarders in that direction, but stood for a few moments, as it were, transfixed to the deck by the apparition of so many diabolical-looking figures emerging from the white smoke of the bow guns; whilst our other men, who boarded by the waist, rushed on them from behind, before they could recover from their surprise at the unexpected phenomenon.

In difficult or doubtful attacks by sea—and the odds of fifty men to three hundred and twenty comes within this description—no device can be too minute, even if apparently absurd, provided it have the effect of diverting the enemy's attention whilst you are concentrating your own. In this, and other successes against odds, I have no hesitation in saying that success in no slight degree depended on out-of-the-way devices, which the enemy not suspecting, were in some measure thrown off their guard."

The victory was won against fearful odds, as a brief summary will show. The *Gamo* had on the main-deck twenty-two long 12-pounders, on the quarter-deck eight long 8-pounders and two 24-pounder carronades. The crew numbered 319. The broadside weight of shot was 190 pounds. The tonnage was above 600.

Against this armament the little *Speedy* could show only fourteen 4-pounders on the main-deck, and no guns on the quarter-deck. The number of the crew was 54. The broadside weight of shot was 28 pounds, and the tonnage only 158.

It became a puzzle what to do with the 263 unhurt prisoners, the *Speedy* having only 42 men left. The Spaniards were driven into the hold, with guns pointing down the hatchway, and 30 of the crew of the *Speedy* had charge of the prize, under command of a midshipman, the Hon. Archibald Cochrane, brother of the captain. She was thus safely taken to Port

Mahon, the Barcelona gunboats, though spectators of the action, not venturing to come near.

The tidings of this affair soon spread far and wide, but the absence of the commander of the fleet caused delay in the official report, and Cochrane lost his instant promotion to post captain, as was his due according to the usages of the service. It is painful to relate that the jealousy of officers senior in rank, on this and subsequent occasions, hindered the merit of Cochrane being made known in England.

A greater injury was done to the captain and the crew of the *Speedy* by their being cheated of their prize-money through the roguery of the officials of the Admiralty courts at Malta and elsewhere. So much was the gallant seaman annoyed by these acts of injustice and the ill-treatment of British sailors generally, that he determined to quit the service for a time, and to get into Parliament, where he might have opportunity of stating their grievances. Some of the details given in the autobiography make the reader's blood boil at the abuses of the Admiralty in those days, and the shameful treatment of the brave defenders of the honour and safety of England.

We have heard much in our own time of the dockyard abuses. There is much to put right still, but the state of naval administration during the great war was infamous. Captain Brenton, the biographer of Lord St. Vincent, in his "Naval History," gives a melancholy account of the abuses of those days. Lord Cochrane assures us that his statements are not exaggerated, but are far below the truth. In the dockyards the Government was plundered to the tune of more than a million sterling yearly. Contracts were given as matter of favour for electioneering services, when not obtained through sheer bribery. Extravagant prices were charged to the seamen for their wretched clothes and stores. In one instance at the cooperage at Deptford, £1,020 15s. 6d. was charged for work proved to be worth only £37 ! It would scarcely be believed to what extent speculation and waste occurred in every department. The villainy was not merely disgraceful, but disastrous.

For example, whole crews perished through sham bolts being used instead of those required for securing the framework of the ships. Bolts were driven with tops alone, the rest of the metal being purloined. The *York* (64) and the *Blenheim* (74 guns) foundered through this diabolical fraud. In fact, the dockyards, to use Captain Brenton's words, "were the most fruitful sources of plunder and national ruin." Lord St. Vincent himself used even more emphatic language when he said "our dockyards stank of corruption." Fortunes were even made by contractors cheating the poor seamen out of the medicines and comforts allowed by regulation for the sick and wounded. No wonder that a man of honour and kindness like Lord Cochrane longed to do what he could towards naval reform. Leaving, therefore, further notice of his gallant exploits in the two or three following years, of which details are given in his autobiography, we turn to his parliamentary career, in which he displayed as much originality and audacity as in his own profession.

A curious incident marked his first entrance into political life. He stood for the borough of Honiton, but without success, his opponent securing a majority of voters at £5 per head. After the contest, Lord Cochrane sent by his agent a gift of £10 to each of the electors who had proved honest and independent enough to refuse his opponent's £5 bribe. On a vacancy again occurring, he returned to Honiton. He was received with general enthusiasm, the electors doubtless expecting a repetition of the £10 gift for their votes. The captain triumphantly secured his seat, but no money was given beyond the necessary election expenses. The disappointed voters took some revenge on their member, for on asking him to give a feast, he generously assented, and the electors made such good use of the opportunity for guzzling and plunder that the cost to Lord Cochrane was about £1,200!

In the next parliament he had the more important and honourable position of being one of the members for Westminster, his colleague being Sir Francis Burdett, at that time as

ardent a reformer as himself. He soon made his presence felt by his attacks on the maladministration of the navy. The closer that affairs were examined, the more scandalous were the abuses brought to light. Every department and every officer were full of corruption. Not only was there abuse in the Government offices, but the commerce of the enemy was largely aided by a system of granting licences to trade without molestation from our cruisers. These licences were sold in the open market, at Hamburgh and other places ; and French ships were seen coasting along by hundreds in perfect security, even filling the river Thames, contrary to the Navigation Act. We were thus maintaining the commerce and naval power of Bonaparte, while our ships of war were kept up to oppose him.

The subject of allowances and of pensions was one on which Lord Cochrane's indignation was strongly shown. There was a "remarkable speech," of which the House of Commons and country long had remembrance, although it had little result in those ante-reform times. Here are a few of the facts stated in the speech: "An admiral, worn out in the service, is superannuated at £410 a year, while a clerk of the ticket office retires on £700 a year. The widow of Admiral Sir Andrew Mitchell has one-third of the allowance given to the widow of a Commissioner of the Navy! I will give the House another instance. Four daughters of the gallant Captain Courteney have £12 10s. each ; the daughter of Admiral Sir Andrew Mitchell has £25 ; two daughters of Admiral Epworth have £25 each ; the daughter of Admiral Keppel has £24 ; the daughter of Captain Mann, who was killed in action, £25 ; four children of Admiral Moriarty, £25 each. That is, thirteen daughters of admirals and captains, several of whose fathers fell in the service of their country, all of them together receive from the gratitude of the nation a sum less than Dame Mary Saxton, the widow of a Commissioner."

The anomalies of the pension list furnished strange illustrations. "A poor lieutenant who lost both his legs has £80 ; a

captain who lost his arm has only £45 12s. 6d. Yet a late Secretary of the Admiralty retires in full health with £1,500 per annum !

"To speak less in detail, 32 flag officers, 22 captains, 50 lieutenants, 180 masters, 36 surgeons, 23 pursers, 91 boat-swains, 94 gunners, 202 carpenters, and 41 cooks, in all 774 persons, cost the country £4,028 less than the net proceeds of the sinecures of Lords Arden (£20,358), Camden (£20,536), and Buckingham (£20,693). All the superannuated admirals, captains, and lieutenants, put together have but £1,012 more than Earl Camden's sinecure alone. All that is paid to the wounded officers of the whole British navy, and to the wives and children of those dead or killed in action, does not amount by £214 to as much as Lord Arden's sinecure alone. What is paid to the mutilated officers themselves is but half as much !

Is this justice ? Is this the treatment which the officers of the navy deserve at the hands of those who call themselves his Majesty's Government ? Does the country know of this injustice ? Will this too be defended ? If I express myself with warmth, I trust in the indulgence of the House. I cannot suppress my feelings. Should 31 Commissioners, Commissioners' wives, and clerks, have £3,899 more among them than all the wounded officers of the navy of England ? "

Much more to the same purpose he said in what might well be called at the time this remarkable speech. An amusing fact he stated : that his own grandmother, who had a pension of £100 for the services of her gallant husband, Captain Gilchrist, had been dead eight years, yet some patriotic individual at the Admiralty had been drawing her pension, as if she were still living ! Suppose there were a hundred dead widows with a pension of £100 a year each. Some one was at the nation's cost the richer by £10,000 per annum !

The rage caused by this exposure of abuses can well be imagined. A feeble attempt was made to reply and explain,

and Mr. Croker, the Secretary of the Admiralty, had the effrontery to say that the gallant sailor's statements were inaccurate and exaggerated. There was little power at that time in public opinion, as shown through the press, and the speech soon passed into oblivion, while the scandalous abuses remained. The Government, however, felt that it was advisable to get rid of this troublesome reformer, and Lord Cochrane soon afterwards received orders to return to duty at sea!

An event that occurred when he was in command of the *Impérieuse* frigate still more effectually fixed him on the black books of the Admiralty, and kept him from attaining the position in the navy which his heroism and his services deserved. A French fleet, consisting of 10 ships of the line, 4 frigates, and a store-ship, was in the Basque roads, watched by a powerful British fleet, under Lord Gambier. Cochrane volunteered to attack the Frenchmen with a number of fire-ships. These dangerous and uncertain vessels were not very skilfully handled, most of them failing to get near the enemy, but Cochrane pushed on with one or two of them, and caused such panic in the French fleet that almost the whole of the ships were aground as they sought to get near the shore for safety. Cochrane sent frequent signals to the admiral telling the state of affairs, and said that "half the fleet can destroy the enemy." Again and again he signalled, the last time "The frigates alone can destroy the enemy." Still no reply came, and, as the tide rose, he signalled, "The enemy is preparing to heave off." Admiral Gambier let them heave off and put to sea. Cochrane's indignation could be relieved only by having a "go at them" on his own account, and with his single frigate engaged three of the finest French ships, armed and manned with power ten times his own. One was captured, the *Calcutta*, and two others, the *Aquilon* and *Ville de Varsovie*, being much damaged, were captured by other English ships which came to the assistance of the *Impérieuse*, too late to take part in the action. Next morning the admiral retired, having set fire to the two captured ships. Cochrane

resolved to attack the six French ships of the line still within reach, backed only by Captain (the late Admiral Sir) George Seymour with the *Pallas* frigate and some small craft, but a peremptory order of recall was signalled. It is said that Napoleon himself warmly expressed his admiration of the English captain, and as warmly spoke of the misconduct of the admiral. When a vote of thanks to Lord Gambier was proposed in the House of Commons, a protest was made by Lord Cochrane, and this greatly increased the official enmity to the independent British seaman. He never again obtained a command in the British navy!

An extraordinary, and, as it turned out, a most unfortunate occurrence, brought to Lord Cochrane's enemies the opportunity of revenge; and cruelly was the advantage taken. It is known to every one now that he was entirely innocent of the charge brought against him, and that the animosity shown was wholly due to political feeling. But the effect at the time was disastrous to his prospects in his own country, where his name was unjustly disgraced; and this it was that forced him to seek foreign service.

It may here be mentioned that in 1812 his lordship contracted a marriage against the desire of a rich uncle, who consequently disinherited him. The uncle wished him to marry the daughter of one of that class of rich contractors whom Lord Cochrane had so vehemently denounced. Had the lady been ever so desirable, to make such an alliance would have destroyed his public character, which the world would naturally say had been sacrificed to money. "Please yourself," was the uncle's reply. "Nevertheless, my fortune and the money of the wife I have chosen for you would go far towards reinstating the future Earls of Dundonald in their ancient position as regards wealth." The Earl's own account, recorded long after, was that "the marriage with the orphan daughter of a family of honourable standing, Katherine Corbett Barnes, was the happiest and most important event in my life—the 'silver lining' to the 'cloud.' For the loss of my

uncle's wealth, I had a rich equivalent in the acquisition of a wife whom no amount of wealth could have purchased."

The honour of Knight Commander of the Bath was also tardily bestowed, on account of the splendid services in the *Impérieuse*, an honour rarely conferred on so young an officer.

We have now to refer to the extraordinary incident which gave to Lord Cochrane's enemies the opportunity to bring him to disgrace and ruin. It is too long a story to tell in detail. The Earl, at the age of eighty-five, in his autobiography, gives the whole narrative of the affair, as it occurred in 1814, more than forty-five years before. A brief reference to the subject will be sufficient here in order to understand the subsequent career of the gallant seaman.

In that year, 1814, he was tried before Lord Ellenborough, in the Queen's Bench, for "an appearance of complicity in an attempt to raise the public funds" (we give the Earl's own words) "by the dissemination of groundless news, to the prejudice of the Stock Exchange speculators; one of those common deceptions which, I am told, were then, as now, practised by parties connected with the transactions of the Stock Exchange."

A military man, Captain de Berenger, arrived at Dover, and posted to London, bearing tidings of alleged victories of the British army. The news had the effect of raising the funds, to the loss of some and the gain of others. Lord Cochrane had absolutely no interest in the matter, and knew nothing of the purport of De Berenger's visit, but it was proved in evidence that this man had, on his arrival in London, driven to Lord Cochrane's house. He was from home at the time, and when he returned and was told that a stranger, an officer, was waiting for him, at once conjectured that he was bearer of a message from his brother, then dangerously ill in the Peninsula, and of whose death he had expected to hear. Other incidents of De Berenger's visit, especially his leaving Lord Cochrane's house in different uniform from that in which he arrived, and the discovery of the discarded dress thrown in a

bundle into the Thames, were worked up, so as to increase the suspicion of Lord Cochrane's complicity in the fraud. The accusation was so monstrous, that his lordship took scarcely any trouble to collect evidence, from his own servants or others, as to his actual knowledge of this man, De Berenger, or the proceedings at his house. The truth was that an uncle of Lord Cochrane, David Cochrane, really had some share in the fraud, and this had led to the nephew's being also suspected. The result of the trial was that Lord Cochrane was sentenced to pay a fine of £1,000, to be imprisoned for twelve months, and to stand in the pillory for an hour before the Royal Exchange. The latter part of the sentence was remitted, in fact dared not be put into execution, as there would certainly have been a riot in the city. The people were wholly on his side, and his colleague, Sir Francis Burdett, declared that if Cochrane stood in the pillory, he would stand at his side. The sentence, however, carried with it dismissal from the navy and degradation from the Order of the Bath, his banner being "kicked out" of the chapel at Westminster Abbey by the King-at-arms, according to ancient form. Lord Cochrane effected a daring escape from prison, and made his appearance in the House of Commons, where he made a statement in support of his innocence. After a debate he was expelled, and remanded to prison, by a majority of 144 to 44, so subservient was the House to the Ministry of that day. Lord Ellenborough is admitted by all to have behaved disgracefully, giving the weight of his position against the prisoner, and refusing an appeal, on the groundless plea that all parties did not agree in demanding a new trial. Lord Campbell, in his "*Lives of the Chancellors*," says that "this trial caused such uneasy reflections in Lord Ellenborough's mind as were supposed to have hastened his end."

The nation at large believed in Lord Cochrane's integrity, and the electors of Westminster immediately re-elected him, without a contest. On the £1,000 note with which he paid

his fine, and which is still preserved among the curiosities of the Bank of England, he wrote these words: "My health having suffered from long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice." This was written after he had completed his term of imprisonment.

After making vain attempts to obtain reparation for his wrongs, Lord Cochrane accepted an invitation from the Chilian Government to aid them in securing their independence. This he effectually did, and after splendid victories over the Spanish fleet and armies, he returned in triumph to Valparaiso, in June, 1822. He had an enthusiastic reception from the people, but the Government, possibly from poverty, refused the rewards that had been promised for his services. Disgusted by this ingratitude, he left the Chilian service, and was next engaged by the Brazilians to assist them in throwing off the Portuguese yoke. His exploits on that side of the continent were not less remarkable, but the result to himself was not more favourable than in the Chilian war. To him the empire of Brazil, under Don Pedro I., owes its establishment, but he never obtained any recompense except barren titles and honours from the Brazilian Government.

Returning to England in 1824, he was next employed by the Greek revolutionary Government as their naval commander-in-chief. The time was not yet ripe, nor the Greek people prepared, for independence, and Lord Cochrane did not remain long in that service.

He returned to England in the beginning of 1828, and never again drew his sword in war. He lived quietly, devoting himself much to scientific pursuits, among which he invented or discovered agencies of naval warfare, which were declared by those to whom they were confidentially divulged such as would have revolutionised the whole operations of war. What his plans were never became known, and the secret died with him.

Even as late as the Russian war, he offered to destroy Cronstadt, as he had volunteered on previous occasions to demonstrate the terrible power at his command. A select committee of experts, to whom the plans were submitted, under oath of secrecy, refused their sanction to "operations not in accord with civilised methods of war." Whether these methods are more retained by the chemical explosives and the torpedoes of our own day may be doubted. At all events, Cochrane's mysterious plans of attack were never tested in actual warfare.

The time at length came when a new order of things existed in the government of England. With the accession of William IV. and the advent of a reform Ministry, under Earl Grey, the opportunity arrived for the grievances of Lord Cochrane being heard in the councils of the nation, and for his wrongs being redressed. On the 8th May, 1832, he was gazetted a rear-admiral, and a "free pardon" proclaimed, a term which naturally galled him. In 1844 he was awarded a good service pension, but it was not till 1847 that the Earl of Dundonald—he had succeeded to the earldom in 1831—was restored to the rank of Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, the Queen graciously signifying her special approval of this tardy act of reparation. About the same time he was appointed commander-in-chief on the North American station. In 1854 he was Rear-Admiral of England.

The English nation, always convinced of his innocence of the charges under which he had suffered, and proud of him as one of the noblest representatives of the navy, rejoiced in his new dignities and honours. All his old enemies were dead or were shamed into silence; and when the end came, in 1860, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had not long previously written the autobiography in which his services and his trials are recorded.



MOUNT ARAFAT, NEAR MECCA. (After a drawing by Captain Burton.)

BURTON'S PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA AND MEDINAH.

IN the autumn of 1852, a young officer of the Indian army, Lieutenant Richard (since known to fame as Sir Richard) Burton, was in England on furlough. He offered his services to the Royal Geographical Society—the prompter and helper of many exploits of travel and adventure—to explore the *terra incognita* of Eastern and Central Arabia. An application for extension of leave was made to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, then the rulers of India, but was refused, although supported by the personal solicitations of Sir Roderick Murchison, Colonel Yorke, Dr. Shaw, and other leading geographers. The ground of refusal was the peril of the undertaking, to which the Directors did not feel themselves justified in giving their sanction. The traveller would have to go in the disguise of a Mohammedan pilgrim, and in case of detection he would meet swift destruction from the fanatical Moslems.

Nothing daunted by the representations of danger, enlarged upon in refusing his request, Burton resolved to attempt the journey on his own responsibility. He applied for a short additional furlough, which was the more readily granted in compensation for his disappointment. He at once made preparations quietly for the pilgrimage, and, by dint of skilful, cool, and daring enterprise, he accomplished his purpose, and in his "Personal Narrative" (Longmans) has given the result of one of the most wonderful feats of modern travel.

None but a very few of his most trusted friends were in the secret. These augured well for the success of the enterprise from what they knew of the resolute character and ready resource of the man, as well as the general ability of which the world had already formed a favourable opinion from his "Travels in Scinde," published some years before.

The first thing was to plan and perfect the traveller's disguise. In this the personal concealment was comparatively

an easy matter. This is understood by any one who saw Burton in his pilgrim dress, or who looks at the portrait given in the second volume of his narrative. His nearest friend would never imagine that an Englishman inhabited that marvellous Oriental dress, to which the dark complexion and fierce eyes give additional touches of disguise. Neither was the language a point of any difficulty, Burton being familiar with Arabic, and a good linguist, so that he had no anxiety as to detection on this score amidst the polyglot crowd of pilgrims. The character assumed was that of an Eastern dervish, skilled in medicine, of Afghan extraction, but professedly a native of Rangoon. At first he thought of figuring as a Persian, and with this intention he arrived in Egypt, but he thought that in this guise he might be more open to observation and detection. A Burmese of Afghan extraction was a much less familiar Hadji. The real difficulty in the task of preparation was to become thoroughly versed in every detail of Oriental habits and usages, so that suspicion should never be roused by any European manners being noticed.

This training was not only positive, but also negative, getting acquainted with all necessary Oriental and Moslem ways, and at the same time repressing every display of Western feeling and expression. Often was his temper tried, when exposed to treatment which English flesh and blood had a hard struggle to refrain from resenting. Many humorous examples of this self-restraint are mentioned. On board the *Nile* steamer his patience was tried by his own countrymen as well as by natives. He had taken charge of a small parcel for an Englishman, and handed it to him on board; "of this little service the only acknowledgment was a stare and a petulant inquiry why I had not given it to him before. Another Englishman, half publicly, half privily, as though communing with himself, condemned my organs of vision, because I happened to touch his elbow. He was a man in my own service; I pardoned him in consideration of the compliment paid to my disguise."

All through the pilgrimage the traveller was exposed to

insults difficult to be borne by an Englishman. But he kept his temper well, and was ever ready in his resources under circumstances of difficulty. The most skilful contrivance was that by which he was able to make regular notes during the journey. This must be told in his own words.

“Pilgrims, especially those from Turkey, carry a ‘Hamail,’ to denote their holy errand. This is a pocket Koran, in a handsome gold-embroidered crimson velvet or red morocco case, slung by red silk cords over the left shoulder. It must hang down by the right side, and should never, for respect, depend below the waist-belt. For this I substituted a most useful article. To all appearance a ‘Hamail,’ it had inside three compartments—one for my watch and compass, the second for ready money, and the third contained penknife, pencils, and slips of paper, which I could hold concealed in the palm of my hand. These were for writing and drawing; opportunities of making a ‘fair copy’ into the diary-book are never wanting to the acute traveller. He must, however, beware of sketching before the Bedouins, who would certainly proceed to extreme measures, suspecting him to be a spy or a sorcerer. My diary-book was made up by a Cairene; it was a long, thin volume fitting into a breast-pocket, where it could be carried without being seen.

I began by writing notes in the Arabic character, but as no risk appeared, my journal was afterwards kept in English. More than once, by way of experiment, I showed the writing on a loose slip of paper to my companions, and astonished them with the strange character derived from Solomon and Alexander, the Lord of the two Horns, which I told them ‘we Afghans’ still use.

For a short trip a pencil suffices; on long journeys ink is necessary; the latter article should be English, not Eastern, which is washed out clean the first time your luggage is thoroughly soaked with rain. The traveller may use either the Persian or the brass Egyptian inkstand; the latter, however, is preferable, being stronger and less likely to be broken. But unless he be capable of writing and reading an Oriental

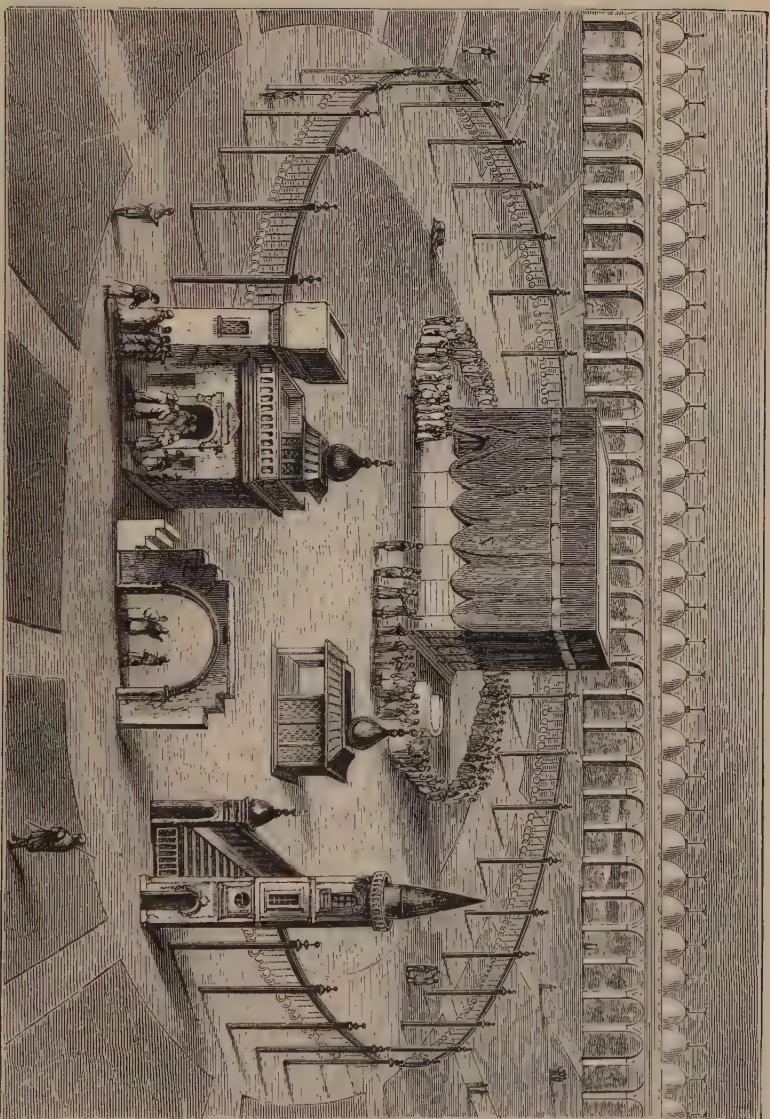
letter correctly, it would be unadvisable to carry such an article in the waist-belt, as this gives out publicly that he is a scribe.

When sketching, the pencil is the best, because the simplest and shortest mode of operation is required. Important lines should be afterwards marked with ink, as 'fixing' is impossible on such journeys. For prudence' sake, when my sketches were made, I cut up the paper into square pieces, numbered them for future reference, and hid them in the tin canisters that contained my medicines."

Captain Burton started from the port of Yambu, the nearest point to Medinah, as Jeddah is to Mecca. His purpose was first to visit Medinah, the burial-place of the Prophet, and then to proceed to Mecca, the mysterious centre of Moslem worship throughout the world. Long before Mohammed was heard of, Mecca was the sacred city of Arabia, and the Kaabeh, now the Holy of holies for the faithful, was for ages before the object of popular adoration. The black stone known as the Kaabeh is probably an aerolite of unusual size, which, like the stone of Diana at Ephesus, was looked on by the surrounding people as a Divinely sent gift from heaven. To this sacred shrine the tribes of Arabia had from time immemorial made their pilgrimage and brought their gifts and offerings, and it was therefore a master-stroke of crafty policy when the false prophet identified this historic shrine with the new religion which he founded.

Whether Medinah or Mecca is the most sacred city was long disputed among Moslems, but the universal opinion now is that Medinah is the most holy city, as containing the tomb of the Prophet, but that the Kaabeh at Mecca is more holy than any spot in Medina, and it is to this, therefore, that all the faithful turn during their devotions, in whatever region of the globe their prayers are offered.

The incidents of Burton's journey from Yambu to Medinah did not much differ from those of ordinary journeys in the desert. They are not all devout and holy men who make the



THE KABEH, MECCA.

pilgrimage, although a large proportion are true Hadjis in spirit as well as in profession. Keen traders are always with the caravans. No Hadji is thought the worse of because he has taken with him several camel-loads of merchandise, and has made a few shrewd bargains in the intervals of his devotions at the holy shrines. Canon Tristram once asked a well-known Arab sheikh, who was reasonably suspected of having enriched himself at the cost of the Damascus caravan, "How can you be so wicked as to rob the devout and holy men who are going the Hadj?" "We rob no true saints," was the reply. "We only relieve roguish traders of the goods with which they might defraud the faithful at the holy shrines." This was a respectable and merchant-like robber, but the well-known fact of the large amount of commerce connected with the pilgrim caravans adds the greatest danger to the journey, by exciting the cupidity of the lawless nomad Bedouins, whose piety is slight compared with the love of loot obtained at small risk.

The first of the three volumes of Burton's "Personal Narrative" is occupied with the account of his proceedings in Egypt, where he was detained for several months, in various preparations for his Arabian journey. The difficulties in procuring a passport and other incidents are described in amusing terms. One chapter of general interest is the account of the celebrated annual season of the Ramazan.

"This year," he says, "the Ramazan befell in June (for it is a movable time), and a fearful infliction was that 'blessed month.' For the space of sixteen consecutive hours and a quarter, we were forbidden to eat, drink, smoke, snuff, and even to swallow our saliva designedly. I say forbidden, for although the highest orders of Turks may break the ordinance in strict privacy, popular opinion would condemn any open infraction of it with uncommon severity.

The middle and lower ranks observe the duties of the season, however arduous, with exceeding zeal; of the many who suffered severely from such total abstinence, I found but one patient who would eat even to save his life. And among

the vulgar, sinners who habitually drink when they should pray will fast and perform their devotions through the Ramazan.

Like the Italian and Greek fasts, the chief effect of the 'blessed month' upon true believers is to darken their tempers into positive gloom. Their voices, never of the softest, acquire, especially after noon, a terribly harsh and creaking tone. The men curse one another and beat the women. The women slap and abuse the children, and these in their turn cruelly entreat and use harsh language to the dogs and cats. You can scarcely spend ten minutes in any populous part of the city without hearing some violent dispute. The 'Karakun,' or station-houses, are filled with lords who have administered an undue dose of chastisement to their ladies, and with ladies who have scratched, bitten, and otherwise injured the bodies of their lords. The mosques are crowded with a sulky, grumbling population, making themselves offensive to one another on earth, whilst working their way to heaven ; and in the shade, under the outer walls, the little boys who have been expelled the church attempt to forget their miseries in spiritless play. In the bazaars and streets, pale, long-drawn faces, looking for the most part intolerably cross, catch your eye, and at this season a stranger will sometimes meet with positive incivility. A shopkeeper, for instance, usually says when he rejects an insufficient offer, 'Yaftah Allah'—'Allah opens;' in the Ramazan, he will grumble about the bore of Ghashim ('Johnny-raws'), and gruffly tell you not to stand there wasting his time. But, as a rule, the shops are either shut or destitute of shopmen, merchants will not purchase, and students will not study. In fine, the Ramazan for many classes is one-twelfth of the year wantonly thrown away.

The following is the routine of a fast-day. About half an hour after midnight, the gun sounds its warning to faithful men that it is time to prepare for the 'Sahur,' or morning meal. My servant then wakes me if I have slept, brings water for

ablution, spreads the Sufrah, and places before me certain remnants of the evening's meal. It is some time before the stomach becomes accustomed to such early hours, but in matters of appetite, habit is everything, and for health's sake one should strive to eat as plentifully as possible. Then sounds the Salam, or 'Blessings on the Prophet,' an introduction to the call of morning prayer. Smoking sundry pipes with tenderness, as if taking leave of a friend, and until the second gun, fired at about half-past two a.m., gives the Insak—the order to abstain from food—I wait the Azan, which in this month is called somewhat earlier than usual. Then, after a ceremony termed the Niyat of fasting, I say my prayers, and prepare for repose. At 7 a.m. the labours of the day begin for the working classes of society; the rich spend the night in revelling, and rest from dawn to noon.

The first thing on rising is to perform the Wuzu, or lesser ablution, which invariably follows sleep in a reclining position; without this it would be improper to pray, to enter the mosques, to approach a religious man, or to touch the Koran. A few pauper patients usually visit me at this hour, report the phenomena of their complaints,—which they do, by the bye, with unpleasant minuteness of detail,—and receive fresh instructions. At 9 a.m. Sheikh Mohammed enters, with 'lecture' written upon his wrinkled brow, or I pick him up on the way, and proceed straight to the Mosque El Azhar. After three hours' hard reading, with little interruption from bystanders—this is long vacation—comes the call to midday prayer. The founder of Islam ordained but few devotions for the morning, which is the business part of the Eastern day, but during the afternoon and evening they succeed one another rapidly, and their length increases. It is then time to visit my rich patients, and afterwards, in order to accustom myself to the sun, to wander through the book-shops for an hour or two, or simply to idle in the street. At 3 p.m. I return home, recite the afternoon prayers, and reapply myself to study.

This is the worst part of the day. In Egypt the summer

nights and mornings are, generally speaking, pleasant, but the forenoons are sultry, and the afternoons serious. A wind wafting the fine dust and furnace heat of the desert blows over the city, the ground returns with interest the showers of caloric from above, and not a cloud or a vapour breaks the dreary expanse of splendour on high. There being no such comforts as Indian tatties, and few but the wealthiest houses boasting glass windows, the interior of your room is somewhat more fiery than the street. Weakened with fasting, the body feels the heat trebly, and the disordered stomach almost affects the brain. Every minute is counted with morbid fixity of idea as it passes on towards the blessed sunset, especially by those whose terrible lot is manual labour at such a season. A few try to forget their afternoon miseries in slumber, but most people take the Kailulah, or siesta, shortly after the meridian, holding it unwholesome to sleep late in the day.

As the Maghrib, the sunset hour, approaches—and how slowly it comes!—the town seems to recover from a trance. People flock to the windows and balconies, in order to watch the moment of their release. Some pray, others tell their beads, while others, gathering together in groups or paying visits, exert themselves to while away the lagging time.

Oh, gladness! at length it sounds, the gun from the citadel. Simultaneously rises the sweet cry of the Muezzin, calling men to prayer, and the second cannon booms from the Abbasiyah Palace. 'Al fitar! al fitar!'—'Fast-breaking! fast-breaking!'—shout the people, and a hum of joy rises from the silent city. Your acute ears waste not a moment in conveying the delightful intelligence to your parched tongue, empty stomach, and languid limbs. You exhaust a pot full of water, no matter its size. You clap hurried hands for a pipe, you order coffee, and, provided with these comforts, you sit down, and calmly contemplate the coming pleasures of the evening.

Poor men eat heartily at once. The rich break their fast with a light meal,—a little bread and fruit, fresh or dry,

especially water-melon, sweetmeats, or such digestible dishes as 'Muhallabah'—a thin jelly of milk, starch, and rice-flour. They then smoke a pipe, drink a cup of coffee or a glass of sherbet, and recite the evening prayers; for the devotions of this hour are delicate things, and while smoking a first pipe after sixteen hours' abstinence, time easily slips away. Then they sit down to the *Fatúr* (breakfast), *the* meal of the twenty-four hours, and eat plentifully if they would avoid an illness."

In the caravan journey from Yambu there were no incidents of an unusual kind, and the chief interest of the second volume of the narrative is in the description of Medinah, of which no traveller has ever given more minute details. Captain Burton was even able to make a ground plan of the Haram, or mosque, of the Prophet, with the names of the places and accurate measurements. From the description of the proceedings in the mosque we quote some details, with the author's first impressions of the building.

"Passing through muddy streets—they had been freshly watered before evening-time—I came suddenly upon the mosque. Like that at Mecca, the approach is choked up by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy 'enceinte,' others separated by a lane compared with which the road round St. Paul's is a Vatican square. There is no outer front, no general aspect of the Prophet's mosque; consequently, as a building, it has neither beauty nor dignity. And entering the Bab el Rahmah—the Gate of Pity—by a diminutive flight of steps, I was astonished at the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Moslem world. It is not, like the Meccan mosque, grand and simple—the expression of a single sublime idea; the longer I looked at it, the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendour.

The Masjid el Nabi is a parallelogram about 420 feet in length by 340 broad, the direction of the long walls being

nearly north and south. As usual in El Islam, it is a hypæthral building, with a spacious central area, surrounded by a peristyle, with numerous rows of pillars, like the colonnades of an Italian monastery.

Sheikh Hamid leads me to the Bab el Salam, fighting his way through a troop of beggars, and inquires markedly if I am religiously pure, a well being near, if ablution is required. Then, placing our hands a little below and on the left of the waist, the palm of the right covering the back of the left, in the position of prayer, and beginning with the right foot, we pace slowly forwards down the line called the Muwajihat el Sharifah, or the 'Holy Fronting,' which, divided off like an aisle, runs parallel with the southern wall of the mosque. On my right hand walked the Sheikh, who recited aloud the following prayer, which I repeated after him. It is literally rendered, as, indeed, are all the formulæ, and the reader is requested to excuse the barbarous fidelity of the translation. 'In the name of Allah and in the faith of Allah's Prophet! O Lord, cause me to enter the entering of truth, and cause me to issue forth the issuing of truth, and permit me to draw near to thee, and make me a sultan victorious!' Then followed blessings upon the Prophet, and afterwards 'O Allah, open to me the doors of thy mercy, and grant me entrance into it, and protect me from the Devil!

Arrived at the western small door in the dwarf wall, we entered the celebrated spot called El Rauzah, or the Garden, after a saying of the Prophet's, 'Between my tomb and my palpit is a garden of the gardens of paradise.' On the north and west sides it is not divided from the rest of the portico, on the south lies the dwarf wall, and on the east it is limited by the west end of the lattice-work containing the tomb. Accompanied by my Muzawwir, I entered the Rauzah, and was placed by him with the Mukabbariyah behind me, fronting Mecca, with my right shoulder opposite to and about twenty feet distant from the dexter pillar of the Prophet's pulpit. There, after saying the afternoon prayers, I performed

the usual two prostrations in honour of the temple, and at the end of them recited the hundred and ninth and the hundred and twelfth chapters of the Koran—the ‘Kul ya ayyuha’l Kafiruna’ and the ‘Surat el Ikhlas,’ called also the ‘Kul Huw Allah,’ or the Declaration of Unity ; which may be thus translated :—

1. ‘Say, He is the one God !’
2. ‘The eternal God !’
3. ‘He begets not, nor is he begot,’
4. ‘And unto him the like is not.’

After which was performed a single Sujdah of thanks, in gratitude to Allah for making it my fate to visit so holy a spot.

This being the recognised time to give alms, I was besieged by beggars, who spread their napkins before us on the ground sprinkled with a few coppers to excite generosity. But not wishing to be distracted by them, before leaving Hamid’s house I had asked change of two dollars, and had given it to the boy Mohammed, who accompanied me, strictly charging him to make that sum last all through the mosque. My answer to the beggars was a reference to my attendant, backed by the simple action of turning my pockets inside out, and whilst he was battling with the beggars, I proceeded to cast my first *coup-d’œil* upon the Rauzah.

The ‘Garden’ is the most elaborate part of the mosque. Little can be said in its praise by day, when it bears the same relation to a second-rate church in Rome as an English chapel-of-ease to Westminster Abbey. It is a space of about eighty feet in length, tawdrily decorated so as to resemble a garden. The carpets are flowered, and the pediments of the columns are cased with bright green tiles, and adorned to the height of a man with gaudy and unnatural vegetation in arabesque.

Then with Hamid, professionally solemn, I reassumed the position of prayer as regards the hands, and retraced my steps. After passing through another small door in the dwarf wall that bounds the Muwajihah, we did not turn to the right, which would have led us to the Bab el Salam ; our course was

in an opposite direction, towards the eastern wall of the temple. Meanwhile we repeated 'Verily Allah and his angels bless the Prophet! O ye who believe, bless him, and salute him with honour!' At the end of this prayer, we arrived at the mausoleum.

The *Hujrah*, or 'Chamber,' as it is called, from the circumstance of its having been Ayisha's room, is an irregular square of from fifty to fifty-five feet in the south-east corner of the building, and separated on all sides from the walls of the mosque by a passage. Above the *Hujrah* is the Green Dome, surmounted outside by a large gilt crescent springing from a series of globes. The glowing imaginations of the Moslems crown this gem of the building with a pillar of heavenly light, which directs from three days' distance the pilgrims' steps towards El Medinah. But alas! none save holy men (and perhaps odylic sensitives), whose material organs are piercing as their vision spiritual, are allowed the privilege of beholding this poetic splendour.

Hamid took his stand about six feet or so out of reach of the railing, and at that respectful distance from, and facing the *Hazirah* (or presence), with hands raised as in prayer, he recited a long supplication in a low voice, telling me in a stage whisper to repeat it after him with awe, and fear, and love. It thus began:—

'Peace be with thee, O Prophet of Allah, and the mercy of Allah, and his blessings! Peace be with thee, O Prophet of Allah! Peace be with thee, O friend of Allah! Peace be with thee, O best of Allah's creation!'

After which we repeated the *Fât-háh*, or 'opening' chapter of the Koran.

'1. In the name of Allah, the merciful, the compassionate!

'2. Praise be to Allah, who the (three) worlds made.

'3. The merciful, the compassionate.

'4. The king of the day of fate.

'5. Thee (alone) do we worship, and of thee (alone) do we ask aid.

'6. Guide us to the path that is straight—

'7. The path of those for whom thy love is great, not those on whom is hate, nor they that deviate.

'Amen, O Lord of Angels, Ginns, and men!'

After reciting this devoutly with upraised hands, the fore finger of the right hand being extended to its full length, we drew our palms down our faces and did alms-deeds, a vital part of the ceremony. Thus concludes the first part of the ceremony of visitation at the Prophet's tomb."

Then followed various ceremonies and addresses at the aperture in the grating called Abubekr's window, and then at Omar's grave, where watchful eyes guarded against the insults perpetrated by Persians, who have sometimes courted death by defiling the tomb by throwing in something offensive.

After straining my eyes for a time I saw a curtain, or rather hangings, with three inscriptions in large gold letters, informing readers that behind them lie Allah's Prophet and the two first caliphs.

The Prophet's body lies, or is supposed to lie, stretched at full length on the right side, with the right palm supporting the right cheek, the face fronting Mecca, as Moslems are always buried, and consequently the body lies with the head almost to due west and the feet to due east. Close behind him is placed Abubekr, whose face fronts the Prophet's shoulder, and, lastly, Omar holds the same position with respect to his predecessor."

The story of the Prophet's coffin being suspended is an imaginary legend, which is explained by Niebuhr as arising from the rude drawings made for pilgrim strangers. At the tomb itself there is no prostration, nor any of the fanatical ceremony witnessed at the Kaabeh at Mecca. In fact, the visitation of the tomb at Medinah is made, not in Hadji dress, but in ordinary costume, some of the pilgrims putting on their best raiment for the occasion. The remaining "stations" in the mosque presented no special points of interest. At the end of the ceremonial round, the mendicants have the privilege

of attacking the pilgrims, and payment is expected according to the dress and apparent position of the visitor. Burton's boy Mohammed had donned a gaudy coat, which let his master in for larger donations than would have been otherwise expected.

Captain Burton gives his opinion that although every Moslem devoutly believes that Mohammed's remains are interred in the Hujrah at El Medinah, the locality is as doubtful as that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Among other reasons for his scepticism, he reminds us that a great tumult followed the announcement of the Prophet's death, many of the people believing him to be immortal, and refusing to admit that any dead body remained for burial. There was a conflict about the succession when the body could be scarcely cold, and no record exists of any formal interment. The descriptions of the tomb are very conflicting, as to its site as well as its shape. But as long as the Moslem system remains unshaken, the tomb at Medinah will be an object of unquestioned veneration among the faithful.

The inhabitants of El Medinah, the Madain, are a mixed population, with little of the true Arab physiognomy. They are fair, the effect of the cold climate, so Burton was not noticed or stared at as a white man. They are said to be a race of hypocrites, as might be expected from their witnessing from childhood the mingled superstition and rascality of the pilgrims. They have few animals in the city, probably from the expense of feeding them. The rich men keep horses, and the traders generally have camels bred in the Hejaz, as the surrounding region is called. In manners they are more pompous than Arabs, being more in imitation of their rulers the Turks. On the whole, Burton was favourably impressed with the character of the Madain, notwithstanding their faults, because "finding among them more of the redeeming point of manliness than in most other Eastern nations."

Having safely accomplished his visit to Medinah, Captain Burton prepared for the journey to Mecca. There are several routes which are followed by the pilgrims, after describing

which our traveller gives his reasons for choosing that called Darb el Shurki, or the eastern road, which owes its existence to the piety of Zubaydah, wife of the famous sultan Haroun el Raschid. The start was made on Wednesday, 31st of August, 1853. Very interesting details are given of the composition, and arrangements, and movements of the great caravans, to one of which Burton and his attendant joined themselves.

"The appearance of the caravan was most striking as it threaded its slow way over the smooth surface of the Khabt, or plain. To judge by the eye, there were at least 7,000 pilgrims, on foot, on horseback, in litters, or bestriding the splendid camels of Syria. There were eight gradations of pilgrims. The lowest hobbled with heavy staves. Then came the riders of asses, camels, and mules. Respectable men, especially Arabs, mounted dromedaries, and the soldiers had horses; a led animal was saddled for every grandee, ready whenever he might wish to leave his litter. Women, children, and invalids of the poorer classes sat upon a haml musattah—bits of cloth spread over the two large boxes which form the camel's load. Many occupied shibriyabs, a few shugdufs, and only the wealthy and the noble rode in takhtawan (litters), carried by camels or mules. The morning beams fell brightly upon the glancing arms which surrounded the stripped Mahmal, the emblem of imperial dignity, and upon the scarlet and gilt litters of the grandees. Not the least beauty of the spectacle was its wondrous variety of detail: no man was dressed like his neighbour, no camel was caparisoned nor horse clothed in uniform, as it were; and nothing stranger than the contrasts, a band of half-naked Takruri marching with the Pacha's equipage, and long-capped, bearded Persians conversing with tarbushed and shaven Turks.

There is a kind of discipline in these great caravans. A gun sounds the order to strike the tents, and a second bids you march off with all speed. There are short halts of half an hour each at dawn, noon, the afternoon, and sunset, for devotional purposes, and these are regulated by a cannon or

a culverin. At such times the Syrian and Persian servants, who are admirably expert in their calling, pitch the large green tents, with gilt crescents, for the dignitaries and their harems. The last resting-place is known by the hurrying forward of these 'Farrash' (tent-pitchers), who are determined to be the first on the ground and at the well. A discharge of three guns denotes the station, and when the caravan moves by night, a single cannon sounds three or four halts at irregular intervals. The principal officers were the Emir el Hajj, one Ashgar Ali Pacha, a veteran of whom my companions spoke slightly, because he had been the slave of a slave, probably the pipe-bearer of some grandee who in his youth had been pipe-bearer to some other grandee. Under him was a Wakil, or lieutenant, who managed the executive. The Emir el Surrah—called simply El Surrah, or the Purse—had charge of the caravan treasure, and remittances to the holy cities. And, lastly, there was a commander of the forces (Bashat el Askar); his host consisted of about one thousand irregular horsemen, half bandits, half soldiers, each habited and armed after his own fashion, exceedingly dirty, picturesque-looking, brave, and in such a country of no use whatever."

The journey from Medinah took about twelve days, Mecca being reached on the 11th of September.

"About 1 a.m.," says Burton, "I was aroused by general excitement. 'Mecca! Mecca!' cried some voices; 'The sanctuary! Oh, the sanctuary!' exclaimed others; and all burst into loud cries, not unfrequently broken by sobs. I looked out from my litter, and saw by the light of the southern stars the dim outlines of a large city, a shade darker than the surrounding plain. We were passing over the last ridge by an artificial cut, called the Saniyat Kudaa. The 'winding path' is flanked on both sides by watch-towers, which command the 'Darb el Maala,' or road leading from the north into Mecca. Thence we passed into the Maabidah (northern suburb), where the Sherif's palace is built. After this, on the left hand, came the deserted abode of the Sherif bin Aun, now said to be a

'haunted house.' Opposite to it lies the Jannat el Maala, the holy cemetery of Mecca. Thence, turning to the right, we entered the Sulaymaniyah, or Afghan quarter. Here the boy Mohammed, being an inhabitant of the Shamiyah, or Syrian ward, thought proper to display some apprehension. These two are on bad terms; children never meet without exchanging volleys of stones, and men fight furiously with quarter-staves. Sometimes, despite the terrors of religion, the knife and sabre are drawn. But these hostilities have their code. It a citizen be killed, there is a subscription for blood-money. An inhabitant of one quarter passing singly through another becomes a guest; once beyond the walls, he is likely to be beaten to insensibility by his hospitable foes

At the Sulaymaniyah we turned off the main road into a byeway, and ascended by narrow lanes the rough heights of Jebel Hindi, upon which stands a small whitewashed and crenellated building called a 'fort.' Thence descending, we threaded dark streets, in places crowded with rude cots and dusky figures, and finally at 2 a.m. we found ourselves at the door of the boy Mohammed's house."

After a night's rest, preparation was made for visiting the sacred shrine. In many books of travel descriptions are given of the sanctuary or temple, within which is enclosed the "Bait Allah" (dwelling-place of Allah), or Kaabah (cube-house, *maison carrée*). It is this Kaabah which is the great object of pilgrimage and of worship. It stands in an oblong quadrangle, about two hundred and fifty paces in the greatest breadth, enclosed by a great wall on three sides, and in the fourth by a colonnade of nearly six hundred pillars, some marble and others stone, in quadruple row, united at top by pointed arches, every four of which support a small dome, whitened outside. There must be nearly a hundred and fifty of these domes. Paved causeways, broad enough to allow four or five persons to walk abreast, lead from the colonnades to the Kaabah, or Holy House, in the centre of the enclosure. These causeways are raised about nine inches above the ground.

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The Kaabah is an oblong mass of dark grey stone, about eighteen paces in length, fourteen in breadth, and forty feet in height. It consists of blocks of stone of different sizes, united by cement or mortar.

At the north-east corner of the Kaabah, near the door, is the famous "Black Stone" (the aerolite), forming a part of the sharp angle of the building, at about four to five feet from the ground. It is an irregular oval, about seven inches in diameter, composed of about a dozen smaller stones cemented together, giving altogether the appearance of the original stone having been broken into pieces and then reunited. The surface is undulating, but worn perfectly smooth by the many millions of touches and kisses it has received. Round the stone is a margin, two or three inches in breadth, rising a little above the surface of the stone, apparently composed of pitch and gravel. A silver band encircles the stone and its frame or border.

In his description of the sanctuary, the Kaabah, and the black stone, as well as the different dimensions and appearances of the whole place, Captain Burton follows closely and quotes the account given by Burckhardt, one of the few Europeans who have made the pilgrimage. He bears testimony to the accuracy of the description of his illustrious predecessor, whose travels in Arabia have lost none of their interest; nor has his account of the pilgrimage to Mecca been superseded by more recent narratives. It would be wearisome to give the various prayers and ceremonies required from the pilgrims at certain points in the sacred precincts. They are all described in great detail, with learned comments and disquisitions, in Captain Burton's book. That he safely and successfully performed the pilgrimage is a wonderful instance of pluck, perseverance, and skill. We can sympathise with him in the outburst of enthusiasm with which he expresses his feelings on finding himself, after long and perilous effort, standing in sight of the mysterious Bait Allah.

"There at last it lay, the bourn of my long and weary

pilgrimage, realising the plans and hopes of many and many a year. The mirage medium of fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy pall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity, as in Egypt, no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty, as in Greece and Italy, no barbaric gorgeousness, as in the buildings of India; yet the view was strange, unique, and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say that, of all the worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Hadji from the far North.* It was as if the poetical legends of the Arab spoke truth, and as if the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine. But, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride."

It may be that, at no distant time, the hitherto rare and difficult access to the holy shrines of the Prophet may become more easy for European travellers. It is a strange novelty that the journey for Eastern Hadjis has been already brought within the arrangements of modern travel. The British Government in India has made a contract with Mr. Cook, of excursionist fame, for conveying pilgrims by steamers from Bombay to Jeddah. A railroad from Jeddah to Mecca and Medinah will probably be the next innovation. Recent events in the Soudan may for a time delay the course of change, having caused a temporary increase of Moslem fanaticism. But with the growth of Western commerce and influence and

* In the appendix to the second volume of his narrative, Captain Burton gives an abstract of the travels of Ludovico Bartema, of Rome (A.D. 1503), of Joseph Pitts, of Exeter (A.D. 1680), and of Giovanni Finati, of Ferrara, the only Europeans known to have visited Mecca and Medinah before the famous pilgrimage of Burckhardt in the present century. None of these travellers met with more strange adventures than appear in the story of Burton's pilgrimage.

the decline of Mohammedan power in Eastern lands, the time may be hastened when the interior of Arabia (as of China and Japan, till lately as close and exclusive) may be opened to European travel and enterprise.

ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN AERONAUT.

BALLOON ascents have for the most part been undertaken for the amusement of spectators, and motives of pleasure and business have been united in the adventures of professional and amateur aeronauts. In more recent times balloons have been pressed into the service of science, as in the daring ascents of Mr. Glaisher, attended by Mr. Coxwell. It was during the siege of Paris, in 1870, that the use of balloons for civic and military purposes first became celebrated throughout the world. An American citizen, Rufus Gibbon Wells, one of the pioneers in this service, has given interesting recollections of his adventures.

"I left London," he says, "near the close of September, 1870, to offer my services as an aeronaut to the infant republic of France. On arriving at Tours I found Dr. Hosmer and three other representatives or reporters of the *New York Herald*, Mr. Remington, and several more manufacturers or agents of American firearms, but no one to represent the United States Government. Mr. Washburne, the American Minister, concluded to remain in Paris during the siege; I therefore called to see his Excellency Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, and explained to him my desires. He readily testified to my ability by placing his seal to a document which had been given to me by Mr. Severn, the English consul at Rome, certifying to the fact that I had made some remarkable ascents from that city, and furthermore said that he would with pleasure speak to the Government of the National Defence in my behalf.

Thanking Lord Lyons for his opportune assistance, I went in search of M. Bourée, the secretary to the new Government at Tours. I found him and explained to him that I had come to give my services to the French republic. Handing him some of my testimonials, and informing him that Lord Lyons had promised to speak to some of the members for me, I said I would call again the next day. On presenting myself before the members 'de la Défense Nationale,' they desired to know my opinion on an extremely difficult subject: that of taking General Bazaine out of Metz. They wished to place him at the head of the army of the Loire. I explained to them that it would be quite easy to construct a balloon in a few days in Metz of sufficient proportions to carry General Bazaine, with twenty, fifty, or even a hundred of his officers, over the German army, and far beyond their reach, landing him in perfect safety in France or in some other country north, east, or south of Germany, with only an ordinary-shaped aerostat, floating with the breeze. In the same manner Gambetta and more than a hundred persons afterwards left Paris. The momentous question was how to get into Metz.

They thought I had better construct a balloon as soon as possible, and take it to the nearest town to Metz held by the French, or, if permitted, go into Belgium, and when the wind blew towards Metz hastily inflate the balloon, start, and try to get into that city. I thought that it would be well to make the balloon double, and so perfect that it would hold the gas for many days or even weeks, so that it could be carried as near the Prussian lines as possible, and then to take the first favourable wind blowing over Metz. The fire balloon might also be used with good advantage on account of its cheapness, quick and easy inflation with heated air, at any place where there were light winds, such as we usually have in the summer. The gas balloon was much more expensive, but, at the same time, more sure and readily managed in unpropitious weather.

I acquainted them with the fact, which I had likewise stated to Lord Lyons, that I had constructed a balloon which had

been purchased by the Prussians, and that I had been employed by them to give instruction at Cologne in the art of managing balloons, and to make observations myself by making ascents during the war. When Napoleon III. surrendered, and the republic was proclaimed, I went to Belgium, Holland, and then to London. I had offered my services to both the French and the Prussians at the commencement of the war, and they were accepted by the latter, owing probably to my being well known to them. I had made a very successful ascent from Berlin on the 27th of August, 1868, and afterwards conversed with the Crown Prince at Potsdam about the great utility of balloons in time of war, when he promised that he would speak to the King about me, and would remember me should they have another war, remarking that he earnestly hoped that they would not have occasion to fight soon again.

The French now accepted my services, allowing me to use my own judgment about the best way of carrying out the object, giving me credit to the amount of 20,000 francs. While waiting a day for my papers of credit and a military passport which allowed me to travel on any railway in France not held by the Prussians, at one-fourth the usual fare, I called on M. Gaston Tissandier and another French aeronaut, who had but recently arrived with balloons carrying the mail from Paris. M. Tissandier asked me if I had not been employed by Bismarck, saying that he had read in the Paris journals that I was going to make ascents before Metz and Strasburg. I replied that I had been occupied in Germany previous to the downfall of the French *empire*, but that I had now come to assist the French *republic*.

As soon as my documents were ready, I left for the city of Lyons to purchase a quantity of silk. Having gone half-way, I was detained at a small town for several hours in the night, where the station saloons were crowded with officers and soldiers, and the air had become so impure and disagreeable that I preferred to remain outside, although it was extremely cold weather. Fortunately I overheard some ladies and

gentlemen, who were in the same condition as myself, remarking in French that there were some empty railway carriages under a shed adjoining the station ; they were hastening to occupy them. I followed and found a vacant seat, where I lay down and went to sleep, remaining unconscious for a few hours of the cold, confusion, and excitement which prevailed around me.

Before daylight I was awakened by an official, who said that the waggon would soon be attached to the train bound eastward for Lyons. On arriving at that city in the night, I went to a comfortable hotel, and, after taking a good meal, went about the streets to see and learn all I could, as I had but a short time to remain there. On my voyage from India to attend the Exposition Universelle at Paris, I had seen but little of the city, during an hour's delay of the train at the station. After looking into some fine magazines or shops, where an excellent collection of rich silks was displayed, I crossed the river and took a stroll on the top of a high hill to obtain a view of the city. It was a splendid sight, illuminated by gaslight and reflected from the waters of the beautiful Rhone. On returning late at night, I asked an officer in the street the nearest way to my hotel. Finding that I did not speak French like a Frenchman, he asked me a question in the German language, which I understood, but replied to him in French. He then told me the way. When about to retire to bed, I heard a knock at my door, and on opening it met a French officer and the landlord. The officer asked to see my passport ; finding it all right, they allowed me to retire. No doubt they had been told by the officer who spoke to me in German in the street that he suspected me of being a Prussian spy.

The next day I called early upon a commission merchant, to see about purchasing a large quantity of silk. I soon selected all that I wanted, and then went with the same gentleman to call upon the mayor of the city. I gave him my letters of recommendation and credit. I was a little surprised to find, among some twenty persons in the ante-room, M. Gaston

Tissandier, the French aeronaut, whom I had called upon at Tours. He went in before me alone to speak to the mayor, and remained with him until I appeared. After reading my documents, the mayor asked me if I had not been with the Prussians, instructing them in the art of using balloons in making observations on the battle-field and before besieged cities. I answered him in the affirmative. 'Does le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale know that?' 'Most certainly,' I replied. 'I will telegraph first to the Government at Tours before giving you silk; you will please call again to-morrow.' I called the next day—no answer; again on the following day, without any satisfaction. I then informed the American consul at Lyons how the mayor had acted, when the Government had given me strict orders to make all possible haste in the matter. He advised me to take the silk and the gentleman who owned it, if he was willing, with me to Tours, and let him settle the affair with the Government. I did so without calling again upon the mayor. It was arranged for the Government to pay the amount, which was over 13,000 francs, in three months. M. Bourée said it was the jealousy of M. Tissandier that had caused the delay, which he regretted very much. He said that the mayor had not acted very wisely in causing so much delay in an affair which might be of vital importance to the nation.

While I was at Lyons, M. Gambetta arrived with the balloon called 'Armand Barbes,' which left Paris on the 7th October. He was accompanied by his secretary, M. Spuller, and M. Trichet, aeronaut. This was the sixth balloon which had left Paris during the siege. It left St. Peter's Place, Montmartre, at 11.15 a.m., and descended at 2.45 p.m., being three and a half hours in the air. There were nearly 53,000 cubic feet of gas in the aerostat. The first ascent, which took place on September 23rd, was by M. Durouf, with the balloon 'Neptune;' the second on September 25th, by Mangin and Luz, with M. Eugene Godard's 'City of Florence,' which was presented to him by the good people of that magnificent city, after losing

his balloon by fire ; the third on September 29th, by Louis Godard and Courtin, with two balloons united, 'Napoleon' and 'Schwalbe;' the fourth on September 30th, with the 'Celeste,' by M. Gaston Tissandier ; the fifth on September 30th without any one in it, carrying sixty pounds of proclamations.

I called to see M. Gambetta at the palace of the Archbishop of Tours. He referred me to the director of the balloon and pigeon post. He telegraphed to Poitiers, on the line to Bordeaux, in reference to a large room in which I could construct the balloon. Answer came that the city hall was at my disposal. While at Tours I called to see Madame Bazaine, who was staying at one of the convents. She received me very politely, and she said she hoped I might succeed in my daring project. She asked me to call again when I was ready to start for Metz, and she would send a note and her photograph to General Bazaine. She is a Mexican lady, and as I had learnt Spanish while travelling several years in Mexico, California, and South America, we conversed in the Spanish language. I gave her some small pieces of silk to keep as mementoes of the mammoth balloon. I asked her if she thought that her husband would leave Metz if I should be fortunate enough to get into that city. She appeared to think it doubtful whether he would come away and leave the army and the artillery in Metz, which seemed also to be the opinion of some of the members of the Government. If he and his officers had wished to have left Metz, it is strange they did not think of doing so with balloons. No doubt they could have found somebody in the city who could have constructed a balloon and inflated it for them.

On arriving at Poitiers with the large box of silk, I found the room suitable, but it was difficult to find sewing machines and persons to work them. I therefore went to Bordeaux, where I found a spacious room, about 150 feet in length, in the garden adjoining the building occupied by the mayor of the city. It had formerly been used for an exhibition. I received

permission to use it. With the aid of a dozen sewing machines and women to work them, I made an aerostat 178 English feet in length. It was the longest aerial machine ever built, with a diameter sufficient to give it a capacity of nearly 250,000 cubic feet, greater than the famous Nadar balloon, the 'Géant,' which was exhibited some time at the Crystal Palace. One reason that I made it so large was that I intended to use a small steam-engine.

Before the balloon was completed, the astounding news was received that the Marshal had surrendered, with all his force. Many people said that he was a traitor and deserved to be shot. I was exceedingly disappointed. As the Government were very anxious to have the experiment tried, I had worked frequently from morning early till ten o'clock at night. In order to carry on the work expeditiously, I had joined four breadths of silk into a half-segment, which equalled the three breadths of cotton for lining, making a flat seam of double sewing before cutting the material into segments, which when completed were 178 feet in length and fifteen in breadth; by so doing I reduced very much the amount of cutting and sewing. The segments were then laid one upon the other, smoothed out upon the floor, and the varnish applied. On account of the unpropitious state of the weather, a portion of the balloon was hung up to dry the varnish in the great theatre, a part in the Protestant church, and the rest in the saloon in which it was manufactured.

I received a telegram from Tours to finish the aerostat as soon as possible, as they might wish me to go with it to Paris. Several gentlemen were very desirous of returning to their families and business in Paris; they offered me any amount of money for a passage.

When the balloon was completed, except joining the two halves, it was packed up and transported to Tours, filling two railway carriages. I was informed that the pigeons were doing so well that it would not be necessary for me to go with the balloon to Paris.

It was taken into an old church, with the windows in such a state that you would have thought that it had been shelled by the Prussians. Here I met Madame Poitvin, the most celebrated and courageous female aeronaut of the age. She has often descended from great heights with her parachute. I have seen her at Naples, waving the tricolour flag of France, many thousand feet above Mount Vesuvius during a terrific eruption, with its black sulphurous smoke wreathing in majestic columns beneath her car. She had offered her services to her country while in a foreign land, and they had been accepted. She thought that if she could have occupied the place of Napoleon or Bazaine with as many brave and determined French women as they had men, with the same firearms, there would have been no surrender, and her country would not have suffered such a terrible disgrace! She possessed the chivalrous and true patriotic spirit of her noble but unfortunate countrywoman, Jeanne d'Arc. I have also heard that Madame Durouf had more courage than her husband in their perilous adventure over and into the North Sea. Among the many passengers of both sexes who have ascended with me in the various nations of the globe which I have visited, I think that the ladies have manifested more presence of mind, and less fear in dangerous situations, than the gentlemen.

Tours was now threatened by the enemy. I had orders to pack up the balloon in haste, and prepare to return to Poitiers or Bordeaux, where Gambetta and all those connected with the Défense Nationale expected to go soon. I became acquainted with Messrs. May and Raynold, two American agents, who left Paris on the same day as M. Gambetta, October 7th, with the balloon 'George Sand,' the aeronaut Revilliod, and a French sub-prefect. I also met M. Louis Godard, who came from Paris with the third balloon which left during the siege. I had before made his acquaintance in Alexandria. He gave me some pieces from the 'Armand Barbes,' in which Gambetta left Paris. The balloon had been partly destroyed by fire after the descent, owing to the fact

that it was made in a hurry, and the varnish did not have time to dry properly. Several of the balloons, while packed up, were ruined by spontaneous combustion. At last the news came that the Prussians were really coming, and there was a mighty rush for Bordeaux. All the balloons that came out of Paris that were good for anything, together with the one built, by me, were sent off by train as fast as possible. There was such confusion, and so many hundreds of loaded waggons at the station at Bordeaux, there having been a general stampede on the different lines of railway for fear of the Germans, that it required some days for the railroad officials to find the different balloons.

The weather had in the meantime become many degrees warmer, so that the balloons in being packed so long were injured more or less by the heat. There was a great difficulty experienced in obtaining a room in which to put them, owing to the rush of people into the city. I found the room where I had made the balloon occupied by the soldiers. After looking the city over for several days, I found a large music-hall empty, belonging to a society, but they refused to permit the balloon to be placed in it. I told them that the aerostat had already been injured by heat, and that it was lying in the open air near the station. Their fear of its injuring the saloon, however, overbalanced their patriotism. I was, therefore, forced to have it transported, and placed under an open shed used for ship-building. On Christmas Day, while I was following to the grave a friend of mine, Dr. Edwards, an American dentist, who died of consumption, thousands of troops were marching in the same direction along the broad street, the band playing the cheering Marseillaise. Little they thought, no doubt, that a few days more, and many of them would be stretched upon the battle-field, cold and lifeless as the corpse now by their side.

One thing struck me very forcibly while at Bordeaux, making an unfavourable impression on my mind—the want of union and confidence among the French people, without which

a republic cannot stand. To expedite my business, I desired to distribute it among different parties, but they would not agree to it. One man had such a selfish nature, that he would have the whole work or none. I could not impress upon them the conviction that it was for the benefit of their country and themselves, and not for me, that I wished the aerostat speedily completed. If they had shown more goodwill and harmony, the balloon would have been finished in a much shorter time.

While I was engaged at Bordeaux, M. Dupuy de Lôme was manufacturing in Paris a balloon of similar shape, but of less dimensions, conformable with the views and plans which he laid before the Academy of Science in their *séances* of the 10th and 17th of October, but he was unable to finish it before the closing of the war. He tried it, however, on the 2nd of February, 1872, at Vincennes, having several men to turn the *helice*, or screw instead of using a steam-engine. The result of the experiment was not very satisfactory on the whole, although it created some interest at the time. It was taking a step backwards instead of advancing in the cause of science, by using men in the place of steam. His balloon cost the Government nearly as much again as the one I made, although it was only half the size.

Finding that my health was seriously impaired by severe exposure and constant anxiety, and there being but a faint prospect of using the balloon either for going to Paris or for making observations on or near the battle-field, I gave up the employment and went to Italy until I became convalescent, when I went eastward to visit Turkey. There had been the year before a tremendous fire at Constantinople, destroying some 20,000 houses in Pera, the European and best part of the capital. I at great expense enclosed a place at Taxim, near Pera, for the ascents. I soon built a new balloon for gas, and put it on exhibition in the small garden of Concordia, situated on the principal street of Pera. I was very much disappointed in obtaining a supply of gas, by a great mistake of the engineer of the gas-works about the size of the pipe in the street where I

wished to inflate my balloon. Instead of being several inches in diameter, it was only one and a half. As it seemed too late to remedy it, and very difficult to change the position, I concluded to inflate with the small pipe. It required two days and nights. The weather was delightful, without any wind, or I would not have run the risk of my balloon, or taken the responsibility of a failure.

I could not obtain permission for the Turkish ladies to come into the enclosure from the authorities. John P. Brown, Esq., secretary of the American Legation at the Sublime Porte, gave me a letter of recommendation to Halil Pacha, director of the cannon factory and gas-works. Although he received me very kindly and spoke English perfectly, I did not succeed in obtaining from him, or through his influence, permission for the Turkish ladies to mix with other ladies in the amphitheatre prepared for them, or for myself to have a larger gas-pipe put down temporarily, so that I could inflate my aerostat in a few hours.

I offered my services to the Turkish Government to construct balloons for war or to give instruction to several military officers or engineers, but as they had a dozen powerful English-built ships of war lying in the Bosphorus, before the Sultan's door, they felt secure against the combined fleets of the world, without the assistance of any new inventions.

On the day of the ascent there was such a vast multitude of people collected in the streets adjacent to the balloon, which had been a great source of attraction during the two days' inflation, that the police were not able to keep a passage open for the better class of society to reach the enclosure, so that thousands were kept away on that account who otherwise would have patronised the enterprise.

In leaving the amphitheatre, the aerostat came in contact with the top of a pole, which tore it open about a yard in length near the centre, and caused it, after rising a few hundred feet, to descend into a tree standing in an enclosure where they were building a new Greek church. The place

was crowded with Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and people from other nations, of both sexes, who were very much terrified to see me coming down in their midst. Quickly climbing into the circle, or hoop, I took my knife and cut away the car and anchor, and then rapidly ascended standing on the hoop, to the great astonishment of the public, who testified their pleasure by their loud cheering in at least a dozen different languages.

How shall I attempt to describe the magnificent panorama then seen? Beneath me, most charmingly situated, lay the grand city, whose annals I had read with such thrilling interest, and whose unparalleled beauties have furnished a sublime and enchanting theme for ancient and modern poetry. Between the two continents of Europe and Asia roll the clear, sparkling waters of the Pontus Euxinus, or Black Sea, ever onward through the beautiful Bosphorus, into the ancient Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, and still onward through the Hellespont into the glorious blue waters of the Mediterranean. On the south were the distant shores of ancient Thrace and the islands of the Propontis; beyond, the lofty peak of the Brussian Olympus, quietly resting beneath its everlasting snows, like a guardian angel robed in white, watching its neighbouring mountains of Bithynia and the neat villages and sweet groves nestling upon the fair plains below them. Upon the Bosphorus rides the powerful, English-built fleet of men-of-war, at anchor before the royal marble palaces of the Sultan, while a hundred swift steamers and stately ships from every land, together with a multitude of light and graceful caiques, are ploughing its crystal waters or basking in the sun's bright rays in the Golden Horn.

Gently moving, with a light summer breeze, to the eastward, I saw, under the hills, Dolma Baktcha, the winter palace, conspicuously located at the water's edge, on the European side, and less than a mile beyond, on the same side, the new royal residence, costing a fabulous price, built in Italian style, with the best of marble, and said to be more gorgeously furnished than any other palace on the face of the globe.

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About eight miles from the city, upon one of the high bluffs of the Bosphorus, stands the new American Missionary College, where, on the 4th of July, I was one of the favoured party who heard the Hon. William H. Seward make a short but eloquent address, when on his voyage round the world. Three miles distant, on the Asiatic side, was Beglerbeg, the exquisite summer palace of white marble, with its luxuriant vineyards and luscious fruits, extending along the declivity of the hills, where the Sultan, with his beautiful wives and favourites, was seated in his charming pavilion, eagerly watching the movements and progress of the aerostat through the atmosphere with a powerful glass, as I learned shortly after my descent. On the west was the famous Old Seraglio, where the Sultan's mother resides, splendidly situated in a terrestrial paradise between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, forming part of Stamboul. An immense park surrounds the palace, in which I could easily distinguish the Medical College and Botanic Garden. The Royal Mint and grand mosques of St. Sophia, of the sultans Selim and Mohammed II., the Egyptian and Burnt Columns, the new Fire Tower, the extensive Government buildings, were seen standing upon the place of ancient Byzantium. North of the Golden Horn was the Valley of Sweet Waters, and the old Jewish cemetery, with its multitude of tombstones covering the tops of the hills; the English Embassy, commanding a fine view of the city; the ruins of Pera, the mammoth barracks for the officers and soldiers, the new public garden, with its lively strains of music, all helping to fill in the enchanting scene.

I descended not far from the Dolma Baktcha, on the top of the house of a Turk, the balloon pulling me off into his garden without injuring me in the least. I soon let out the gas, and returned to the place from where I had made the ascent, followed by thousands who had never seen a balloon before. An Italian aeronaut, I was informed, had made two ascents from that city many years ago, but on the second ascent he was lost in the Sea of Marmora. The Sultan sent an officer to

inquire of me if I was hurt on my descent, and why I had ascended without my car. He had crossed the Bosphorus with the Sultan's caïque, and had taken a horse from the royal stables. After I had satisfactorily explained to him the cause of the accident, he swiftly returned to the Sultan at Beglerbeg. I learned that on his return his Majesty gave him twenty pounds (Turkish). The man who rowed him across followed him into the presence of the Sultan, and when he gave the money to the officer, he inquired of his Majesty if *he* might ask a favour of him. 'Yes,' said the Sultan. 'What is it?' 'I have been in your service for many years, and I beg to retire, as I am becoming old.' The Sultan ordered that he should receive the sum of fifty pounds (Turkish), and he gave up the service.

I regretted very much that the accident occurred, because the light wind would have carried me into Asia in the direction of the place where the Sultan was sitting at the time. My friends all thought that I would obtain a present from his Majesty. I met an officer, who was in the Turkish service at the time I made the ascent, some time afterwards in London, who told me that he learned that the Sultan had sent me a handsome present, but it went into some other person's pocket."

Another of the strange adventures of Mr. Rufus G. Wells was the bursting of his balloon in an attempt to cross the Alps.

"Having had a remarkably fortunate trip over the Apennines, I determined," he says, "if a favourable opportunity offered, to make an aerial voyage over the Alps, starting from Florence, Milan, or Turin.

On my arrival at Florence from Rome, I found M. Eugene Godard, whom I had met in America on several occasions. He had but recently made an ascent from Florence, and in the descent had lost his fine balloon, from the peasants coming too near to it with lights while the gas was passing out. Not only was the balloon destroyed by the explosion, but many of the people had their hair singed, and their hands and clothes considerably burned. Not satisfied with having destroyed

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M. Godard's fine and costly balloon by their carelessness, they tried to make him pay for the injury done to their clothing. The kind citizens of Florence raised a subscription for the unfortunate aeronaut, by which he made a new balloon, which he named after their city. As he had arranged to make his ascent in a few days from the Zoological Garden, I decided to pass by Florence and go to Milan, regretting that M. Godard's misfortune had prevented me from having a view from my balloon of one of the most renowned and beautiful cities of Italy.

Among the several passengers who accompanied M. Godard in his ascents was a young American lady, who wrote a very good account of her impressions. I ought to have mentioned that many of the artists and visitors at Rome were extremely desirous of making the ascent with me, and of having the pleasure of a balloon ride over the Eternal City. Miss Cushman expressed her wish to go, and Miss Hosmer, both well known in art, with many others. To this his Holiness the Pope would not consent, for fear, he said, that some accident might occur. I invited Mr. Henry W. Longfellow, the distinguished American poet, who was then in Rome, and that for two reasons: one was that I hoped he might write a fine description of the aerial trip; the other was that, being a great favourite of the nobility and Roman authorities, his fame and influence might induce the Pope to grant the permission to others to ascend. Although the great poet had taken many lofty flights in a poetical way, he thought that he would prefer his body to remain on *terra firma*. Mr. Buchanan Read, a poet and painter of considerable celebrity, was so anxious to make an ascent, that he would have gone up with me at Florence if I had remained in that city.

I resolved to make my ascents from Milan in the immense amphitheatre, built by order of Napoleon I., for the purpose of giving amusements for his army while they were stationed there. This building would seat comfortably more than 50,000 people. I decided to make my first ascent on the 4th of July,

in honour of American independence. I wished to take one or two passengers with me, but I was surprised to find that the gas company could furnish only gas enough to take up myself and car, their excuse being that they would not have gas to light the city that night, although they promised me all that I might require. Finding it impossible to obtain more gas, I started without any ballast, or even an anchor ; but the balloon not having sufficient ascensional power, it came in contact with a tree standing on the border of the enclosure (a similar mishap to what occurred at Constantinople), dragging me in among its branches. I quickly took my stand on the circle, and with my pocket-knife I cut off all the cords which held the car to the hoop. I bade adieu a second time to the public, leaving my car in the tree. While rising above the crowded amphitheatre and over the city, I was greeted with tremendous cheering, on account of having so adroitly managed to free myself, when all no doubt thought that the ascent would be a failure, as the balloon would not carry me over the tree. It would have been a perilous feat to have performed on a windy day, not having an anchor with which to stop the aerostat on the descent ; but it being a charming day, with only a light breeze, I considered it to be perfectly safe, especially as I had often made ascents while standing or sitting on a small board, sometimes when there was much wind and great risk, not having sufficient gas, and being unwilling to disappoint the public.

The city, with its world-renowned white marble cathedral and its new and truly magnificent gallery, Victor Emmanuel, surmounted by a spacious dome, presented a delightful spectacle beneath me, while the snow-capped peaks of the distant Alps appeared to form an impassable barrier on the north. My balloon rose to the height of 10,000 feet, or two miles, and then gracefully moved off towards the setting sun. Perhaps I had never waved the flag of my country on the anniversary of that glorious day over a more enchanting scene. After remaining for nearly an hour in the air, I made a safe descent

about four miles from Milan into a field ; but before I could secure the balloon I was carried on into an adjoining field belonging to another man. The country people soon surrounded the balloon, and commenced to pull it on all sides ; perhaps they would have injured it materially had it not been that some of the gentlemen from the city arrived and assisted me in protecting it. Although there was nothing but stubble in both of the fields, the owners demanded twenty lire, or francs, apiece, amounting to thirty-two English shillings, for damages, when there was absolutely nothing in the fields to be injured. They insisted that I should pay them, or they would keep the balloon. Some of the gentlemen from Milan, however, induced one of them, after much talk and delay, to bring the balloon back to the city on his cart, where he would be rewarded for both damage and cartage. On arriving at the amphitheatre, the police told him not to say any more about damages, or they would have him arrested for trying to obtain money under false pretences.

In some nations, I may here observe, the peasants act like highway robbers or banditti when aeronauts descend among them. Several times, by showing a revolver, I have saved my balloon from destruction. After having made an interesting ascent from Barcelona, and passing nearly a mile over the sea, I threw out ballast, and returned directly over the city by a higher current, and descended about half a mile on the opposite side into a garden. A large number of the lowest class of Spaniards came running to the balloon, and commenced pulling the net, cords, and car about in a fearful manner. Mounted police came to my assistance ; the people began to throw stones at them. The police, in suppressing them and protecting the aerostat, broke the arm of one of the rascals. One time, on making an ascent in Russia, I descended in the night into an orchard. The owner, instead of coming to me to settle the matter, sued me for sixty roubles (about ten pounds), claiming this amount as the damage done to his orchard. The magistrate, on finding that only about a dozen apples had been

knocked off a tree, said I might give the owner two roubles, which was the cost of bringing on the suit, instead of sixty.

Many of the citizens of Milan called upon me to congratulate me on the happy termination of what they considered a very hazardous voyage, several of them expressing at the same time a desire to accompany me on my next ascent. Among them were some of the gentlemen connected with the Milan journals. I proposed to inflate my balloon early in the day, and to allow several ascents to be made to the height of about 1,000 feet, while a strong rope held it to the ground, as was practised by M. Giffard with his great captive balloon at Paris during the Exposition Universelle, in which a great number of visitors had the opportunity, as well as myself, of enjoying a grand panoramic view of Paris and its environs. Even the Empress Eugénie, accompanied by an Austrian archduke (at the time of the Emperor of Austria's visit to the Exposition), made an ascent in that famous aerostat three days after I had ascended, and seemed highly pleased with her voyage, as I was informed by my friend M. Godard, who accompanied them.

Many ladies of Milan wished to enjoy a short aerial excursion ; among them was an Italian prima donna. Several of them went up together with me. There being no wind, the balloon rose almost perpendicularly. A sub-editor of the newspaper called *Il Secolo* asked me to permit him to make a night ascent with me, that he might have an opportunity of seeing Milan by gaslight from the balloon. I consented. My amateur *voyageur* placed in the car several bottles of good Italian wine, and a box of eatables. After bidding many of his anxious friends of the press, his most intimate relatives, and associates good-bye, we started about nine o'clock p.m., and in a few minutes were lost to their view. The principal object which attracted our attention in the general illumination of the city by gaslight was the dome of the Victor Emmanuel gallery, which extends from the cathedral to the opera-house, La Scala. My friend wrote a most glowing description, which was published in *Il Secolo*. He was especially impressed with the beauty

of the distant mountains, bathed in moonlight, as their lofty heads lay solemnly and silently sleeping concealed by their snowy caps. We descended without the least difficulty on a farm about six miles from Milan, before midnight, having enjoyed a very quiet and agreeable excursion, being borne gently onward by a light summer's night breeze. We called for assistance, and to know where we were. We were soon answered by several persons coming to us from a neighbouring farmhouse, who kindly took hold of our anchor and guide ropes and towed us, while we remained seated in the car, to the residence of the owner of the farm, where we were soon surrounded by the peasants. We invited them to join us in partaking of our wine and provisions. My friend was quite anxious to return to his family, and accordingly he started for Milan. I fastened the balloon to a tree by the anchor rope, and employed a man to watch it, while I went into the house to sleep.

In the morning I found the balloon as I had left it in the night, seemingly not having lost any of its force. In order to save the gas, that I might resume at once the captive ascents, which had become quite popular, I engaged about a dozen men to pull the balloon, while I remained seated in the car, back to Milan. We went forward very well for about an hour, as there was no wind. As the day advanced, however, the wind commenced to rise, bearing against us, and the men began to despair of reaching the city. Several more were added to the force, but after going half a mile farther they stopped, and said that they would not go on unless I would promise to pay them more than we had agreed upon at starting. Therefore I offered them more if they would carry me into the amphitheatre. We soon reached the main road ; by the side of it there was a canal of running water, upon which boats loaded with grain, wood, or other material could float to the city. A boat loaded with wood was passing at that time ; we induced the conductor to allow us to attach one cord of about 100 feet in length to it. I fastened my anchor rope on to the side of my

car ; another rope was attached to the boat, and given to the men to assist in pulling it along. The wind soon increased, so that, instead of the men towing the boat and the balloon down the stream towards Milan, the aerostat carried the boat in the opposite direction. The boatman became angry and frightened, fearing, no doubt, that the balloon might run away with his boat, while the men once more lost courage, and began to cry out for more money. Knowing that they were a hard set of men to deal with, by the experience of my first descent among them on the 4th of July, I concluded if possible to get rid of them by making an ascent. Unfortunately I had given my knife to the editor during our voyage from Milan to open a bottle of wine, and he had thoughtlessly put it into his pocket instead of returning it to me. The strain was so great upon the large rope that I could not untie it from the hoop. At last, remembering that there were two bottles of water among the sacks of sand at the bottom of the car, I quickly picked up one of them, broke it on the seat of my car, and with the pieces I commenced to cut off the rope. As the balloon had pulled the boat several feet from the shore, the men could not get hold of the rope to pull me down before I could cut it in two, and the boatman was not strong enough to pull me down alone. All that they could do, therefore, was to look on with astonishment, while I finished cutting the rope with my pieces of glass.

I succeeded at last. The balloon seemed to be as happy as I was in becoming free from these rude and uncultivated human beings, for it bounded swiftly upward like an uncaged eagle to revel in its freedom among the clouds. Although I have many times been very anxious for fear that something might happen to prevent me from making an ascent while surrounded by an immense crowd of eager spectators, I think that I was never so well pleased or better satisfied than on this occasion. My balloon soon became so full of gas that I pulled the valve string and let out some of it, which checked the ascent. I could not see Milan when I left the ground, but the

ascent was so rapid, owing to the fact that I had left the large and heavy guide rope, that Milan and the surrounding villages appeared to be rushing together beneath me, and not more than half the distance from me when I reached the greatest height as when I first saw them on starting. There were but few clouds scattered here and there below the aerostat. The higher I ascended the more I was astonished at the contrasts and wild scenes presented to my gaze by the aspect of the country around the beautiful city of Milan. The view expanded to the east, the west, and especially to the north, over distant mountains wild and majestic, whose summits, capped with snow or darkened by thick woods, formed a magical framework to the picture, while at their base lay the famous Italian lakes, so celebrated in song and story. Towards the south could be distinguished the beautiful Po, with its silvery waters winding through the well-cultivated plains, with their delightful gardens, flowers, olive and orange trees, and vineyards loaded with their delicious fruits.

The heat of the sun upon the balloon increased the volume of the gas, which caused it to expand gradually and imperceptibly more and more, until the balloon was perfectly full. I had been less than an hour enjoying a view of the enchanting scene around me, I had fully made up my mind to cross the Alps and pay my first visit to the Swiss republic if the wind continued favourable, when on looking up, as if I had just awakened more from a delightful dream than a reality, I saw that there was danger of the balloon collapsing. Immediately I pulled the valve string, but I was just a moment too late ; to my amazement, the balloon burst open in half a dozen places at the top and separated into two hemispheres around the middle !

After my third and last ascent at Rome, I had opened the balloon in the centre, and inserted a belt of nine feet in width to increase its capacity. I had made the ascent there with pure hydrogen gas, which was very expensive to manufacture. I made use of it on account of the difficulty of obtaining the

city gas. His Holiness the Pope refusing to permit any one to ascend with me, I had constructed the aerostat only large enough for myself, with a good supply of ballast, in case I desired to cross the Apennines a second time.

The upper portion of the balloon rolled up into a body at the top of the net of perhaps ten feet in diameter, the lower hemisphere having the mouth of the balloon attached by a strong cord to the hoop, folded together like an umbrella turned inside out by the force of the wind, so that there was but little resistance to the air. At the time of the accident, I was about three miles in height; of course I fell almost with the rapidity of a stone through the thin atmosphere for a distance of a few thousand feet, until I had time to throw out all my ballast, bottle of water, and one of my anchors which I could unfasten. The larger anchor rope had received so great a strain upon it during the night, that I could not untie the knot either at the hoop or at the anchor. I let it down, however, the whole length of the rope, so that it might strike the ground first, and assist in breaking the shock which I expected to receive on reaching the earth. My Leghorn hat, two flags, and even pieces of the balloon were carried away by the great force of the air. It seemed to me as though a terrific hurricane had suddenly sprung up, and that I was being borne round in a vast circle, carried upon the wings of a mighty cyclone. If I could have taken my stand on the hoop, and cut away my car with the heavy anchor, about a hundred pounds in weight, it would have retarded the descent very materially, but I had not my knife to do this.

Finding that the earth was approaching me at a most fearful rate, I thought that my last moments had come. The events of my past life came rushing through my mind with great rapidity. I thought that I almost deserved death for my carelessness in neglecting my balloon. Many times on land, sea, and in the air, has death stood near me, but never under circumstances so appalling as on that occasion. At last, on looking into the bottom of the car, I found a treasure more

priceless to me at that instant than all the gold discovered in California; it was a small piece of glass, part of the bottle which I had broken to cut the guide rope, by which I had escaped from one difficulty only to fall into another much greater. I grasped it, and with it cut the cord which held the lower half of the balloon to the hoop, which then flew up into the upper portion of the net, and formed an excellent substitute for a parachute, which checked the fall and brought me to the ground in safety. The shock was much greater than I had ever received before from my descents. I tried to break the concussion by standing up in my car and holding fast to the cords which were attached to the hoop. It appeared when I struck the ground as though a great weight had been cast upon me, crushing me suddenly into the bottom of the car. My first sensation was that of a violent pain in my back. I had descended into a large wheat-field; the grain was about ready for harvesting.

Finding that I was not seriously injured, I stepped out of my car; a few hundred yards from me, I saw a man standing motionless as a statue, struck with awe and astonishment at the wonderful apparition which had suddenly come from above; he appeared to be frightened out of his senses, and neither tried to run away from nor to approach me. Presently I saw in the direction of a distant farmhouse another man coming towards me; when he was near enough, I hailed him in Italian as well as I could, asking where I was, and the name of the place. He looked at my hatless head with an air of astonishment for a moment, and perhaps not understanding the meaning of the question, he quickly turned upon his heels and fled like a wild Indian. I followed him, when not far from the house I met the owner of the farm, accompanied by several others, who inquired if I had seen a balloon come down in the field. I informed him that I had just descended with one myself. They went with me to the remains of the balloon, which could not be seen until we were quite near, owing to the height of the surrounding grain. The men packed the

fragments of the balloon together, and transported them to the farmhouse, where I was kindly treated to a good dinner, of which I partook, thanking an all-wise and merciful Providence for my wonderful escape from death.

I recovered my American flag, which had been presented to me by my friends at Rome, from a peasant who had picked it up about half a mile from the place of the descent; but my hat, a small anchor, and an Italian banner, I never found.

The gentleman conveyed me back to Milan the same day, a distance of about twelve miles. Here many of the citizens had heard of what had happened previous to my arrival in the city; they manifested a deep interest in my behalf. I wrote a long description of the affair, which was published in *Il Secolo*, and was copied in the *Osservatore Romano*, and the principal journals in Italy. A writer for one of the French journals made a sad mistake in his translation from the Italian, stating that I had fallen with my balloon many thousand feet, and had been killed. Many of the journals in France copied the article. My friend M. de Fonvielle, of *La Liberte* saw that it was not true in reading his exchanges from Italy, and corrected it in his journal. I was not aware of the misstatement until I read it in a large work on ballooning, written by James Glaisher, Esq., M. Flammarion, Wilfred de Fonvielle, and Gaston Tissandier, and published in French at Paris. M. Flammarion says that I was killed near Milan, in July, 1869; while M. de Fonvielle, in another part of the same book, denies it. I have an English and a German translation of the book, with the two statements in each."

One of the earlier exploits of Mr. Wells, in South America, gives a vivid idea of the perils of these aerial voyages. We give the account in his own words.

"In 1864 I arrived in Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic. There had been three attempts, about ten years before my visit, by M. Latet, a French aeronaut, to make an ascent with a heated-air balloon. Having failed twice, on the third trial the people, fearing he would fail again,

put him into the car by force, and sent him up. He went a short distance, and then, like Don Quixote, he ran against a windmill, bursting his balloon and breaking his leg. The French people made up a subscription for him to return to France. His old aerostat was packed up in the windmill when I visited it.

I made a contract with the Government to make three ascents on three consecutive days, the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of May. I constructed two balloons, one for gas and the other for fire ; so that if an accident should happen to one, I could use the other. The ascents were to be made from the Plaza Victoria. I arranged to fill my gas balloon at the gas-works about a mile distant. In the centre of the square I built a small brick furnace to inflate my Montgolfier. As it was the first time that most of the inhabitants had ever had the chance of witnessing so extraordinary a sight, the Plaza was completely filled some time before two o'clock p.m., the hour fixed for the ascent. As very few of them knew that I had taken my balloon to fill at the gas-works, they came early with the expectation of seeing me inflate it on the Plaza. When they saw nothing of me or my aerostat, only the furnace, which they scrutinised, they began to think there would be a failure, as in the case of M. Latet.

As soon as my balloon was inflated I stepped into the car, with plenty of ballast. Several men took hold of a long rope and pulled the aerostat to the square. When the public caught sight of me riding above the houses on entering the Plaza, there was tremendous clapping of hands and enthusiastic cheering, much more so than there otherwise would have been, on account of my sudden and unexpected appearance. The men pulled the car to the earth. I got out, and went into a large building crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who received me very warmly. President Mitre, his wife and daughters, together with many of the higher class of society, shook hands with me, expressing a wish that no accident might take place on my voyage in the air. A young man from Brooklyn, New York, desired to go with me. I gave him

the Argentine flag to wave, while I unfurled the Stars and Stripes.

Bidding adieu to our friends and the vast multitudes, we soared majestically above the city, amidst the almost frantic shouts of the people and the delightful music of the bands. We reached a height of nearly three miles, passing along near the great La Plata, which is thirty miles wide at that place, and made an easy descent about fifteen miles from the city. Having the river on one side, and the vast plains stretching to the Andes on the other, with a city beneath laid out as regularly as a chess-board with no very remarkable features, there was not very much to interest an aeronaut. Two men came on horseback to us, and fastened the guide rope to their horses, and towed us several miles towards the city, while we were comfortably seated in the car, a novel way of travelling in that part of the world. The wind rising against us, we were forced to let out the gas. If the wind had not interfered, we should have saved the gas for the next day.

On the 24th of May I was ready to ascend again, but the wind was towards the river, so that the committee of arrangements were unwilling that I should make the attempt. They told me to let a few ladies and gentlemen go up while a rope was fastened to the balloon. The people were so eager to have a ride that they overloaded the balloon, and had to be taken out by the police. The spectators, as well as those who participated, enjoyed the novelty exceedingly. The committee said it pleased the public as much as the free ascent on the first day. The next day was stormy, so that the ascent was postponed until June, when I tried to cross the La Plata, as the wind was favourable.

I inflated my balloon at the gas-works as I had on the former occasions, allowing some gentlemen to ride with me while being towed by the men along the bank of the La Plata to the Plaza Victoria. The weather was delightful, and extremely propitious for the celebrations. Thousands who had heard of the other ascents came from a great distance, completely filling

the Plaza early in the day. Many gentlemen "were very desirous of ascending with me, and to take the chance of crossing the river in safety. I, however, refused, preferring to run the risk alone, with plenty of sand-bags instead of passengers. War was going on across the La Plata in Uruguay; fighting appeared to be as fashionable in that part of the world as in Mexico, where, if they do not see an account of a new revolution every morning in their journals, they think it must have been left out by mistake of the editor or printer. Some of the gentlemen who had friends engaged in the war asked me to carry letters to them. At first I consented, but Signor Pestilado, the Italian director of the opera, advised me not to do it, as I might get myself into difficulty, for I intended to make some ascents from Montevideo when the war was over, and I finally decided not to take the letters.

To see the result of the ascent, half the population of Buenos Ayres rushed to the river, and a pier built of wood and iron, extending several thousand feet into the water, was thronged with spectators. I received many salutes from the large number of vessels lying at anchor. I felt sure that I would land in one or two hours on the opposite shore. I was going in the direction of an island a few miles from Uruguay. I could see both sides of the river for more than a hundred miles up and down the mighty stream. Small fishing-boats were skimming along its glassy surface, and I could even hear the sound of the labouring oar, so motionless and silent was the air around me. It continued to be a glorious day, the sun brilliantly shining in a cloudless sky, and pouring a flood of gorgeous splendour over the surrounding scene, as if proud of the realms he shone upon. While passing over the French mail steamer in port, they waved the tricolour, which I returned by saluting them with the star-spangled banner and the flag of the Argentine Republic. When about twenty miles on my voyage, suddenly the wind ceased entirely, leaving me suspended over the water. Whenever my aerostat lost its force I descended gradually near the water, then I threw out

some sand, and rose again, continuing to do so until all my ballast was gone. I then cut away one anchor, and later the other, until I had only my car left. The setting sun seemed to melt away beyond the distant horizon, dissolving into a golden shower, and lighting up the western landscape with unearthly splendour. Something must be done, and that quickly. Not wishing to remain in the car in the water all night, and perhaps float out into the ocean, I concluded to cut it away. Putting on my life-belt, and securing a gas bag to the hoop, I placed myself on the circle and deliberately cut off every cord which held my car. My aerostat mounted so rapidly that I soon saw the sun rising above the horizon in the west instead of the east. It was a glorious transfiguration of nature ! The earth was now covered with darkness, while the golden rays of the sun shining upon the balloon, which had been recently varnished, caused it to appear like an asteroid to the people on the western shore, who were anxiously watching it. They were kind enough to throw rockets in the night, so that I might know my position. I expected to find a current in the higher region, which would take me either to one shore or the other. I was more than three miles high, and a light breeze from the ocean was carrying me up the river towards an island inhabited only by South American tigers. It was not an enviable situation to be in, yet I must acknowledge that I enjoyed it very much, believing, by the protection of a beneficent Providence, I would safely reach the land.

At the tremendous height to which I had swiftly risen, I soon began to feel the effects of the cold, and in a few minutes the cords which had been in the river were covered with ice. In the west I beheld a solitary cloud, like an angel, or a lovely bride, before the great white altar of the lofty Andes, as it were, blushing at the departing kiss of the setting sun. The lighthouse and the illuminations of Buenos Ayres appeared as though one of the bright constellations of heaven and the planet Venus had fallen beneath me ; and like a spirit I was wandering in the unfathomable regions of space. After remaining

half-an-hour sitting upon a rope tied across the concentrating hoop, with my gas bag suspended by a strong cord sixty feet in length, one end being well fastened to its nozzle and the other to the hoop, I commenced gradually to descend, on account of the condensation of the gas, through the coldness of the atmosphere, and its loss from the perviousness of the balloon. Now that the king of the day had gone to pay a visit to his celestial majesty the Emperor of China, the queen of night appeared before me, as if to cheer my drooping spirits. Perhaps there is nothing more marvellously beautiful, or surpassingly romantic and sublime, than when in the silent hour of night we float along in the invisible and illimitable ocean of air with a cloudless heaven, while the silver orbs of the firmament or the bright rays of the full moon light up the enchanting scene, and cities are passing beneath us, whose brilliant illuminations appear like nebulous groups sweeping before the telescope.

As I felt certain of taking a cold bath in the river, I was not particularly anxious just then to muse upon the beauties of nature. I did not find the bath as cold as I had anticipated (although it was winter there), in fact not nearly as cold as fifteen or twenty thousand feet above it. I now observed by the movement of the balloon while I was in the water up to my waist, that a light wind was coming from the east, which would probably carry me to the shore that I had left in the day. In order to keep the balloon dry, I tied my valve rope to the hoop, and taking the cord, having the large flat gas-bag attached to it, into my hands, I let go of the circle, when the cord rapidly slipped through my hands until I came in contact with the sack, which was about half full of air, which formed a comfortable seat. To my surprise, I felt myself suddenly pulled out of the water by the aerostat, which had gained considerable ascensional force, while the cord was passing through my hands. I was carried several hundred feet in height, at the same time whirling around like a top for some minutes by the untwisting of the cord, which was a new one ;

this being the first and only time that I was ever caught out of the water like a fish. I was a little fearful that the cord might break by untwisting too much, and give me a plunge bath in addition to my cold one, but I soon discovered that my shadow by moonlight was increasing in size on the face of the river, indicating unmistakably that I should shortly return to my bath. The wind now increasing in strength caused the balloon to act as a large sail, which towed me along quite rapidly over the stream, while I was seated upon the large flat bag, with my legs projecting in front with the rope between them. Now and then I was lifted a few feet out of the water as the wind became stronger, and sent dangling under the aerostat, and striking again the waves upon my back, when it required some exertion to regain my position upon the sack. Rockets were flying through the air every few minutes in the direction I was travelling. I could distinguish more plainly the dark outline of the shore, and presently felt my feet touch the bottom of the river, when in a few moments I was rapidly dragged upon the bank. Finding it impossible to stop the balloon, and not wishing to be injured or killed by coming against some object in the dark, I let go of the cord. Immediately the balloon was lost sight of, taking with it my overcoat and flags, which I had securely fastened to the network. I had been dragged about twenty miles over the water in a similar way to that of the Laplander with his sledge over the new-fallen snow.

Thus ended my last and hazardous ascent with the balloon Washington. I felt deeply thankful to Providence for preserving my life. The balloon went off towards the Andes, and I never heard of it again. I had left the Tiger Islands only a little on my right. I made my way to the nearest dwelling, where I found two ladies who had seen the balloon passing away. I told them, in the Spanish language, that I had just come out of the river, and explained what had happened to me. They invited me into their house, where I was introduced to Señor Justo, the husband of the elder and father to the younger lady, who introduced me to the other members of his family

and soon gave me a dry suit of clothes to exchange for my wet ones until they had time to dry. I gave a full description of my aerial voyage, which was taken down by one of the company, who happened to be editor of a Buenos Ayres journal, and this account was afterwards published in his newspaper. I had become somewhat benumbed by remaining more than two hours in the water ; but after receiving a good supper from my kind host, I felt sufficiently revived to play a few games of chess with my friend the editor, while seated by a comfortable fire. He stated in his journal that what astonished him the most was to see me play a good game of chess, after having so recently such a thrilling and terrific experience.

Finding myself safe upon *terra firma*, I looked upon it only as an episode from my ordinary ascents. There is no necessity of brooding over the past, it is far better to enjoy the present, and look well to the future. I learned that I was about twenty miles up the river from Buenos Ayres, near San Isidoro, the terminus of the railway which connected the two places. Señor Justo was an Englishman, born at Gibraltar ; his wife a Spanish American lady. The next day, having thanked them for their generous hospitality, I bade, reluctantly, Señor Justo, la Señora y las Señoritas, *adios*, and took the train to return to the capital. At one of the stations the English engineer accidentally slipped from the step, and fell upon the iron rail, at the moment of starting, when the wheel immediately cut off one of his legs. This incident is one of the many which show that we are just as liable to lose our lives by a little carelessness, under ordinary circumstances, as when exposed to great danger.

Signor Pestilado and many of the wealthy citizens proposed to make up for the loss of the aerostat, by giving me a benefit at the opera house. The exploit having created a tremendous excitement in the city, the house was filled, and I was enthusiastically called out several times before the audience. I now proposed to make another ascent, and descend with a parachute, using my Montgolfier. As usual, there was an

immense crowd assembled on the day appointed. This balloon was very much larger than the Washington, and was named the Buenos Ayres, being seventy feet in height and fifty in diameter. In less than half-an-hour it was inflated, and the parachute attached. When standing upon a small board, with my rubber life-belts on me, the wind blowing towards the La Plata, I gave the men orders to let go the ropes, and I soon found that I was mounting with the swiftness of an eagle, above the rejoicing multitude.

After saluting the public a few times with my hat and my flags, I looked up at the balloon, and to my great surprise I saw a small lad hanging in the net of the parachute. I perceived that it was now impossible for me to carry out my promise to the people, without, perhaps, killing one or both of us, in descending with the new machine, which they were all so anxiously expecting to see. I soon learned from the boy that he had been placed there against his will, as we are upon this planet. I knew there was no use grumbling about it, but philosophically to endeavour to extricate ourselves from the unpleasant and critical position in which we were so unexpectedly placed. He asked me to descend, as he said we were going over the river. I replied that he must put his arms round the closed parachute, and stick like a leech, and we would soon descend into the water. I was afraid that he might let go, and come tumbling down upon my head, and knock me off my board, killing us both; but he hung like a good fellow, while we went half a mile in height, and descended twenty minutes later, a mile from the shore.

I was plunged into the water until supported by my life-belts, the boy was held in the air by the force of the balloon, until a boat came to our rescue. Hundreds of people came out in boats to meet and greet us, and escort us to the long pier, which was crowded to excess by the populace, that rent the air with shouts of 'Bravo machacho couragioso! Bravo los dos aeronautas Americanos intrepidos!'

In explaining the incident, the lad said that he was pressed

by the public, whom the police were unable to keep back, against the parachute, when unconsciously one of his feet passed through a mesh in the net which I had put over the machine, and he was suddenly carried up. His name was Antonio Premazzi, an Italian boy, fourteen years of age. He received several hundred dollars as presents from the different clubs and rich ladies and gentlemen. He was so well pleased with his novel trip that he wished me to make an aeronaut of him. I would have taken the brave little fellow, who had so unceremoniously become a hero, but he being an orphan apprenticed to a painter, his master was not willing to part with him. Although the committee were perfectly satisfied, and paid me for the ascent (it being another fête of the Government), some of the community, however, possessing more incredulity than wisdom, thought that I had taught or induced the lad to perform the feat in order not to descend with the parachute. As I felt somewhat piqued at their stupidity and ridiculous insinuations, I placed twenty thousand dollars, of their paper currency, in the hands of the editor of the journal *La Republica*, stating that I would give it to twenty poor families if I failed to descend another time with my parachute, provided an equal amount should be given by those who doubted my ability or courage. As the faultfinders were unwilling to stake their money, I did not descend."

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

THE year 1775 witnessed the commencement of the War of the Revolution, which led to the American Declaration of Independence in the following year. Washington was appointed, by unanimous vote of Congress, commander-in-chief, on June 15th, 1775. Then began the memorable struggle, and the battles which are famous in history. But before the formal campaigns thus recorded, there had been a number of stirring

incidents, which showed the spirit by which the majority of the American people were animated, and which are still famed in tradition and in story. Of this irregular warfare a notable example we have in the story of Ethan Allen, and "The Green Mountain Boys," of whom he was the daring and resolute leader. On the 10th of May, the capture of Fort Ticonderago crowned Allen's exploits in the region of Lake Champlain. Nearly a month earlier another heroic adventurer



PAUL REVERE.

gained a name, which has been made illustrious for all time by the genius of Longfellow. "Paul Revere's Ride" is as famous a poem as Browning's spirited ballad of the "Ride from Ghent." The latter is merely a poet's reverie, relating to no recorded event, but Longfellow's poem had its inspiration in a well-known historic incident.

In March, 1775, General Gage, of the British Army, had learned, by means of spies, that at Concord, eighteen miles from Boston, several patriots, or rebels as he called them, had

collected ammunition and military stores. These he determined to seize or destroy. Dr. Warren, one of the Committee of Safety, noticed unusual stir in the British lines. He witnessed the assembling of boats at certain points, and the concentration of troops. He sent information of what he had seen and suspected to John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were then at Lexington. It was rightly surmised that Concord was the object of General Gage's expedition, which was to leave Boston stealthily on the night of the 18th of April. But Warren's vigilance anticipated the movement. Two of his helpers, Paul Revere and William Dawes, planned and undertook to give timely alarm. A lantern hoisted on the steeple of the North Church was to serve as the signal of the departure of the expedition. Longfellow's stirring ballad tells the result. One light was to be the signal if the expedition was made by land, two if by sea. Paul Revere crossed to the Charleston shore in a boat, with muffled oars, and awaited the signal. The watchman on the church tower saw the muster of boats.

“ Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic; meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,

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Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the field to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.”

It was that night, at Lexington, that the first shots were fired of the eight years' war of the revolution. About eighty of the Americans fell, and of the British nearly three hundred. News of the conflict spread rapidly through the country, and within a few days the British troops everywhere met with armed resistance. The authority of the King and of the mother country was openly defied, and the end was the establishment of the great and independent Republic of the United States, with the victorious George Washington as its first President.

COMMODORE SAMUEL HOOD AND THE DIAMOND ROCK.

AT the distance of rather less than a mile from the south-west end of the island of Martinique, or Pointe du Diamant, and about six miles south-east from the entrance to the harbour or bay of Fort Royal, in latitude $14^{\circ} 24'$ north, longitude $61^{\circ} 6'$ west, stands the Roche du Diamant, or Diamond Rock. in height, as measured by a quadrant, it is 600 feet ; in circum-

ference rather less than a mile ; and "in form very much resembling a round haystack." The south side of the rock is inaccessible, it being a flat steep, like a wall, but sloping a little towards the top. The east and the south-west sides are also inaccessible ; the first has an overhanging cave about 300 yards high, and the other several caves of great magnitude. The west side, where breakers run into the sea, affords the only landing. But even this landing is not at all times practicable, on account of the surf ; and a person, when he has landed, has to creep through crannies, and over dangerous steeps, until he reaches the north-west side, where the eye is suddenly relieved by a sloping grove of wild fig-trees.

In the latter end of the year 1803 the British 74-gun ship *Centaur*, Captain Murray Maxwell, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Samuel Hood, was cruising off Fort Royal Bay, to watch the port and intercept the vessels bound in or out of it. Finding that, as the *Diamond* had deep water all round, many vessels escaped capture by running inside of it, Captain Hood determined to take possession of and fortify the rock, and make it a sort of depôt, or stationary ship of war, whence boats could be detached to harass the enemy's trade. A landing was effected ; and in the course of the month of January, 1804, with incredible difficulty, five of the *Centaur's* guns, three long 24 and two 18-pounders, were mounted in different parts of this stupendous rock. The mode of getting them from the ship to an eminence so much higher than her mast-heads was characteristic and ingenious : a cable was made fast by one end to the ship and by the other to the rock, along which passed a traveller, or running loop ; to this was suspended the cannon, or whatever else it was desirable to remove, and which, by means of suitable tackles, was dragged up the acclivity of the cable to the summit of the rock. "Were you to see," says a writer in the *Naval Chronicle*, who was on the spot, "how along a dire and, I had almost said, a perpendicular acclivity, the sailors are hanging in clusters, hauling up a four-and-twenty-pounder by hawsers, you would

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wonder; they appear like mice hauling a little sausage: scarcely can we hear the governor on the top of the rock directing them with his trumpet, the Centaur lying close under it, like a cocoa-shell, to which the hawsers are affixed."

One of the 24-pounders, fitted upon a circular carriage, commanded the landing-place, and would reach in an eastern direction nearly across the Bay of Marin. Another was mounted upon the north-east side, and the third 24 about midway up the rock. Upon the summit, which commands an immense distance, were mounted the two 18-pounders. As soon as these guns were all mounted, and a sufficient quantity of powder and shot for their use was brought from the Centaur, Lieutenant James Wilkes Maurice, of that ship, with the rank of commander, and a crew of 120 men and boys, for whom a four months' supply of provisions and water had also been landed, hoisted his pendant *on board* the British "sloop of war" Diamond Rock.

Under command of Lieutenant Maurice, and afterwards of Lieutenant Reynolds, the "crew" of the "Rock" achieved some gallant exploits, one of which we shall presently describe. In fact, the attacks from this point became so troublesome, and attracted so much notice, that the French admiral on the West India station determined to send a powerful squadron to retake the rock, which was accomplished after a short but gallant defence, as told in the following account.

The expedition destined to retake this very harassing and not formidable "king's ship" consisted of the Pluton and Berwick (74's), 36-gun frigate Sirène, 16-gun brig corvette Argus, armed schooner Fine, and eleven gunboats, under the orders of Commodore Cosmao, of the Pluton, having on board from 300 to 400 troops of the line, commanded by Chef d'Escadron Boyer. On the 29th of May, at 5.30 p.m., the expedition sailed from Fort Royal. By the morning of the 30th the ships had not made much progress; but on the 31st, at daybreak, they were far to windward of the rock, and at 7 a.m. bore down towards it. The Diamond had been blockaded ever since the arrival

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of the combined fleet at Martinique ; therefore Captain Maurice, when he saw Commodore Cosmao's squadron sail out, anticipated its destination, and prepared accordingly.

Considering it impossible to defend the lower works against such a force as was approaching, Captain Maurice abandoned them, spiking the two guns, drowning the powder, and cutting away the launch from the landing-place. At 8 a.m. the ships opened their fire, which was returned by Hood's battery and Fort Diamond, the one being the 24-pounder about midway up the rock, the other the two 18-pounders on its summit. The ships bombarded the rock during the 31st of May and 1st of June, and until 4.30 p.m. on the 2nd, when Captain Maurice, having, as he states, "but little powder left, and not a sufficient quantity of ball-cartridges to last until dark," threw out a flag of truce. At 5 p.m. the *Fine* schooner hoisted a similar flag ; and terms honourable to the garrison, which consisted of 107 officers and men, were agreed to the same evening.

In their defence of this extraordinary post, the British sustained a loss of only two men killed and one man wounded. The Chef d'Escadron Boyer enumerates the loss of the French troops, "from a hasty calculation," at about fifty in killed and wounded. Captain Maurice considers the loss of the French who landed at the foot of the rock to have amounted to at least thirty men killed and forty wounded, exclusively of the loss sustained on board the ships and boats. Three gunboats and two rowing boats are stated to have been entirely lost. On his subsequent trial by court-martial, Captain Maurice was not only most honourably acquitted for the loss of the Diamond Rock, but highly complimented for his firm and determined behaviour.

CUTTING OUT THE CURIEUX.

VERY soon after the British flag had been hoisted on Diamond Rock, information reached the *Centaur*, then at the rock, that a French ship of war was at anchor near Fort Royal harbour, Martinique. The island was at the time closely watched by the British fleet, who kept as close blockade as was possible at each station in the French West Indies.

On the evening of the 3rd of February, 1804, four boats, containing sixty seamen and twelve marines, under the orders of Lieutenant Robert Reynolds, of the *Centaur*, were detached to attempt the capture of the French brig corvette *Curieux*, Captain Cordier, of sixteen long 6-pounders and (supposed to have been about 100, but with only, as admitted) seventy men, lying at anchor close under Fort Edouard, at the entrance of the Carénage, Fort Royal harbour, Martinique, victualled for three months, and all ready for a start to sea. Although the suspicion that an attack might be made by a part of the blockading force had led to every commendable precaution to prevent surprise, such as loading the carriage-guns with grape, and the swivels (of which there were eight) and wall-pieces with musket-balls, spreading on the quarter-deck and in the arm-chest the muskets, sabres, pistols, tomahawks, and pikes, filling the cartouch-boxes, placing as sentries one marine at each gangway-ladder, one at each bow, and two at the stern, tracing up the boarding nettings, and directing a sharp look-out to be kept by every officer and man of the watch (twenty-eight in number), yet was the *Curieux*, owing to the vigour of the onset and the hour chosen for making the attack, unapprised of her enemy's approach until too late to offer a successful resistance.

At about three quarters past midnight, after a hard pull of twenty miles, and just as the moon was peeping from behind a cloud, the *Centaur's* boats were hailed by the *Curieux*, and then fired into by the sentries, by two of the starboard 6-pounders, a swivel, and a wall-piece. The twelve marines

returned the fire with their muskets, and the boats pulled rapidly on. In the midst of a scuffle alongside, the barge pushed for the brig's stern. Here hung a rope-ladder, to which two boats were fast. Lieutenant Reynolds and a seaman named Richard Templeton ascended by it to the taffrail, and, in defiance of the swivels and wall-pieces mounted at this end of the vessel, were quickly followed by the rest of the barge's crew. In his way up the ladder, Lieutenant Reynolds, with admirable coolness, cut away one of the tracing-lines with his sword, whereby the corner of the netting fell, and thus enabled the three remaining boats to board on the brig's quarter.

Since the first alarm had been given, all the *Curieux's* officers and men, headed by their brave commander, had been at their quarters; and a sanguinary combat now ensued, in which the French officers took a much more active part than a portion of their men. The French, however, were soon overpowered: some were killed or badly wounded; others thrown down the hatchway; and the remainder, finding themselves abandoned, retreated to the forecastle. Here a line of pikes stood opposed to the British; but all was unavailable. Handspikes and the butt-ends of muskets became formidable weapons in the hands of the latter, and soon laid prostrate on the deck the captain and most of the officers near him. The majority of the surviving crew having by this time fled below, all further resistance presently ceased. The British were not long in cutting the cables of their prize, nor in unfurling her sails; and in a very few minutes the *Curieux*, in the hands of her new masters, stood out of Fort Royal harbour. A smart fire was successively opened from Fort Edouard, a battery on Pointe Negro, and another at Pointe Soloman, but the brig passed clear, and long before break of day was at anchor by the side of the *Centaur*.

It was an additional cause of congratulation to the British that their loss of men, considering the magnitude of the enterprise, was small, consisting of only nine wounded. Three

of the number, it is true, were officers : Lieutenant Reynolds, the gallant leader of the party, his able second, Lieutenant George Edmund Byron Bettesworth, and Mr. John Treacy, a midshipman. The two latter were not badly wounded ; but the first-named officer had received no fewer than five severe and, as they eventually proved, mortal wounds. One of the seamen also died of his wounds. The loss on the part of the French was very serious. The *Curieux* had one midshipman and nine petty officers, seamen, and marines killed, and thirty, including all her commissioned officers but one midshipman, wounded, many of them severely, and some mortally. The French captain had a singular escape : after having been knocked down and stunned, he was thrown overboard, but fell on the fluke of the anchor, whence he dropped into one of the *Curieux's* boats which was alongside, full of water-casks. The only man in the boat immediately cut her adrift, and pulled for the shore ; and Captain Cordier, on recovering his senses, was as much chagrined as surprised at the novelty of his situation.

The *Curieux* had long been at sea, and was considered to be one of the best-manned and best-disciplined brigs in the French navy. Some of her crew were undoubtedly panic-struck ; but the time and the suddenness of the attack, coupled with its resistless impetuosity, may serve in part for their excuse. The determined behaviour of the French officers excited the admiration of their opponents ; and Lieutenant Louis Ange Cheminant and Enseigne de Vaisseau Jean Joseph Maurice Joly (both wounded), along with their brave commander, particularly distinguished themselves. The conduct of the British upon the occasion speaks for itself.

Commodore Hood, very considerably, despatched the *Curieux* to Fort Royal as a flag of truce with the wounded Frenchmen ; and Vice-Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse, the governor-general of the island, with a proper sense of the act, sent back his acknowledgments. Upon her return, the *Curieux*, under her French name, became a British sloop of war, and was

given to the officer who had headed the party that captured her ; but Captain Reynolds's wounds were of too severe a nature to admit of his taking the immediate charge of his new command. This gallant young officer, indeed, breathed his last in the early part of the ensuing September.

The following passage occurs in a translated copy of Lieutenant Cheminant's letter to Governor Villaret : " I render justice to the English ; they not only afforded the last military honours to the midshipman Bourgonnière, but they afforded the most particular assistance to the wounded, and not the value of a handkerchief was taken from the crew."

CAPTURE OF A FRENCH PRIVATEER BY AN ENGLISH BOAT WITH TWELVE MEN.

THE capture of an armed ship by a boat, and still more the cutting out of a ship when in harbour, is a deed of daring which shows much dash and gallantry. Countless examples of such exploits were witnessed in the time of the great naval war, and none of them more worthy of record than the capture of the French privateer *Rose* by a boat's crew of the British 12-gun schooner *Eclair* at Guadeloupe.

On the 5th of March, 1804, at 2 p.m., the *Eclair*, commanded by Lieutenant Carr, while passing Englishman's Head, Guadeloupe, discovered a schooner, which shortly afterwards hoisted a red pendant, stood in to the Hayes, and anchored close under some batteries on the shore. Upon a nearer approach, Lieutenant Carr ascertained that the vessel was a French privateer, filled with men ; and he would then have sent in the cutter to attack her had not the wind from the westward blown fresh on the shore. At 7 p.m. it fell calm ; and the cutter, commanded by Mr. John Salmon, the master, having under him Mr. John B. Douglas, the surgeon (also a volunteer), and ten seamen,

quitted the *Eclair*, and proceeded towards the harbour in which the privateer lay.

Notwithstanding a smart fire from the battery at the entrance of the harbour and from the vessel herself, the master persevered, and, after a stout resistance of ten minutes, boarded and carried the French privateer schooner *Rose*, of one long brass 8-pounder on a pivot, and forty-nine men, well armed and fully prepared. Of these the privateer had five men killed, and ten, including the captain and four that jumped overboard, wounded. Of the twelve officers and men who had in so gallant a manner effected this capture, not one was hurt.

The master's next difficulty was, in a dead calm, to carry off his prize. This he and his men at length did, by dint of towing and sweeping; and, although exposed to a fire of great guns and musketry from the shore, reached their vessel without the slightest accident. The *Rose* was well found, and victualled complete for a three months' cruise, upon which she was just going to sail when the *Eclair's* boat so gallantly intercepted her.

The capture of this privateer by a boat, with only twelve men against four times the number, and in spite of fire from the shore batteries as well as from the vessel, was a gallant exploit, but only in keeping with the spirit by which the whole ship's company of the *Eclair*, officers and men, were distinguished. Exactly a month before, on the 5th of February, the *Eclair*, while cruising about sixty-eight leagues to the northward of the island of Tortola, saw and immediately chased a strange sail to the southward. In about half an hour the stranger was discovered to be a ship standing towards the *Eclair*. At 4 p.m., having by the usual mode of signalling ascertained that the vessel approaching her was an enemy, the schooner shortened sail and cleared for action. At 4.30 the ship, which, from subsequent information, was found to be the celebrated French privateer *Grand Décidé*, Captain Mathieu Goy, of twenty-two long 8-pounders, and a complement, including eighty soldiers, of about 220 men, being within musket-shot on the larboard

and weather bow of the *Eclair*, hauled up her courses, hove to, and hoisted French colours. The *Eclair* carried only twelve guns, with crew of sixty men and boys.

When within pistol-shot, the *Grand Décidé* commenced the action, by discharging her larboard broadside and a heavy fire of musketry, and received in return the larboard broadside of the schooner. The *Eclair* then wore round, and fired her starboard broadside. In this manner the action continued, without intermission on either side, until 5.15 p.m., when the French ship slackened her fire, filled, and bore up, as if intending to rake the schooner; but, instead of doing so, the privateer ceased firing, and made all sail to the northward. The *Eclair* instantly filled, and made sail in chase. At 7 p.m. the *Grand Décidé* was getting away fast, and by 8.30 had run entirely out of sight.

In this truly gallant exploit, the *Eclair*, out of her sixty men and boys, lost one marine killed and four seamen wounded, and had her standing and running rigging cut to pieces, and her barricade, masts, and yards much damaged. That a ship so powerful in guns and men as the *Grand Décidé* should, in a forty-five minutes' engagement, have done no more execution in *personnel*, is as extraordinary as that she should have ultimately fled from a vessel so much her inferior in guns, complement, and size. It was, however, established, to the entire satisfaction of Commodore Hood, that the privateer was the *Grand Décidé*, from Guadeloupe, and that she was so armed and manned. The gallantry of Lieutenant Carr in attacking such a vessel, and the ability and determination displayed by him, his officers, and crew, throughout a contest which, in spite of the inequality of force, terminated so creditably to the *Eclair*, merited all the praise called forth upon the occasion.

CAPTURE AND RECAPTURE OF THE HERMIONE.

MR. JAMES, in his "Naval History," says, "The cutting out the *Hermione* by Captain (Sir Edward) Hamilton and his brave shipmates stands undoubtedly at the head of that desperate class of services; and on no occasion was the honour of knighthood more deservedly bestowed, than upon him who had planned and conducted the attack." The capture of this frigate attracted the more attention from the fact of its being the recovery of a ship which had been previously lost to the British navy by a series of calamities little creditable either to its captors or to the officer then in command. A brief account of the earlier event will serve to enhance the satisfaction with which the gallant exploit of Captain Hamilton will be hailed.

On the night of the 22nd September, 1797, the British 32-gun frigate *Hermione*, Captain Hugh Pigot, was cruising off the west coast of Porto Rico, in the West Indies. There was a very bad feeling among the crew towards their commander, and not without good reason, for he was, according to all accounts, one of the most tyrannical and cruel captains belonging to the British navy. English sailors will dare anything and do anything for a captain whom they respect and love, but a coarse, brutal officer like Captain Pigot, of a type scarcely known in our day in the service, could count little upon the devotion or co-operation of his men even in time of war.

It appears that on the preceding day, while the crew were reefing the topsails, the captain called aloud that he would flog the last man off the mizen topsail yard. "The poor fellows, well knowing that he would keep his word (and though the lot would naturally fall on the outermost, and consequently the most active), each resolved at any rate to escape from punishment; two of them, who from their position could not reach the topmast rigging, made a spring to get over their comrades within them; they missed their hold, fell on the quarter-deck,

and were both killed. This being reported to the captain, he is said to have made answer, 'Throw the lubbers overboard.' " It appears also that all the other men, on coming down, were severely reprimanded, and threatened with punishment.

This most tyrannical conduct on the part of Captain Pigot, operating upon a very motley and from a succession of similar acts of oppression, ill-disposed ship's company, produced discontent, which kept increasing until the next evening, when it fatally burst forth. The men, in addition to the loud murmurs they uttered, now began throwing double-headed shot about the deck; and on the first lieutenant's advancing to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, they wounded him in the arm with a tomahawk. He retired for a while, and then returned, when the wretches knocked him down with a tomahawk, cut his throat, and threw him overboard. "The captain, hearing a noise, ran on deck, but was driven back with repeated wounds. Seated in his cabin, he was stabbed by his coxswain and three other mutineers, and, forced out of the cabin windows, was heard to speak as he went astern." In a similar manner did the mutineers proceed with eight other officers, cutting and mangling their victims in a most cruel and barbarous manner. The only officers that escaped destruction were the master, the gunner, the carpenter, one midshipman, and the cook; those murdered were the captain, three lieutenants, purser, surgeon, captain's clerk, one midshipman, the boatswain, and the lieutenant of marines.

Having thus rid themselves of every possible opponent, the mutineers carried the ship into La Guayra, a port of the Spanish main, representing to the Spanish governor that they had turned their officers adrift in the jollyboat. The governor soon afterwards, in spite of the remonstrances of the British commander-in-chief on the Lecward Island station, Rear-Admiral Henry Harvey, who fully explained the horrid circumstances under which the ship had been taken possession of, fitted the *Hermione* for sea as a Spanish national frigate.

Many of the *Hermione's* mutineers were afterwards taken,

and suffered for their crimes, crimes that, had they each a dozen lives, merited the sacrifice of the whole. If the commander of the ship had been the sole victim of their rage, the public indignation would have been appeased the instant the daily practices of the tyrant became known; but the indiscriminate slaughter of their officers, even to the young clerk and midshipman, gave a shock to public feeling which vibrates even yet when the subject is touched upon. That the mutineers of the *Hermione* should turn traitors to their offended country was the natural consequence of the enormity of their guilt. Of those subsequently taken and brought to punishment, some from repentance, others from hardened shamelessness, confessed their guilt, and gave minute details of the horrid transaction.

Such was the manner in which the *Hermione* fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who afterwards altered and fitted for sea their shamefully acquired prize. In the British service the *Hermione*, of 715 tons, had mounted, with her carronades, thirty-two 12-pound guns, and her crew numbered 220. The Spaniards cut additional portholes, so as to mount forty-four guns; and the crew was increased to 321 sailors, besides a detachment of soldiers and artillerymen, seventy-two in number, in all 393 on board. The command of the frigate, thus strongly armed and manned, was given to Don Raimond de Chalas, an experienced officer of the Spanish navy.

In the month of September, 1799, intelligence reached Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, the British commander-in-chief at the island of Jamaica, that the *Hermione* was about to sail from Puerto Cabello, whence she had recently arrived from Aux Cayes, in the island of St. Domingo, bound, through the channel between the island of Aruba and Cape San Roman, to Havana. For the purpose of intercepting the Spanish frigate in this her voyage, the admiral detached from Port Royal, on the 20th of the month, the 28-gun frigate *Surprise*, Captain Edward Hamilton. This ship had been the French "24-gun corvette" *Unité*, and mounted, when captured by the *Inconstant* frigate,

in April, 1796, thirty-two guns. On being fitted out in the British service, the *Surprise* was made a 28-gun frigate, and armed with twenty-four carronades, 32-pounders, on her main-deck, and eight carronades, 18-pounders, with two, if not four, long fours or sixes, on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, total at the least thirty-four guns. Her net complement, like that of her class, was 197 men and boys. Although a ship of only 579 tons, the *Surprise* was fitted with a 36-gun frigate's main-mast, but with the fore and mizenmasts of a 28. This was a plan of Captain Hamilton's; and, thus rigged, the *Surprise* appears not to have been complained of as a sailer.

On the 21st of October, in the evening, the *Surprise* arrived off the harbour of Puerto Cabello, and discovered the *Hermione* moored head and stern between two strong batteries situated at the entrance of the harbour, and said to mount between them nearly 200 guns. During the 22nd and 23rd the *Surprise* well observed the position of the Spanish frigate; and, the evening of the 24th proving favourable, Captain Hamilton turned the hands up, and acquainted the officers and ship's company with his intention to lead them to an attack by boats upon the *Hermione*. The proposal was greeted with three cheers, and the crew declared they would follow their captain to a man.

At 8 p.m. Captain Hamilton, with the boats of the *Surprise*, containing just 100 officers and men, pulled off from the ship on this bold and hazardous service, intending, with himself and half the men, to board the Spanish frigate, while the remainder were cutting the cables, and towing the ship out. The *Surprise* meanwhile was to lay close off the harbour's mouth, to be ready, if necessary, to co-operate in the attack. Towards midnight the boats encountered and beat off the *Hermione's* launch, having a 24-pounder (carronade, we presume) and twenty men, and rowing guard at the distance of about three quarters of a mile from the frigate. The noise made on this occasion having given the alarm, the *Hermione* discharged her main-deck and fore-castle bow guns.

Unintimidated by this fire and the now evident state of preparation of the enemy, the boats pushed on ; and at about half an hour past midnight Captain Hamilton, with the gunner, Mr. John Maxwell, and eight or ten men from his boat, got on board the Spanish frigate, and took possession of the forecastle without much resistance. The gig, under the command of Mr. John M'Mullen, the surgeon, boarded on the larboard bow, and the men immediately joined the captain's party. In the meanwhile the black cutter, commanded by the first lieutenant, and the red cutter, by the boatswain, had each been beaten off from the gangways. The second lieutenant, in the launch, had been directed to cut the bower cable, and the carpenter, in the jollyboat, the stern cable ; and then both boats, having reinforced the boarding party with some men, were to go ahead and tow the ship.

The general rendezvous of the boarders was to be the Spanish frigate's quarter-deck ; and thither, taking with him the surgeon's party and leaving the gunner, with about twelve men, in charge of the starboard gangway, the captain proceeded along the larboard one. The quarter-deck, where of course the Spanish officers had taken their station, was most obstinately defended for a quarter of an hour, and a dreadful carnage ensued among the Spaniards ; nor did the British escape with impunity, Captain Hamilton, the gunner, and several of the men being badly wounded.

At this moment the first lieutenant and the acting lieutenant of marines, M. de la Tour du Pin, had boarded, with their respective parties ; and, the cables being now cut, the boats under the direction of the second lieutenant went ahead, and with their hook ropes took the ship in tow. The hands ordered to go aloft, four to the fore and two to the mizen topsail yards, loosed those sails ; and all the boats and men betook themselves, according to a previous arrangement, to the different services allotted to them.

The quarter-deck being taken possession of, and the force of the assailants increased by the marines and others who had

since boarded from different boats, no time was lost in attacking the main-deck. Captain Hamilton and the gunner were both too severely wounded to do any further duty. But two able substitutes presented themselves in M. de la Tour du Pin and the surgeon, who followed the Spaniards down the after-ladder so quickly, that they had no time to make any regular defence ; and the constant fire maintained by the British who remained on the upper deck, and the want of ammunition by the Spaniards, enabled the descending party of British, after a dreadful slaughter, to carry their point, and compel the survivors of the Spanish crew to call for quarter.

The continuance of the firing on board rendering it uncertain what party had possession of the ship, the batteries did not venture to fire until, by means of the boats and the sails, the *Hermione* had considerably increased her distance. When, too, the forts did commence, the lightness of the wind, by its slow removal of the smoke from before the guns, occasioned a very imperfect aim to be taken. Several shot notwithstanding struck the *Hermione*, one of which, a 24-pounder, passing through her below the water-mark, obliged the captors to rig the pumps. The main and spring stays were both shot away ; and, as there was a great head swell, the mainmast was with difficulty secured. At 2 a.m., the ship being out of gunshot from the batteries and in complete possession of the captors, the towing boats were called alongside. It was now for the first time that the people from them set their feet on board the frigate.

In effecting this surprising capture, the British sustained so comparatively slight a loss as twelve wounded, including Captain Hamilton, by several contusions, but not dangerously, and Mr. Maxwell, the gunner, dangerously and in several places. Of their 365 in crew, the Spaniards had 119 killed and ninety-seven wounded, most of them dangerously. The survivors were afterwards put on board a captured schooner, and landed at Puerto Cabello.

Captain Hamilton, with his prize in company, made sail for

Jamaica, and on the 1st of November anchored in Port Royal. Having while in the Spanish service undergone a thorough repair, the *Hermione* was immediately restored to her former rank in the British navy, at first under the new name, as given to her by Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, of *Retaliation*, but subsequently, on her return to England, under the more appropriate name of *Retribution*.

Captain Hamilton's wounds, although not vitally dangerous, were of a very serious nature. He first received a tremendous blow from the butt-end of a musket, which broke over his head and knocked him senseless on the deck; he next received a severe sabre-wound on the left thigh, another wound by a pike in the right thigh, and a contusion on the right shin-bone by a grape-shot.

Owing probably to the severity of his wounds, Captain Hamilton, in his official letter, has not given a very explicit account of an achievement that has done him so much honour. He does not name any officer as present in the attack, except the surgeon and gunner; and yet he disclaims any intention of making an exception by saying, "Every officer and man on this expedition behaved with an uncommon degree of valour and exertion."

In the month of April, 1800, Sir Edward Hamilton, returning home in the *Jamaica* packet for the cure of his wounds, was captured by a privateer and carried into a French port, from whence he was sent to Paris, where he was taken particular notice of by Bonaparte, who at length agreed to his being exchanged for six midshipmen. Previously to his departure from Jamaica, the House of Assembly of that island, with its accustomed liberality, voted Captain Hamilton a sword of 300 guineas value; and, on his arrival in England after his exchange, the Common Council of London voted him the freedom of their city.

SIR JOHN JERVIS OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT, AND NELSON'S FAMOUS BRIDGE.

WHEN the name of Nelson is mentioned, the thoughts naturally turn to the great victories gained by him when in command of British fleets, the battle of the Nile and the still more glorious Trafalgar. But it was in another and earlier sea fight that we find the most wonderful of those displays of dash and of gallantry which made the name of Nelson renowned as one of the greatest heroes in the annals of war.

In the action off Cape St. Vincent, in February, 1797, when Admiral Sir John Jervis attacked and defeated the Spanish fleet, Commodore Horatio Nelson commanded the *Captain* (seventy-four), and it is his daring capture of two of the Spanish men-of-war, the *San Josef*, a three-decker of 112 guns, and the *San Nicolas*, of eighty guns, that forms the most brilliant event in that famous sea fight.

It would occupy too much space to give a detailed account of the whole action. A brief statement must suffice, our object being mainly to describe the part taken by the gallant Nelson in the ship commanded by him.

The grand fleet of Spain, under the command of Admiral Don Josef de Cordova, in the gigantic four-decker, of 130 guns, the *Santissima Trinidad*, had sailed from Carthagená on the 1st of February, 1797. This fleet was composed, besides the admiral's four-decker, of six three-deckers of 112 guns each, two 80-gun ships, eighteen 74-gun ships, and at least twelve 34-gun frigates. In attendance on the fleet were gunboats and about seventy transports with soldiers and military stores. On the 5th of February this formidable armada passed Gibraltar, and after disembarking the troops and stores at Algeiras, was proceeding to Cadiz. The object, it was rumoured, was to advance from Cadiz to Brest, where it was to join the French, and probably also the Dutch, fleets. With this assembled force the invasion of England was to be attempted.

To watch the Spanish fleet, and, if possible, to prevent its reaching Cadiz, much less Brest, an English squadron, under Admiral Sir John Jervis, in his flag-ship the *Victory*, was cruising off the southern coast of Spain. On the 6th of February, when near his chief station, off Cape St. Vincent, the admiral had under his command the *Victory* and *Britannia*, of 100 guns, three 98's, the *Barfleur*, *Blenheim*, and *Prince George*, eight 74's, one 64, and six frigates and sloops. Altogether the odds against the British fleet may be reckoned nearly two to one.

After some days of reconnoitring, the weather being usually rough and hazy, on the morning of the 14th the two fleets were near enough to see each other, and to estimate their relative strength. The Spaniards were seen to be crowding sail to get near the land, without much regard to order, and were doubtless anticipating a triumphant entrance into Cadiz harbour. The British admiral formed his fleet in line of battle, and advanced towards the more scattered ships of the Spaniards.

It was a daring, many will say too daring deed, to run into the midst of a fleet so superior in numbers, but the English captains of those days seldom took time to make such calculations. The practised eye of a seaman like Sir John Jervis saw the loose and disorderly position of the Spanish fleet, and instantly, without hesitation, formed the resolution to profit by it. On the principle that "fortune favours the brave," he went in and won. The very daring of the venture increased the confusion, and weakened the power of the enemy, who were unable to put themselves into favourable position for meeting the attack. A large number of the ships were soon engaged. The losses of the Spaniards were great, the number of killed in the *Santissima Trinidad* being about 200. She was exposed at one time to the fire of three or four British ships, and her colours were actually struck, but several Spanish ships came to the rescue and covered the defeat of the admiral. A large number of the British ships

were also disabled by the heavy fire to which they were exposed ; in fact, a greater proportion of damage was done to the British than to the Spanish fleet, and this accounts for the engagement not proving so decisive as it might otherwise have been. The acknowledged crippled state of the Santissima Trinidad and of one or two other Spanish ships at the close of the action renders it probable that more might have been captured than the four prizes which were all that the British admiral secured.

Before the end of the fight the Spanish admiral had got his ships into better order, and formed them in line, the British fleet also getting into line. But the conflict was not renewed after this. As it is expressed by one historian of the action, "each party then drew off, the one to lament, the other to exult over, the occurrences of the day."

The details of the action and the parts taken by the individual ships have been recorded, as far as such scenes can be clearly reported, in the naval chronicles of the time, and in the pages of James' "Naval History." The following passage describes the critical time of the action, and brings before us the part taken by Commodore Nelson, whose daring exploit of boarding and capturing two of the enemy's ships is the most conspicuous incident in the whole affair.

Soon after noon a signal had been hoisted by the admiral, on board the Victory, directing the ships of the fleet to "take suitable stations for mutual support, and engage the enemy, as coming up in succession." Nelson was ready to act on the latter part of the signal, but paid little heed to the order about "mutual support." Before long his ship, the Captain, was making for the Santissima Trinidad, then the most advanced ship of six of the Spanish fleet, on the outside of the line. The other five were the San Josef and San Salvador and Mexicano, three-deckers, and the San Nicolas and San Ysidro, 74-gun ships.

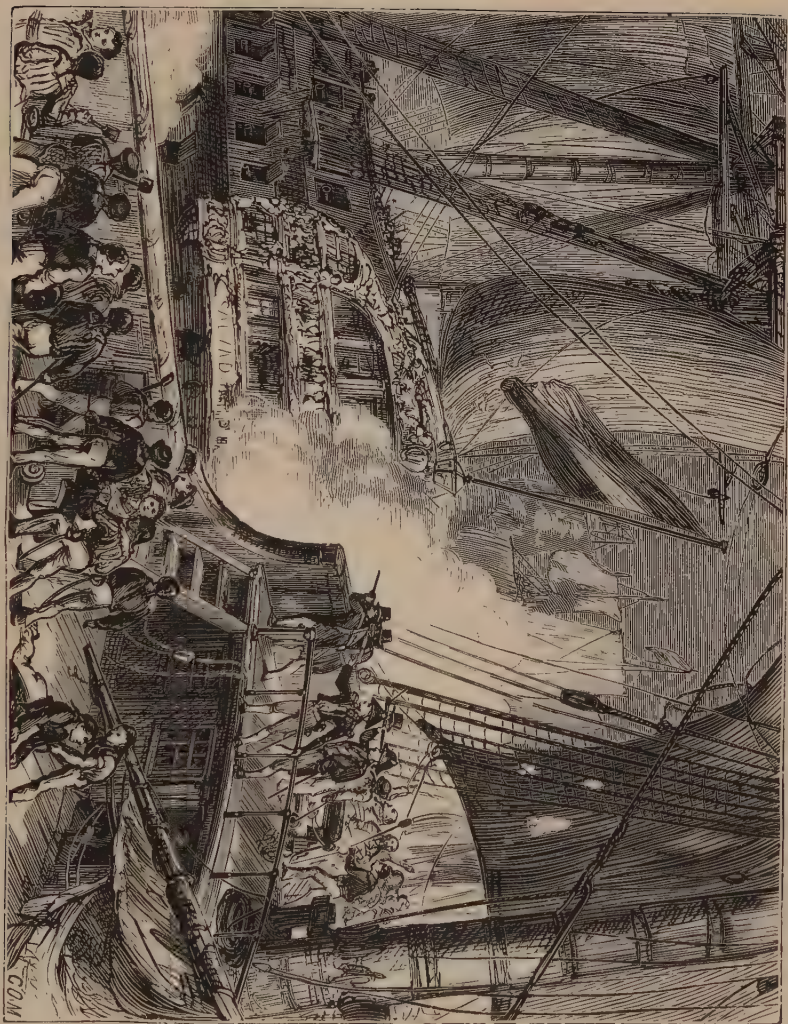
At about 1.30 p.m. the Captain opened her fire upon the Santissima Trinidad and the ships near her, with the rearmost

of which the Culloden, about ten minutes before, had commenced firing. Frustrated thus by the spirited conduct of the Captain and Culloden, and seeing the near approach of the Blenheim, Prince George, and other ships, the Spanish admiral gave up his design of running to leeward of the British fleet, and, making the signal to that effect, hauled up on the larboard tack.

At about 2 p.m. the Culloden had stretched so far ahead, as to cover the Captain from the heavy fire poured upon her by the Spanish four-decker and her companion as they hauled up and brought their broadsides to bear. Of the respite thus afforded to her, the Captain took immediate advantage, replenishing her lockers with shot, and splicing and repairing her running rigging. Shortly afterwards the Blenheim, passing also to windward of the Captain, afforded her a second respite, which was taken advantage of as before. The two more immediate opponents of the Captain and Culloden had been the San Ysidro and Salvador del Mundo; these, having already lost some of their topmasts, and being otherwise in a crippled state, the Blenheim, by a few of her heavy broadsides, sent staggering astern, to be cannonaded afresh by the Prince George, Orion, and other advancing ships.

The Victory, soon after her heavy fire upon the Spanish three-decker which she had caught so opportunely in stays under her lee, put about on the larboard tack, and, followed by the Barfleur, Namur, Egmont, and Goliath (the two latter partially disabled and dropping astern), pointed to windward of the Spanish fleet. At 1.5 p.m. Sir John directed the Minerve by signal to take the disabled Colossus in tow; and at 1.19 p.m., arriving abreast of the Excellent, which was in the rear of, what may now be called, the lee division of the British fleet, the Victory made the signal to come to the wind on the larboard tack.

In immediate compliance with this signal, the Excellent hauled sharp up, and at 2.15 having reached a station ahead of the weather division, was ordered by the Victory to



THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.

pass through the enemy's line. Such was the expression of the signal, but line there was none. The Spanish fleet, indeed, from its increased disorder, now evinced, more clearly than ever, that "*Sauve qui peut*" was the only directing principle.

At 2.26 the Excellent, having been directed by signal to bear up, edged away, and at 2.35 arriving abreast of the disabled Spanish three-decker *Salvador del Mundo*, engaged the latter upon her weather bow for a few minutes, then passed on to the next Spanish ship in succession, the *San Ysidro*, and whose three topmasts had already been shot away. This ship Captain Collingwood engaged closely on the lee beam until about 2.53 p.m., when, after a gallant defence in her crippled state from the fire of former opponents, the *San Ysidro* hauled down the Spanish, and hoisted the English flag. The Excellent then, in obedience to the signal just made by the Prince George and repeated by the Victory, filled and stood on, first apprising the admiral by signal that the *San Ysidro* was secured.

Very soon after the Excellent had quitted the *Salvador del Mundo* for the *San Ysidro*, the *Irresistible* and *Diadem* commenced an attack upon the former, the 74 stationing herself upon the weather bow, and the 64 upon the lee quarter, of the Spanish three-decker, then with her fore and main topmasts gone, and otherwise much disabled. At 2.35 p.m., finding the shot of the *Irresistible* and *Diadem*, particularly of the latter, falling near and over her as she advanced to rake the *Salvador*, the Victory directed her two friends to discontinue the engagement; but ships are very apt to misunderstand, or not to see, this signal, and in the present instance required it to be repeated three times before it was complied with. Observing the Victory about to pass under her stern, and that the *Barfleur* was following close, the *Salvador del Mundo*, whose mizen topmast had since shared the fate of the fore and main, very judiciously hauled down her flag as soon as some of the Victory's bow guns began to bear upon her.

This was just at 3 p.m., and the *Diadem* and *Lively* were .

immediately directed by signal to take charge of the prizes, the frigate of the San Ysidro, and the 64 of the Salvador, but which latter the Diadem by signal afterwards resigned to the Bonne Citoyenne, in order to attend upon the disabled Captain.

At about 3.15 p.m. the Excellent, which we left standing on from her prize, the San Ysidro, to seek a fresh opponent among the flying Spaniards ahead, came to close action with the 80-gun ship San Nicolas, then with her fore topmast gone, and which, until the Excellent arrived abreast of her to leeward, had been in hot action with the Captain. Passing within ten feet of the San Nicolas's starboard side, the Excellent poured in a destructive fire, and, in compliance with the signal then flying to fill and stand on, made sail ahead. In luffing up to avoid Captain Collingwood's salute, the San Nicolas ran foul of the San Josef, whose mizenmast had already been shot away, and which had received considerable other damage by the well-directed fire in succession of the Captain, Culloden, Blenheim, and Prince George, of the latter in particular.

As soon as the Excellent was sufficiently advanced to be clear of her, the Captain luffed up as close to the wind as her shattered condition would admit, when her fore topmast, which had already been severely shot through, fell over the side. In this unmanageable state, with her wheel shot away, and all her sails, shrouds, and running rigging more or less cut, with the Blenheim ahead and the Culloden crippled astern, no alternative remained but to board the Spanish two-decker. As a well-judged preparative, the Captain reopened, within less than twenty yards, her larboard broadside, the heavy fire from which the San Nicolas returned with spirit for several minutes, when the Captain suddenly put her helm a-starboard, and, on coming to, hooked with her larboard cat-head the starboard quarter-gallery of the San Nicolas, and with her spritsail-yard the latter's mizen rigging. We prefer giving what immediately ensued in the words of Commodore Nelson

himself. "The soldiers of the 69th," he says ("Naval Chronicle"), "with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pearson, of the same regiment, were almost the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen chains was Captain Berry, late my first lieutenant (Captain Miller was in the very act of going also, but I directed him to remain); he was supported from our spritsail-yard, which hooked in the mizen rigging. A soldier of the 69th Regiment having broke the upper quarter-gallery window, I jumped in myself, and was followed by others as fast as possible. I found the cabin-doors fastened; and some Spanish officers fired their pistols: but having broke open the doors, the soldiers fired; and the Spanish brigadier (commodore with a distinguishing pendant) fell, as retreating to the quarter-deck. I pushed immediately onwards for the quarter-deck, where I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. I passed with my people and Lieutenant Pearson, on the larboard gangway, to the fore-castle, where I met two or three Spanish officers, prisoners to my seamen; they delivered me their swords. A fire of pistols or muskets opening from the admiral's stern-gallery, of the *San Josef*, I directed the soldiers to fire into her stern; and calling to Captain Miller, ordered him to send more men into the *San Nicolas*; and directed my people to board the first-rate, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me into the main chains. At this moment, a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said they surrendered. From this most welcome intelligence, it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish captain, with a bow, presented me his sword, and said the admiral was dying of his wounds. I asked him, on his honour, if the ship was surrendered. He declared she was, on which I gave him my hand, and desired him to call on his officers and ship's company, and tell them of it, which he did; and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards,

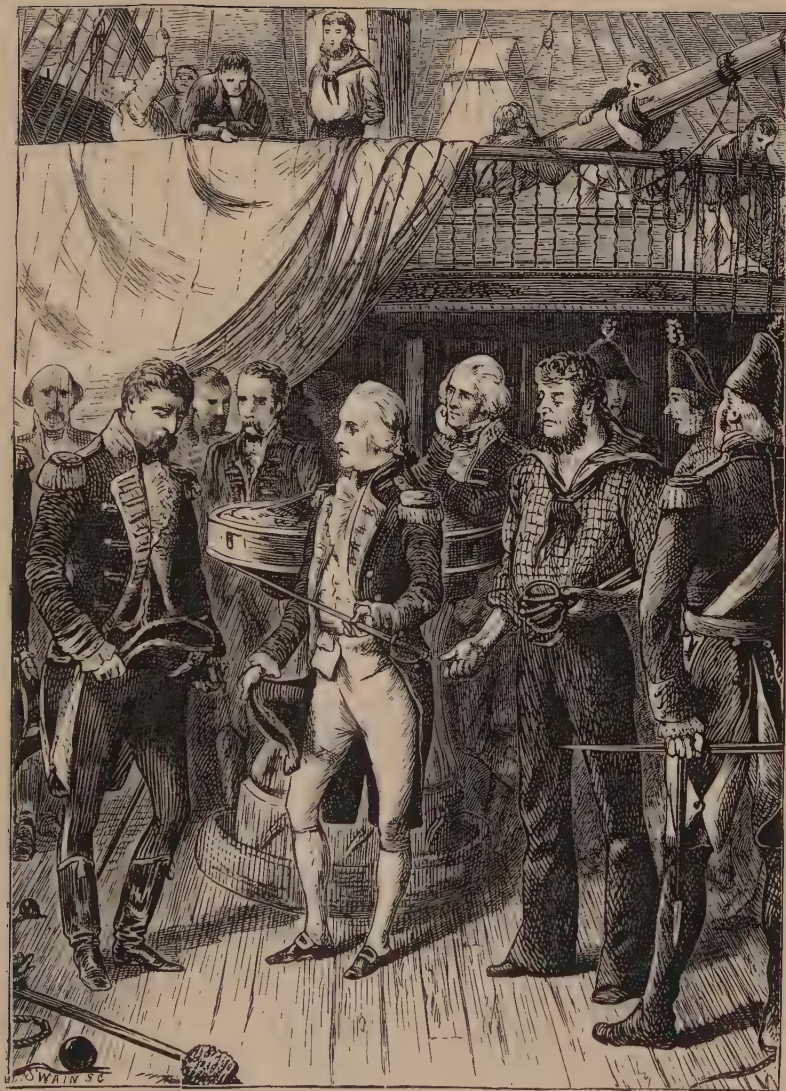
which as I received I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them, with the greatest *sang froid*, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pearson, of the 69th Regiment, John Sykes, John Thompson, Francis Cooke, all old Agamemnons, and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell these ships."

There is, it appears, a doubt whether the San Josef got foul of the San Nicolas just before or during Commodore Nelson's possession of the latter; at all events, it seems certain that the San Josef fell on board by the stern, and afterwards dropped broadside to, in which position she was boarded from the San Nicolas as already described. But a more serious doubt attaches to the statement of the San Josef's surrender having been the consequence of that boarding. As far as our researches have gone, it appears to be clearly established that the Prince George was engaging the San Josef at the moment she got foul, and that the former ship only suspended her fire until, having edged away to leeward of the Captain and San Nicolas, she was able to resume it ahead and clear of the Captain; that the San Nicolas at this moment fired into the Prince George, which accordingly bestowed a part of her return fire upon the San Nicolas, and continued her fire upon both Spanish ships until, at the end of some minutes, hailed from the Captain, to announce that they had struck.

The scene on board the San Josef, where Nelson is receiving the swords of the Spanish officers, is well known in pictures and in the bronze relief on the pedestal of the Nelson pillar in Trafalgar Square. The dashing exploit by which the deck of the San Josef was reached has been made the subject of one of Dr. W. C. Bennett's spirited and popular naval ballads, under the title of

NELSON'S BRIDGE.

- . Of all the bridges ever used, you'll own with one consent,
The noblest was the glorious one our Nelson did invent,
The bridge he trod to glory, when, on St. Vincent's Day,
Together the San Nicolas and the huge San Josef lay.



NELSON RECEIVING THE SWORDS ON BOARD THE "SAN JOSEF."

Alongside the San Nicolas, our Nelson trod his deck,
But mastless, and without her wheel, the Captain lay a wreck ;
Ringed round by five three-deckers, she had fought through all the fight,
And now, a log upon the waves, she lay, a glorious sight,
All crippled, but still full of fight, for still her broadsides roared,
Still death and wounds, fear and defeat, into the Don she poured ;
Yet there she fought, without a sail, without a shroud or rope ;
To get at the San Josef, it seemed beyond a hope ;
Out then our admiral spoke, and well his words our blood could stir,
“In, boarders, to their 74 ! we'll make a bridge of her.”

Then one fierce cheer that victory meant across the battle rang ;
Into the Spaniards' mizen chains, in swarms our boarders sprang ;
Through their stern state-room windows, with shout and yell, we crashed,
And through their cabin to their deck with Nelson on we dashed ;
With slash and thrust, all clear right soon, from stern to stem, we swept ;
Then, boys, for their three-decker, and up her sides we leapt ;
It seemed, my lads, but minutes, and all was ours aboard,
And Nelson, on her quarter-deck, stood with her admiral's sword,
And, by the light within his eyes, it needed none to tell
That to his thinking, as to ours, his bridge had answered well.
Now ours be peace, and never more may such deeds needful be,
But, if they're wanted, mind me well, where'er you sail the sea,
If one to two you're matched with foes, be sure no chance you lose
To try again the glorious bridge our Nelson dared to use.

We have already stated that only four prizes were taken in that memorable action. The Spanish admiral's ship is said to have struck, and even to have hoisted English colours, at one period of the action, but it has been affirmed by Spanish historians that the colours had only dropped when the fore and mizenmasts were shot away. Be this as it may, she managed to get off, with the majority of the Spanish fleet, the British ships being themselves sorely mauled, and the few that were uninjured needing all their attention to cover the prizes and the disabled English vessels. The last shot was fired about 5 p.m. During the night both fleets lay to, and were busily repairing damages. Daybreak saw the Spaniards in good order, and possessing the weather-gage, but no attempt was made by them to renew the action. Sir John Jervis had

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given orders that, in case of coming to close quarters, the captured ships were to be destroyed, but fortunately this was not resorted to, and the prizes were preserved. A few days after, the British fleet anchored in Lagos Bay, and in the week following proceeded to Lisbon. The congratulations of the Portuguese were unbounded, and when the tidings reached England there were great rejoicings. Sir John Jervis was created a peer, by the titles of Baron Jervis and the Earl of St. Vincent. The vice and rear-admirals, Thompson and Parkes, were made baronets, and Nelson received the insignia of the Bath from the Crown and the freedom of the city of London. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted.

After all, with the exception of the brilliant part taken by Nelson, the St. Vincent victory was not a great affair compared with the victories of the Nile and Trafalgar. It is probable that if the British fleet had followed up the success of the first day, a second attack, especially if made during the night, would have led the Spaniards to abandon the whole of their disabled ships to the conquerors. But while not pre-eminent as a naval combat, the political effect of the victory off Cape St. Vincent was important, the more so as at that time the British navy was not in the condition either of loyalty or of efficiency that was attained in after-years when Nelson gained his decisive victories.

COMMODORE DANCE AND ADMIRAL LINOIS.

ON the 31st of January, 1804, Commodore Nathaniel Dance, of the Honourable East India Company's service, sailed from Canton for Europe with sixteen regular Indiamen; these were all what are denominated "1,200-ton ships," the registered tonnage of most of which exceeds 1,300, and in some cases amounts to 1,500 tons. They were the following :—

Earl Camden	Nathaniel Dance,
Warley	Henry Wilson,
Alfred	James Farquharson,
Royal George	John Fam Timmins,
Coutts	Robert Torin,
Wexford	William Stanley Clarke,
Ganges	William Moffat,
Exeter	Henry Meriton,
Earl of Abergavenny	John Wordsworth,
Henry Addington	John Kirkpatrick,
Bombay Castle	Arch. Hamilton,
Cumberland	William Ward Farrer,
Hope	James Pendergrass,
Dorsetshire	Robert Hunter Brown,
Warren Hastings	Thomas Larkins,
Ocean	John Christ. Lochner,

also eleven country-ships, one Botany Bay and one Portuguese ship, and a fast-sailing armed brig, the Ganges, in the Company's service ; total, thirty-nine ships and one brig.

On the 14th of February, at 8 a.m., the island of Pulo Auro in sight and bearing west-south-west, the Royal George made the signal for seeing four strange sail in the south-west. Commodore Dance immediately signalled the Alfred, Royal George, Bombay Castle, and Hope, to go down and examine the strangers ; and Lieutenant Robert Fowler, late commander of the British armed store-ship Porpoise (wrecked in the preceding August), and at this time a passenger on board the Earl Camden, volunteered to go in the Ganges brig, on the same service. The signals of the look-out ships soon apprised the commodore that the strange vessels were a French squadron, consisting of a line-of-battle ship, three frigates, and a brig. They were, in fact, the 74-gun ship Marengo, Captain Joseph Marie Vrignaud, 40-gun frigate Belle Poule, Captain Alain Adélaïde Marie Bruilhac, 36-gun frigate Sémillante, Captain Léonard Bernard Motard, 22-gun corvette Berceau, Captain Emmanuel Halgan, and the Batavian 16-gun brig corvette Aventurier, which Rear-Admiral Linois, whose flag was on board the Marengo, had borrowed from the colonial Government

at Batavia and commissioned by one of his lieutenants. On the 10th of the preceding December the *Marengo* and her three consorts anchored in the road of Batavia. Thence they sailed on the 28th, accompanied by the *Aventurier*, and stored with six months' provisions, on purpose to look after the China fleet, of whose strength and time of departure Rear-Admiral Linois had, as he declares, been duly informed.

At 1 p.m. the British commodore recalled the look-out ships, and formed the line of battle in close order. Admiral Linois, as soon as he could fetch in the wake of the British fleet, which he knew to be that he expected from China, put about. The ships of the latter continued their course under easy sail; and, as the French were now close astern, Commodore Dance expected his rear to be attacked, and prepared to support it; but at nightfall the French ships, preferring a daylight action, hauled close to the wind. The *Ganges* brig was sent to station the country-ships on the lee bow of the armed Indiamen, and, having done so, returned with some volunteers for the latter.

The British ships lay to all night, the men at their quarters. At daybreak on the 15th the French, having made a proper use of the intermediate time, were about three miles to windward, also lying to. M. Linois in his letter says, "If the bold front put on by the enemy in the daytime had been intended as a ruse to conceal his weakness, he would have profited by the darkness of the night to endeavour to conceal his escape; and in that case I should have taken advantage of his manœuvres. But I soon became convinced that this security was not feigned; three of his ships constantly kept their lights up, and the fleet continued to lie to, in order of battle, throughout the night. This position facilitated my gaining the wind, and enabled me to observe the enemy closely."

Both parties now hoisted their colours. Three of Commodore Dance's principal ships and the armed brig ran up blue ensigns, the remainder of the fleet red; and the whole of the China ships, having been recently painted, cut rather an

imposing figure. This circumstance, coupled with the information that only twenty-three ships and a brig had quitted Canton, led, as he states, M. Linois to believe that the three supernumerary ships formed the escort to the fleet. Admitting this to have been the fact, the French admiral was justified in making his advance with caution. At 9 a.m., observing that the enemy's men-of-war did not come down, the Indiamen formed in order of sailing, and continued their course under an easy sail upon the starboard tack, whereupon the three French ships and Batavian brig filled on the opposite tack, and edged away towards the merchant fleet.

At 1 p.m., finding that M. Linois intended to cut off his rear, Commodore Dance made the signal to tack in succession, bear down in line ahead, and engage on arriving abreast of the enemy. The manœuvre was correctly executed, the Royal George leading, followed successively, in close order, by the Ganges, Earl Camden, Warley, Alfred, and others. Thus formed, and carrying topgallant sails, the British ships stood towards the French ships; and these, carrying royals, and some of them topgallant studding-sails, were keeping more away to facilitate the junction.

At about 1.15 p.m. the French admiral opened his fire upon the Royal George and the ships next astern of her. The Royal George returned the fire in a very spirited manner, and was ably seconded, as they came up, by the Ganges and Earl Camden. The Warley and Alfred were the next ships that got into action. The Royal George was engaged about forty minutes, and fired eight or nine broadsides; the Ganges, about thirty-five minutes, and fired seven or eight; the Earl Camden, about twenty-five minutes, and may have fired five broadsides; and the Warley and Alfred, which came into action nearly together, were engaged about fifteen minutes. After the mutual cannonade had lasted in this way just forty-three minutes, the Marengo and her consorts ceased firing, hauled their wind, and stood away under all sail to the eastward.

At 2 p.m. the Earl Camden made the signal for a general chase,

and the Indiamen pursued the French admiral until 4 p.m., when, considering the immense property at stake, and fearing that his charge might be carried too far from the mouth of the Straits of Malacca, Commodore Dance made the signal to tack, which was immediately obeyed. At 8 a.m. the British ships anchored in a situation to enter the straits in the morning, and soon lost sight of the squadron of M. Linois. The following is the French admiral's account of the defeat which he acknowledges to have experienced: "The headmost enemy's ship, having sustained some damage, bore away, but, supported by those astern, again brought her broadside to bear, and, as well as the others, kept up a very spirited fire. The ships which had tacked rejoined those which were engaging us, and three of the first engaged ships manœuvred to double our rear, while the remainder of the fleet, crowding sail and bearing up, seemed to show an intention to surround us. By this manœuvre the enemy would have rendered my situation very dangerous. The superiority of his force was ascertained, and I had no longer to deliberate upon the part I should take to avoid the consequences of an unequal engagement. Profiting by the smoke, I hauled up to port, and steering east-north-east, I increased my distance from the enemy, who continued the pursuit of the squadron for three hours, discharging at it several ineffective broadsides."

The Royal George had one man killed and one wounded, and received several shot in the hull, and more in her sails, comparatively trifling casualties, considering that she bore the brunt of the action, and was so long engaged. Few shot touched either the Ganges or the Earl Camden; and no other loss or damage appears to have been sustained by the British during this three-quarters of an hour's partial cannonade. The fire of the Royal George and the three or four ships in her wake, being chiefly directed at the rigging of the French ships, did not, according to M. Linois, injure a person on board of them.

With respect to the armament of the sixteen Indiamen thus

drawn up in line of battle, they carried from thirty to thirty-six guns each ; but the strongest of them was not a match for the *Sémillante*, and some of them would have found it difficult to avoid yielding to the *Berceau*. Some of the ships carried upon the main-deck twenty-six medium 18-pounders, or "carronades," weighing about twenty-eight hundred weight, and of very little use. Guns of this description, indeed, have long since been exploded. Ten 18-pounder carronades on the quarter-deck made up the thirty-six guns. Others of the ships, and those among the largest, mounted long 12 and 6-pounders. No one of the crews, we believe, exceeded 140 men, and that number included Chinese, Lascars, etc. Moreover, in fitting the ships, so much more attention had been paid to stowage than to the means of attack and defence, that one and sometimes two butts of water were lashed between the guns, and the decks in general greatly lumbered.

The promptitude and firmness of Commodore Dance and his brave associates undoubtedly saved from capture a rich and valuable fleet. The slightest indecision in him or them would have encouraged the French admiral to persevere in his attack ; and had he done so, no efforts, however gallant and judicious, could have prevented a part of the fleet at least from falling into his hands. It would be uncharitable to call in question the courage of Rear-Admiral Linois ; one must therefore suppose that it was, as he has stated, the warlike appearance of those sixteen ships, the regularity of their manœuvres, and the boldness of their advance, that led the French admiral to doubt whether a part of them were not national cruisers, more especially as it was an uncommon occurrence during a war for an East India fleet to be without the protection of one or more powerful king's ships.

The commanders, officers, and crews of the respective ships that had thus distinguished themselves were liberally rewarded by the East India Company, as well as by the committee for managing the Patriotic Fund. This truly named "Patriotic Fund," originated at a meeting of the subscribers to Lloyd's

Coffee-house, held on the 20th of July, 1803, Brook Watson, Esq., in the chair. The object is explained in the third resolution: "That, to animate the efforts of our defenders by sea and land, it is expedient to raise, by the patriotism of the community at large, a suitable fund for their comfort and relief, for the purpose of assuaging the anguish of their wounds or palliating in some degree the more weighty misfortune of the loss of limbs, of alleviating the distresses of the widow and orphan, of smoothing the brow of sorrow for the fall of dearest relatives, the props of unhappy indigence or helpless age, and of granting pecuniary rewards or honourable badges of distinction for successful exertions of valour or merit." Commodore Dance also, as he well merited, received from his late Majesty the honour of knighthood. Among the sums of money voted to Sir Nathaniel were £5,000 by the Bombay Insurance Society; and the answer of thanks returned by the commodore contains the following passage: "Placed, by the adventitious circumstances of seniority of service and absence of convoy, in the chief command of the fleet entrusted to my care, it has been my good fortune to have been enabled, by the firmness of those by whom I was supported, to perform my trust, not only with fidelity, but without loss to my employers. Public opinion and public rewards have already far outrun my deserts; and I cannot but be sensible that the liberal spirit of my generous countrymen has measured what they are pleased to term their grateful sense of my conduct rather by the particular utility of the exploit, than by any individual merit I can claim." Here is an instance of modesty and candour as exemplary as it is rare, and which sheds an additional lustre upon the character of Sir Nathaniel Dance.

This affair of Commodore Dance and his Indiamen was long spoken of throughout the world. These splendid ships, in the India and China trade, carried guns to protect themselves against ordinary privateers, but were not expected to face war-vessels with heavy armament. It was the custom in those times for our British ships of war to give convoy and

protection to vast fleets of merchantmen, and it was very rare to find a rich fleet like that under Commodore Dance without being accompanied by one or more of the most powerful ships of the royal navy.

All the conditions of naval warfare are altered now. The swift attack of an armed steamer puts merchant-ships at the mercy of any adventurous privateer or war-vessel. The Confederate cruiser the *Alabama*, at first almost alone and afterwards with other armed steamers, in the civil war cleared every sea of American trading ships. In case of England being engaged in naval warfare, it would be necessary to have a multitude of swift armour-plated ships to protect our commerce, and to enable supplies of food to reach our vast population. English sailors are made of the same stuff as in the olden time, but it is the part of the British Government to keep the navy in a condition to maintain the supremacy at sea which other nations envy and would strive to destroy.

EXCURSION TO THE TOP OF SCAWFELL AND ON THE BANKS OF ULLSWATER.

AFTER the excitement of battle scenes and the noise of cannons, it may be a pleasant change to read of some quiet, peaceful excursions in the lovely Lake District. More than eighty years ago, when the great war was still raging, William Wordsworth, who afterwards became so distinguished as a poet, wrote a little guide book to the lake country, where he had recently taken up his residence. The work is scarce now, when numerous guide books have been prepared for the crowds of tourists who visit the district, in our days of steam and of restless rush to and fro. There is a charm, however, in this early guide book, by one who was an enthusiastic admirer of the Lake scenery, and who had powers of vivid description of nature, whether in verse or prose. Two of the

“excursions” we quote, as characteristic specimens of the author’s style. They are given as an appendix to the author’s more formal description of the district.

Having left Rosthwaite in Borrowdale, on a bright morning in the first week of October, we ascended from Seathwaite to the top of the ridge, called Ash-course, and thence beheld three distinct views ;—on one side, the continuous Vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite, with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddle-back, and numerous other mountains, and, in the distance, the Solway Frith and the mountains of Scotland ; on the other side, and below us, the Langdale Pikes, their own vale below *them* ; Windermere, and, far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough in Yorkshire. But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect ! At this time, *that* was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green Vale of Esk, deep and green, with its glittering serpent stream, lay below us ; and, on we looked to the mountains near the sea, Black Comb pre-eminent, and, still beyond, to the sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round we saw the Mountains of Wastdale in tumult ; to our right, Great Gavel, the loftiest, a distinct, and *huge* form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base.

We had attained the object of this journey ; but our ambition now mounted higher. We saw the summit of Scawfell, apparently very near to us ; and we shaped our course towards it ; but, discovering that it could not be reached without first making a considerable descent, we resolved, instead, to aim at another point of the same mountain, called the *Pikes*, which I have since found has been estimated as higher than the summit bearing the name of Scawfell Head, where the Stone Man is built.

The sun had never once been overshadowed by a cloud during the whole of our progress from the centre of Borrowdale. On the summit of the Pike, which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshments, as

they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world ; we paused, and kept silence to listen, and no sound could be heard ; the Scawfell Cataracts were voiceless to us ; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Ash-course lay yet in view ; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister Vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon Sands. But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gavel from its base, the Den of Wastdale at our feet, a gulph immeasurable ; Grasmire and the other mountains of Crummock, Ennerdale and its mountains ; and the sea beyond. We sat down to our repast, and gladly would we have tempered our beverage (for there was no spring or well near us) with such a supply of delicious water as we might have procured, had we been on the rival summit of Great Gavel ; for on its highest point is a small triangular receptacle in the native rock, which, the shepherds say, is never dry. There we might have slaked our thirst plenteously with a pure and celestial liquid, for the cup or basin, it appears, has no other feeder than the dews of heaven, the showers, the vapours, the hoar frost, and the spotless snow.

While we were gazing around, "Look," I exclaimed, "at yon ship upon the glittering sea !" "Is it a ship ?" replied our shepherd-guide. "It can be nothing else," interposed my companion ; "I cannot be mistaken, I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea." The guide dropped the argument ; but, before a minute was gone, he quietly said, "Now look at your ship ; it is changed into a horse." So indeed it was,—a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily ; and, I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea ; and the calm confidence, yet submissiveness, of our wise Man of the Mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

I know not how long we might have remained on the

summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our guide warned us that we must not linger, for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea were touched with the clear light of the sun. "It is there," said he, pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven; and there we perceived a light vapour unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that lofty solitude; and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into mighty masses of cloud which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gavel, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale, and the mountains in that quarter, remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag; and almost as rapidly as it had come it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale now had its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Skiddaw also had his own rainbows. Before we again reached Ash-course every cloud had vanished from every summit.

I ought to have mentioned that round the top of Scawfell Pike not a blade of grass is to be seen. Cushions or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth not needed at the creation, and there left to be covered with never dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish; and adorn with colours of vivid and exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone, which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity; and how seldom must this happen! For the other eminence is the one visited by the adventurous stranger; and the shepherd has no inducement to ascend the Pike in quest of his sheep, no food being *there* to tempt them.

We certainly were singularly favoured in the weather ; for when we were seated on the summit, our conductor, turning his eyes thoughtfully round, said, " I do not know that in my whole life, I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so *calm* a day." (It was the 7th of October.) Afterwards we had a spectacle of the grandeur of earth and heaven commingled, yet without terror. We knew that the storm would pass away, for so our prophetic guide had assured us.

Before we reached Seathwaite in Borrowdale, a few stars had appeared, and we pursued our way down the Vale, to Rosthwaite, by moonlight.

Having said so much of *points of view* to which few are likely to ascend, I am induced to subjoin an account of a short excursion through more accessible parts of the country, made at a *time* when it is seldom seen but by the inhabitants. As the journal was written for one acquainted with the general features of the country, only those effects and appearances are dwelt upon, which are produced by the changeableness of the atmosphere, or belong to the season when the excursion was made.

A.D. 1805.—On the 7th of November, on a damp and gloomy morning, we left Grasmere Vale, intending to pass a few days on the banks of Ullswater. A mild and dry autumn had been unusually favourable to the preservation and beauty of foliage ; and, far advanced as the season was, the trees on the larger island of Rydalmere retained a splendour which did not need the heightening of sunshine. We noticed, as we passed, that the line of the grey rocky shore of that island, shaggy with variegated bushes and shrubs, and spotted and striped with purplish-brown heath, indistinguishably blending with its image reflected in the still water, produced a curious resemblance, both in form and colour, to a richly-coated caterpillar, as it might appear through a magnifying glass of extraordinary power. The mists gathered as we went along ; but when we reached the top of Kirkstone, we were glad we

had not been discouraged by the apprehension of bad weather. Though not able to see a hundred yards before us, we were more than contented. At such a time, and in such a place, every scattered stone the size of one's head becomes a companion. Near the top of the Pass is the remnant of an old wall, which (magnified, though obscured, by the vapour) might have been taken for a fragment of some monument of ancient grandeur; yet that same pile of stones we had never before even observed. This situation, it must be allowed, is not favourable to gaiety; but a pleasing hurry of spirits accompanies the surprise occasioned by objects transformed, dilated, or distorted, as they are when seen through such a medium. Many of the fragments of rock on the top and slopes of Kirkstone, and of similar places, are fantastic enough in themselves; but the full effect of such impressions can only be had in a state of weather when they are not likely to be *sought* for. It was not till we had descended considerably that the fields of Hartshope were seen, like a lake tinged by the reflection of sunny clouds; I mistook them for Brothers-water, but, soon after, we saw that lake gleaming faintly with a steely brightness; then, as we continued to descend, appeared the brown oaks, and the birches of lively yellow, and the cottages, and the lowly Hall of Hartshope, with its long roof and ancient chimneys. During great part of our way to Patterdale, we had rain, or rather drizzling vapour, for there was never a drop upon our hair or clothes larger than the smallest pearls upon a lady's ring.

Next morning brought incessant rain till 11 o'clock, when the sky began to clear, and we walked along the eastern shore of Ullswater towards the farm of Blowick. The wind blew strong, and drove the clouds forward, on the side of the mountain above our heads; two storm-stiffened black yew trees fixed our notice, seen through, or under the edge of, the flying mists; four or five goats were bounding among the rocks; the sheep moved about more quietly, or cowered



ULLSWATER.

beneath their sheltering places. This is the only part of the country where goats are found. (A.D. 1805. These now also have disappeared.) But this morning, before we had seen these, I was reminded of that picturesque animal by two rams of mountain breed, both with Ammonian horns, and with beards majestic as that which Michael Angelo has given to his statue of Moses.

But to return; when our path had brought us to that part of the naked common which overlooks the woods and bush-besprinkled fields of Blowick, the lake, clouds, and mists were all in motion to the sound of sweeping winds; the church and cottages of Patterdale scarcely visible, or seen only by fits between the shifting vapours. To the northward the scene was less visionary; Place Fell steady and bold, the whole lake driving onward like a great river, waves dancing round the small islands. The house at Blowick was the boundary of our walk; and we returned, lamenting to see a decaying and uncomfortable dwelling in a place where sublimity and beauty seemed to contend with each other. But these regrets were dispelled by a glance on the woods that clothe the opposite steepes of the lake. How exquisite was the mixture of sober and splendid hues! The general colouring of the trees was brown, rather that of ripe hazel nuts; but, towards the water, there were yet beds of green, and in the highest parts of the wood, was abundance of yellow foliage, which, gleaming through a vapoury lustre, reminded us of masses of clouds, as you see them gathered together in the west, and touched with the golden light of the setting sun.

After dinner we walked up the Vale; I had never had an idea of its extent and width in passing along the public road on the other side. We followed the path that leads from house to house; two or three times it took us through some of those copses or groves that cover the little hillocks in the middle of the vale, making an intricate and pleasing intermixture of lawn and wood. Our fancies could not resist the temptation; and we fixed upon a spot for a cottage, which we

began to build, and finished as easily as castles are raised in the air. Visited the same spot in the evening. I shall say nothing of the moonlight aspect of the situation which had charmed us so much in the afternoon; but I wish you had been with us when, in returning to our friend's house, we espied his lady's large white dog, lying in the moonshine upon the round knoll under the old yew-tree in the garden, a romantic image—the dark tree and its dark shadow, and the elegant creature as fair as a spirit! The torrents murmured softly, the mountains down which they were falling did not, to my sight, furnish a background for this Ossianic picture; but I had a consciousness of the depth of the seclusion, and that mountains were embracing us on all sides; “I saw not, but I *felt* that they were there.”

Friday, November 9th.—Rain, as yesterday, till 10 o'clock, when we took a boat to row down the lake. The day improved; clouds and sunny gleams on the mountains. In the large bay under Place Fell, three fishermen were dragging a net, a picturesque group beneath the high and bare crags. A raven was seen aloft, not hovering like the kite, for that is not the habit of the bird, but passing on with a straightforward perseverance, and timing the motion of its wings to its own croaking. The waters were agitated; and the iron tone of the raven's voice, which strikes upon the ear at all times as the more dolorous from its regularity, was in fine keeping with the wild scene before our eyes. This carnivorous fowl is a great enemy to the lambs of these solitudes; I recollect frequently seeing, when a boy, bunches of unfledged ravens suspended from a churchyard gate, for which a reward of so much a head was given to the adventurous destroyer. The fishermen drew their net ashore, and hundreds of fish were leaping in their prison. They were all of the kind called skellies, a sort of fresh-water herring, shoals of which may sometimes be seen dimpling or rippling the surface of the lake in calm weather. This species is not found, I believe, in any other of these lakes; nor, as far as I know, is the chevin,

that *spiritless* fish (though I am loth to call it so, for it was a prime favourite with Isaac Walton), which must frequent Ullswater, as I have seen a large shoal passing into the lake from the river Eamont. *Here* are no pike, and the char are smaller than those of the other lakes, and of inferior quality ; but the grey trout attains a very large size, sometimes weighing above twenty pounds. This lordly creature seems to know that "retiredness is a piece of majesty," for it is scarcely ever caught, or even seen, except when it quits the depths of the lake in the spawning season, and runs up into the streams, where it is too often destroyed in disregard of the law of the land and of nature.

Quitted the boat in the bay of Sandwyke, and pursued our way towards Martindale along a pleasant path—at first through a coppice, bordering the lake, then through green fields—and came to the village (if village it may be called, for the houses are few and separated from each other), a sequestered spot, shut out from the view of the lake. Crossed the one-arched bridge, below the chapel, with its "bare ring of mossy wall," and single yew-tree. At the last house in the dale we were greeted by the master, who was sitting at his door, with a flock of sheep collected round him, for the purpose of smearing them with tar (according to the custom of the season), for protection against the winter's cold. He invited us to enter, and view a room built by Mr. Hasell for the accommodation of his friends at the annual chase of red deer in his forests at the head of these dales. The room is fitted up in the sportsman's style, with a cupboard for bottles and glasses, with strong chairs, and a dining-table, and ornamented with the horns of the stags caught at these hunts for a succession of years, the length of the last race each had run being recorded under his spreading antlers. The good woman treated us with oaten cake, new and crisp, and after this welcome refreshment and rest we proceeded on our return to Patterdale by a short cut over the mountains.

On leaving the fields of Sandwyke, while ascending by a

gentle slope along the valley of Martindale, we had occasion to observe that in thinly-peopled glens of this character the general want of wood gives a peculiar interest to the scattered cottages embowered in sycamore. Towards its head this valley splits into two parts; and in one of these (that to the left) there is no house, nor any building to be seen but a cattle-shed on the side of a hill, which is sprinkled over with trees, evidently the remains of an extensive forest. Near the entrance of the other division stands the house where we were entertained, and beyond the enclosures of that farm there are no other. A few old trees remain, relics of the forest; a little stream hastens, though with serpentine windings, through the uncultivated hollow, where many cattle were pasturing. The cattle of this country are generally white, or light-coloured; but these were dark brown or black, which heightened the resemblance this scene bears to many parts of the Highlands of Scotland.

While we paused to rest upon the hill-side, though well-contented with the quiet every-day sounds—the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, and the very gentle murmuring of the valley stream—we could not but think what a grand effect the music of the bugle-horn would have among these mountains. It is still heard once every year, at the chase I have spoken of; a day of festivity for the inhabitants of this district, except the poor deer, the most ancient of them all. Our ascent even to the top was very easy; when it was accomplished we had exceedingly fine views, some of the lofty Fells being resplendent with sunshine, and others partly shrouded by clouds. Ullswater, bordered by black steeps, was of dazzling brightness; the plain beyond Penrith smooth and bright, or rather gleamy, as the sea or sea sands. Looked down into Boardale, which, like Stybarrow, has been named from the wild swine that formerly abounded here; but it has now no sylvan covert, being smooth and bare, a long, narrow, deep, cradle-shaped glen, lying so sheltered that one would be pleased to see it planted by human hands, there being a sufficiency of soil; and

the trees would be sheltered almost like shrubs in a greenhouse. After having walked some way along the top of the hill, came in view of Glenriddin and the mountains at the head of Grisdale. Before we began to descend, turned aside to a small ruin, called at this day the chapel, where it is said the inhabitants at Martindale and Patterdale were accustomed to assemble for worship.

There are now no traces from which you could infer for what use the building had been erected ; the loose stones and the few which yet continue piled up resemble those which lie elsewhere on the mountain ; but the shape of the building having been oblong, its remains differ from those of a common sheep-fold ; and it has stood east and west. Scarcely did the Druids, when they fled to these fastnesses, perform their rites in any situation more exposed to disturbance from the elements. One cannot pass by without being reminded that the rustic psalmody must have had the accompaniment of many a wildly-whistling blast ; and what dismal storms must have often drowned the voice of the preacher ! As we descend, Patterdale opens upon the eye in grand simplicity, screened by mountains, and proceeding from two heads, Deepdale and Hartshope, where lies the little lake of Brotherswater, named in old maps Broaderwater, and probably rightly so ; for Bas-senthwaithe-mere at this day is familiarly called Broadwater ; but the change in the appellation of this small lake or pool (if it be a corruption) may have been assisted by some melancholy accident similar to what happened about twenty years ago, when two brothers were drowned there, having gone out to take their holiday pleasure upon the ice on a New Year's Day.

A rough and precipitous peat track brought us down to our friend's house. Another fine moonlight night ; but a thick fog rising from the neighbouring river, enveloped the rocky and wood-crested knoll on which our fancy-cottage had been erected ; and, under the damp cast upon my feelings, I consoled myself with moralising on the folly of hasty decisions in

matters of importance, and the necessity of having at least one year's knowledge of a place before you realise airy suggestions in solid stone.

Saturday, November 10th. At the breakfast table tidings reached us of the death of Lord Nelson, and of the victory at Trafalgar. Sequestered as we were from the sympathy of a crowd, we were shocked to hear that the bells had been ringing joyously at Penrith to celebrate the triumph. In the rebellion of the year 1745, people fled with their valuables from the open country to Patterdale, as a place of refuge secure from the incursions of strangers. At that time news such as we had heard might have been long in penetrating so far into the recesses of the mountains; but now, as you know, the approach is easy, and the communication, in summer time, almost hourly; nor is this strange, for travellers after pleasure are become not less active, and more numerous than those who formerly left their homes for purposes of gain. The priest on the banks of the remotest stream of Lapland will talk familiarly of Buonaparte's last conquests, and discuss the progress of the French revolution, having acquired much of his information from adventurers impelled by curiosity alone.

The morning was clear and cheerful after a night of sharp frost. At 10 o'clock we took our way on foot towards Pooley Bridge, on the same side of the lake we had coasted in a boat the day before. Looked backwards to the south from our favourite station above Blowick. The dazzling sunbeams striking upon the church and village, while the earth was steaming with exhalations not traceable in other quarters, rendered their forms even more indistinct than the partial and flitting veil of unillumined vapour had done two days before. The grass on which we trod, and the trees in every thicket were dripping with melted hoar-frost. We observed the lemon-coloured leaves of the birches, as the breeze turned them to the sun, sparkle, or rather *flash*, like diamonds, and the leafless purple twigs were tipped with globes of shining crystal.

The day continued delightful and unclouded to the end. I

will not describe the country which we slowly travelled through, nor relate our adventures; and will only add, that on the afternoon of the 13th we returned along the banks of Ullswater by the usual road. The lake lay in deep repose after the agitations of a wet and stormy morning. The trees in Gowbarrow Park were in that state when what is gained by the disclosure of their bark and branches compensates, almost, for the loss of foliage, exhibiting the variety which characterises the point of time between autumn and winter. The hawthorns were leafless; their round heads covered with rich green berries, and adorned with arches of green brambles, and eglantines hung with glossy hips; and the grey trunks of some of the ancient oaks, which in the summer season might have been regarded only for their venerable majesty, now attracted notice by a pretty embellishment of green mosses and fern intermixed with russet leaves retained by those slender out-starting twigs which the veteran tree would not have tolerated in his strength. The smooth silver branches of the ashes were bare; most of the alders as green as the Devonshire cottage-myrtle that weathers the snows of Christmas. Will you accept it as some apology for my having dwelt so long on the woodland ornaments of these scenes—that artists speak of the trees on the banks of Ullswater, and especially along the bays of Stybarrow crags, as having a peculiar character of picturesque intricacy in their stems and branches, which their rocky stations and the mountain winds have combined to give them?

At the end of Gowbarrow Park a large herd of deer were either moving slowly or standing still among the fern. I was sorry when a chance-companion, who had joined us by the way, startled them with a whistle, disturbing an image of grave simplicity and thoughtful enjoyment; for I could have fancied that those natives of this wild and beautiful region were partaking with us a sensation of the solemnity of the closing day. The sun had been set some time; and we could perceive that the light was fading away from the coves of Helvellyn, but the lake under a luminous sky was more brilliant than before.

After tea at Patterdale, set out again;—a fine evening; the seven stars close to the mountain top; all the stars seemed brighter than usual. The steepes were reflected in Brothers-water, and, above the lake, appeared like enormous black perpendicular walls. The Kirkstone torrents had been swoln by the rains, and now filled the mountain pass with their roaring, which added greatly to the solemnity of our walk. Behind us, when we had climbed to a great height, we saw one light, very distinct, in the vale, like a large red star—a solitary one in the gloomy region. The cheerfulness of the scene was in the sky above us. We reached home a little before midnight.

To these notes of personal experiences it may be added that Wordsworth considered Scawfell and Helvellyn the two mountains in the lake district which best repay the fatigue of ascending them.

Among the memorable events of the jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria, the lighting-up of beacon bonfires on the night of the 21st of June, 1887, formed one of the grandest and most striking incidents. The records of that time will tell how, from height to height, over all the island, the signal rockets from the Malvern Hills in central England were responded to by hundreds of beacon fires, successively lighted, north, south, east, and west, throughout the whole kingdom. Then were seen sights far surpassing what imagination described in Lord Macaulay's stirring ballad of the Armada, when the fires sprang all night from tower to tower, from hill to hill,—

“Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag on Derwent's rocky dales;
Till like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till stream'd in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.”

In the more peaceful but not less glorious illumination of

Victoria's time, Skiddaw's "red glare" was as conspicuous as on the night of the Armada alarm, and no bonfires were grander than those of the Lake District.

The scene is thus described by one who witnessed it :—
"Arnside Knott is a Westmoreland hill some five hundred feet high, overlooking Morecambe Bay, the Lake mountains, and the Yorkshire hills : and, as it affords a wide panoramic view, we chose it as our point of vantage for the night of the 21st. Before ten o'clock we were at the place we had selected as commanding the most comprehensive view ; but already some small fires were ablaze in various directions, although it had been officially announced that ten o'clock would be signalled from Gummershow, and that not until then were the fires to be kindled. At a minute or two after ten the first rocket was fired from Gummershow, immediately followed by two others, and then the splendours of the evening began. On every side flickering lights were seen. The fire on Helm End (fifteen fir-trees, surrounding a pyramid of dry gorse and crowned by tar barrels) soared into the still, clear evening air a cone of living flame. Farleton Knott burst into a golden flare, while a great cloud of smoke solemnly soared away southward. Gummer show, with its pile of fir-trees sixty feet square and forty high, glowed as the flames shot upward. Away to the north-west Bow Fell, Helvellyn, Harrison Stickle (one of the Langdales), and Ill Bell gleamed forth, and east and west, from the Furness Fells to Ingleborough, the country was blazing in honour of our Queen. At half-past ten Coniston Old Man showed flame, and far away to the north-west, just below the huge shoulder of Helvellyn, some forty odd miles away, the 'red glare' on Skiddaw's two summits was clearly visible. Away to the far south-west, far across the sea, a flickering light shone from Snowdon, so that from Snowdon to Skiddaw, and from the Isle of Man to Ingleborough, the loyal bonfires were descried by the watchers on Arnside Knott. At one moment we could see thirty-five fires, and in all we counted some fifty or sixty visible during the night."

ADVENTURES IN NEW GUINEA.

NEXT to Australia, New Guinea is the largest island in the world. It is twice the size of the British Isles, being nearly fourteen hundred miles in length, and in the widest part nearly five hundred miles in breadth. Not in magnitude alone is New Guinea of vast importance. It is a land of lofty mountains and great rivers ; it is a land rich in mineral wealth and varied products. Of more special interest to Englishmen is its close proximity to Australia. In point of fact, it is nearer even than Tasmania. The frontier of the vast colony of Queensland is within twenty miles of the southern coast of Guinea. Doubtless at no distant period the two islands formed one great southern continent. Torres Straits, by which they are now separated, is so densely studded with islands, and reefs, and sandbanks, that the voyager scarcely realizes that he is going towards a different country. The water is everywhere so shallow as to suggest naturally a very recent irruption of the sea over low-lying land. One great reef almost unites both islands, and crossing the Straits is like sailing across a vast lagoon.

It is a remarkable confirmation of this geographical and geological conjecture, that in the language of the Torres Straits the same name is applied to the Australian shore and the south-western region of New Guinea. They are both called Daudai ; Australia being the Great Daudai, and New Guinea the Lesser Daudai. There are also many obvious similarities in the physical geography, the zoology, and botany of the two islands, in the parts where they most nearly approach. Kangaroos, opossums, dingoes, cassowaries abound in both. The famous mound-building birds (*Megapodius tumulus*), the brush-turkey, the pheasant, and the nutmeg-pigeon inhabit New Guinea, North Australia, and the intervening islands. The wild nutmeg-tree, after which this delicious and prolific pigeon is named, grows like a weed in Northern Australia.

in the Straits islands, and in New Guinea. Many other instances might be given of the unity of animal and of vegetable life in the regions now separated by the sea.

At the same time there are obvious and striking differences between the two Daudais. The soil of Northern Australia is dry and barren, while that of New Guinea is covered with the rankest vegetation. Trees of vast height and dense foliage shut out the sky when an explorer enters the forests. Strange palms and tree-ferns are abundant. The shores are lined with interminable groves of cocoanut-trees. The reason of this difference of vegetation is not far to seek. There are no lofty mountains in Northern Australia, nor indeed in any part of the Greater Daudai are there mountains to compare with the magnificent Owen Stanley range, which at some forty miles from the shore rises to the height of between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet. Behind this range are mountains still loftier, amidst scenes of more than Alpine grandeur, veiled in cloud or snow, and never yet trodden by the foot of man. In fact, little is known of the interior. European explorers have hitherto touched but the fringes of the coast of this grand island. The plentiful streams and rushing rivers, fed by the melting snows and the tropical rains, feed the rich vegetation; but at the same time the abundant water, in such a torrid climate, converts much of the lowland into vast morasses, breeding malaria, which renders the coast dangerous and deadly to European settlers. It is probable that in the interior will be found tablelands, with temperate climate, and capable of successful colonization.

The island, wherever it has been explored by Europeans, is found to have a numerous population. The natives belong to two distinct races, the differences of which are strongly marked. The one race, jet black, the Papuan, so called from the early name of the island, prevails on the south-west coast nearest to Australia. The eastern peninsula and north-eastern coasts are occupied by a light-coloured Malay race. The Papuans are akin to the allied races in Australia, with such

difference only as can be accounted for by the greater fertility and variety of the land. The poverty of the soil in northern Australia compels the native tribes to lead a wandering life, in search of food. The Papuans dwell in fixed habitations. The Australian aborigines are a lanky, half-starved race in general, while the people of south-western New Guinea are sleek and well-developed. The Rev. W. Wyatt Gill ascribes the difference solely to physical causes. He says that in some favoured parts of North Queensland there are signs and relics of people as sturdy as the natives of New Guinea, and the absence of vegetation and scarcity of food can account for the physical deterioration, that has been going on for centuries. Under the influence of greater industry, with the planting of cocoanut-trees on the coasts, there may yet be great improvement in the North Australia natives. But the identity of the race is proved beyond question, by many proofs established by Mr. Gill, with the sagacity shown by him as an adventurous and observant traveller, as well as a zealous and devoted Christian missionary.

The other lighter-skinned race evidently forms a portion of that great family which has spread all over the central and eastern Pacific, from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand, and from Tonga to Easter Island. There are words in the Malay tongue which appear in all the Polynesian dialects.

The black race is fierce and warlike, cannibals formerly; while the light-coloured race is far more gentle and friendly to strangers. At the same time they are fickle and treacherous, as seems to be characteristic of the Malay race everywhere. The utmost confidence, however, was established between the Malayan natives and Captain Moresby of Her Majesty's ship *Basilisk*, who first surveyed much of the coast, and after whom the magnificent harbour of Port Moresby is named.

All the natives of New Guinea of both races build their dwellings on high stakes, or in trees, to avoid the inundations

of the low marshy ground, and for security from serpents and alligators, as well as from stealthy attacks of hostile tribes. A native village, seen from a distance, often appears like a long double row of enormous pigeon-houses. Captain Moresby's expedition was in 1873 or 1874. The place where the *Basilisk* first anchored was named "Possession Bay," the gallant Captain having there erected a flag-staff, hoisted the Union Jack, and taken possession of these regions in the name of Her Majesty Victoria. This proceeding, as well as the annexation by the Queensland government ten years later, having been unsanctioned by the Colonial Office, the opportunity for British rule over New Guinea was lost. In more recent times a British Protectorate has been assumed over a part of the island, other parts of which are claimed by Dutch and by German settlers. The declaration of the British Protectorate at Moresby Bay was as recent as 1884, under Captain Erskine of Her Majesty's ship *Nelson*, Commodore of the Australian station.

It may be well here to give a brief review of the historical relations of European nations with New Guinea. The earliest discovery seems to have been by the Portuguese navigator Don Tonge de Meneses, on a voyage from Malacca to the Molucca Islands. The next visitor was a Spaniard, who called the island "Isla del Oro," in the belief that gold abounded. In 1606 Torres discovered the straits bearing his name. Captain Cook, on his first voyage in 1770, touched at the south-west coast. Five years later Captain Forrest visited the northern shores. In 1845 Captain Blackwood discovered the Fly River, which is the natural highway to the interior. In 1848 Captain Owen Stanley, with whom was Mr. Huxley, then assistant-surgeon and naturalist, surveyed much of the coast, and first saw the magnificent mountain range bearing his name.

It is an international rule that discovery without settlement gives no claim to possession. The first European settlers in New Guinea were Dutch traders, who still hold territory on

the north-west regions, nominally under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Tidore. Dutch missionaries have long been labouring in the western territory. A valuable report of their researches and proceedings, translated from the Dutch by Dr. Mulhousen Arnold, then English chaplain at Batavia, was published in the *Leisure Hour*. German traders have located themselves at other points, and the German Government has recognised their claims of possession. So that only a portion of the vast island is under British protection, a much smaller part than would have been possessed, to the great benefit of the natives, but for the supineness and blundering of the Colonial Office and the Home Government.

A far more important epoch in the history of New Guinea than any of the geographical or political events hitherto mentioned was the first introduction of Christianity by English missionaries. With the exception of the local and limited labours of the Dutch pastors in the north-western corner of the island, no attempt was made to establish mission stations till very recent times, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. In 1871 Messrs. Murray and MacFarlane went with eight native teachers from Maré, one of the Loyalty Islands, and formed the first station on Darnley Island. In 1872, after a voyage and journey of reconnoitring by Mr. Wyatt Gill, Mr. Murray returned in the *John Williams* missionary ship with additional teachers, and for two years superintended the stations gradually formed. In 1874 he was joined by Mr. Lawes, who has continued ever since in successful labours for New Guinea. The mission was greatly helped by the use of a steamer, the *Ellangowan*, furnished chiefly by the liberality of the late Miss Baxter of Dundee. Some of the teachers were prostrated by the climate, others were killed by the natives, forming the first martyrs of the island; but the mission was kept up, so that at the end of 1885 there were no less than thirty-two native teachers, some of the most zealous of them being New Guinea converts.

In 1877 the Rev. James Chalmers, a missionary of varied experience and marked character, arrived in New Guinea, and his presence makes an epoch in the history of the island. The story of his work and adventures has been told in two volumes, published by the Religious Tract Society, the first containing a record of his proceedings from 1877 to 1885; and the second, entitled "*Pioneering in New Guinea*," published in 1887. This work the *Athenæum* calls "a most important and eminently entertaining volume," and says, "Few books written by missionaries breathe a more humane and enlightened spirit, and few deal with a people more interesting from many points of view than are the natives of New Guinea."

In 1883 Mr. Chalmers accompanied a party of Motu traders from Port Moresby on their annual trip to Erema. The voyage was performed on the *Lakatoi*, a large native craft, consisting of a number of canoes lashed together, and furnished with mast and sails. The leading merchandise taken by the Motu is pottery, for the manufacture of which they are celebrated, and which they barter for sago. In the following year, after witnessing the proclamation of the British protectorate over eastern New Guinea, he accompanied Captains Ross and Bridge in their voyages round the eastern shores of the island, and along the north coast to Huon Bay. The most thrilling incidents of Mr. Chalmers' narrative are those where he went alone among the natives, with many of whom he soon stood in the most friendly relations, and the fame of the daring and kind stranger (Tamate, as they call him, the nearest approach they can make to Chalmers), became known far and wide. He obtained a powerful influence over the native mind, and this influence has at all times been exercised by him in the cause of humanity. Numerous are the occasions on which he has acted the peacemaker with success, and secured happiness to homes which, without his intervention, would have been rendered desolate. This influence for good must in a large measure be ascribed to the "sympathy of love" which unites him with these wild people.

These islanders may glory in murder, and devour their fellow-men without compunction; but they are capable of forming true friendships, and are singularly affectionate in their tribal and family relations. Very touching was the scene witnessed by the author when Captain Bridge, of the *Espiègle*, landed a party of men who had fled servitude in Queensland in a cockle-shell boat, and had been mourned as dead. "On landing they were received with great demonstrations of weeping, and many were the questions they had to answer respecting others. A chief who was amongst those returned landed in our boat, and when met on the beach he tried hard to play the Stoic. Several women threw themselves at his feet crying, then rose and went a few yards away, crying bitterly, he standing at the water-side gazing into space. It was too much for him, and, his stoicism giving way, he sat down, and the women gathering round him, he gave free vent to his feelings. They were not ungrateful for the kindness shown them, and in the evening brought off a pig and a large quantity of food for Captain Bridge. Many came off begging the captain to bring back the others, saying, 'You have brought light and joy to some homes, but what of the darkness and sorrow in others?'"

Native character is capitally illustrated by a number of biographical sketches of New Guinea celebrities. In these his readers are introduced to "Granny," the staunch friend of the missionaries ever since they established themselves in the island in 1872, and the energetic supporter of women's rights, who successfully resisted her husband when he attempted to introduce a second wife into his home; they learn to know Koapenu of Aroma, the "trustful simplicity of whose lion visage" reminded the author of Garibaldi; they are taught to appreciate the noble qualities of Sunese, the chief of a cannibal tribe "glorying in bloodshed, murder, and robbery," but withal a "fine specimen of the gentlemanly savage," who, though seventy years of age and one-eyed, is as upright as a dart, hot and impetuous as a youth, and ready to avenge

"fourfold" any insult offered to him or to his friends. Mr. Chalmers makes the reader take an interest in Arnako, the "robber chief" of Motu, a sort of New Guinea Robin Hood, who prides himself upon never killing in his raids, and often takes up the quarrels of the weaker; and, lastly, introduces him to Veata the sorcerer, who parted with his crystals and other charms to the author, only retaining for himself the big crystal which "no one can look upon and live."

Of these, and many other well-marked characters, Mr. Chalmers gives most graphic descriptions. The style of his book, and the variety of incidents, will be sufficiently shown by part of his sketch of two of the "Celebrities" that figure in the journal. The first extract is about the widow-woman known as "Granny," who had formed a strong attachment to Mrs. Chalmers at the mission-house.

"As she was a good-looking native woman, strong and active, I often wondered," says Mr. Chalmers, "why she never married again, and I once said to her, 'Now, Granny, how comes it that you do not marry? Motu women soon marry after mourning for their first husbands, and still you are unmarried.'"

'No, never again, never!' she replied. 'My first husband beat me, and see on my shoulder the mark of a spear which he threw at me. Men are bad; they are wild and passionate; and only think of women as beasts. Many prefer their pig and dog to their wife. I will never, never again marry! I am happy now, and I shall remain as I am.'

One night, when camping on the Astrolabe hills, Granny entertained us with an amusing account of her husband, when he wished to introduce a second wife into the house. For a long time he had looked on this woman, and wished much that she could share his house, but he had some fear about it. At last he told his relatives, and they assisted him. Granny said, 'I often wondered why he was collecting shell-armlets, and, at times, I feared it was for a second wife; but I was determined that no second wife should ever live with my husband while I

was alive. I did not know that he wished another, and always thought myself a good wife, and sufficient for him. One morning his friends entered my house, bringing a woman with them; also several earthenware pots, and various kinds of food. I knew well what they wanted, but appeared ignorant. I said, "You need not come here to cook; I am young, and strong, and well, and can do that. You need bring no food here, my storehouse is full of all kinds; and as for pots, these I can make as well as any woman in the Motu tribe. Away with you now, and for ever." I then took their pots and threw them out, and sent the food after them. My husband's friends were wild with anger. He himself was silent, and hung down his head. I told the woman that as the sun was high she could wait until the cool of the afternoon, but then she must leave my house and my husband for ever. In the evening she left, after I had given her something to eat. I never expect again to see her, although she lives only a few miles from here.

'You know,' she continued, 'I was a very proud, haughty woman.'

'Indeed you were, Keua; and hard to please,' said some natives, who stood close by and heard her words.

'No,' she replied. 'Two women in one house cannot agree, and I would never consent to such an arrangement.'

In many of my inland and coast trips, Granny accompanied me, as I found her to be a most useful help. When we could not get carriers, and each had to carry our own swag, Granny never grumbled at having to carry camp utensils and other things; and, besides that, she was always ready to cook food and attend on us. Often she has been left entirely in charge of camp, with all our barter goods open, but never have we missed anything. She is a marvellous woman in accommodating herself to all kinds of circumstances; able to sleep anywhere, or to do without sleep; to eat anything that we had, or to go without food; in sun or rain, by day or night, always contented. She could hold conversation with all the

tribes we met, and we everywhere found her invaluable as an interpreter.

She had no difficulty in making herself at home with the women; and naturally they gathered round her to hear her wonderful tales of the white people who lived in her land, far away on the coast, and of all the tribes we had visited, and the countries we had seen. It was amusing on these trips to hear her speak disdainfully of the dark heathen people amongst whom we were sojourning: they were not like her people, who were now enlightened. She seemed never to be afraid, though always keeping a good look-out. On several occasions we were in rather peculiar circumstances, and had reason to suspect that things were not all right, yet Granny kept apparently calm.

Granny is good for coasting, as well as for inland travel. She is never sea-sick, and is always ready to get a fire and cook when we land.

Time wears on, and the work of past years, and the continuous listening to reading and prayer, and—when at home—the constant attendance at school and services, are seen in what we believe is a changed life in dear old Granny. She too has learned to pray, and says she does desire to love Christ—to be His alone. Her knowledge of Christ, and of His Word, is scant indeed; but looking to her change in life, and to her expressed desire, we could not but baptize her as one of the loving Saviour's own disciples. Since her baptism, her mode of life has not been inconsistent with the profession which she makes. May she live long, and see her children and their children all followers of Christ!

We conclude with the description of two natives of South Cape, who became fast friends of "Tamate" and the other missionaries.

"Upon first reaching a new station there are generally two or three men who take to you and you to them. Sometimes they are men of influence, and become great helps. They are not always the first to receive the Gospel; it more generally

happens that some unknown outsider is the first to come forward and declare for Christ and His Word. The two men I am now going to sketch, Kirikeu and Quaiani, were old when we arrived at South Cape, and being men of influence and much respected, were indeed very helpful to us in many ways. Kirikeu belonged to Suau, and Quaiani to the mainland in Catamaran Bay. The natives of this bay have had a bad name from of old, cannibals, not respecting life, and delighting in robbery. They were all thieves, and took everything they could lay their fingers on, causing us much trouble and great anxiety.

The first time we went to South Cape we anchored in the evening, and in the morning were surrounded with canoes full of noisy natives, who came on board and made themselves quite at home. One old man, who seemed to think he had a right to go everywhere in our schooner, found his way aft and made friends with Tamate Vaine (Mrs. Chalmers). He wore round his neck a string of bones, and offered these as a mark of friendship, but they were not accepted. From these bones he was called ever after 'Bag o' Bones,' and for a long time was known by no other name. His real name was Kirikeu. When he knew that we wished to stay and build, he was very anxious we should live near him; and on our deciding for his village he was perfectly satisfied, and then, I now believe, became our real friend, resolved to help us in every possible way. The strip of land now belonging to the London Missionary Society was bought from him and paid in trade. Remembering the many things said against missionaries cheating the natives in land purchases, I determined to pay for all land bought for mission use what I considered a fair price, so that in future it might not be said we had out-reached the natives. I paid at the rate of thirty shillings per acre—a good price, I think, for unused land. The old man and his friends were highly delighted, and now he looked upon us as his children. When we were in great danger, surrounded by a painted and armed crowd while

living in Mannegu's house, the old man was in the bush. On hearing what was taking place he hurried in, advising me to accede to the demands; but on finding I would not yield, he got the chief to lead his party away into the bush. The old man returned home, asking me for something, to which I answered, 'No, no; never to threats.' He left, and after some time came and sat by us until late at night.

He was the great talker of the village, and at night, or very early in the morning, would get on to his platform when all were asleep or near it, and express his thoughts on things general or particular. That is very common throughout this part of New Guinea. Pent-up wrath often explodes on the platform. Hunters returning unsuccessful from the chase let forth on the sorcerers and evil spirits. Fishermen, after a weary day or night trying the net in many places, but 'catching nothing,' will, in the weary, sleepy native hour between eight and nine at night, pour forth their fulminations of wrath. They may contain themselves till the morning, but when the morning star has climbed the near hills they begin, and continue until light has spread itself like a gauzy garment over all nature. Then wrath is gone, and they hope for more success in future. Our old friend was great at this work.

When we were passing through what we called the Mayri troubles, he was our adviser as to where we should go and what we should do; and I believe *now* he used his influence for our preservation. During that time he always came to us armed with a large knife, assuring us that he and his son would defend us with their lives. He often came looking anxious, and besought us to keep a good look-out and not go far away. On the day of the burial of a native who had been shot, when great crowds were about our house, he would not go to the meeting, but remained by us all day, taking an occasional walk round in the bush. Knowing that sorcerers were being employed to pray us or exorcise us dead, he employed two old sorcerers from the mainland to

use their powers on our behalf. Quaiani was one of them, and was considered one of the best sorcerers in that part. Having faith in the latter as a chief, and knowing him to be a man of influence, when he visited us on the day of the funeral, at the request of Kirikeu, I gave him a present. On the morning when, worn out with anxiety and with the constant threats of the natives, I invited them to attack us, saying that we should defend ourselves, he was one of those I detained in the house to see the preparations for defence, and he it was who returned to report progress and tell us it was peace.

Some time after, when opening a box, I brought out a bag of peas; Kirikeu was assisting me: he thought they were shot, and at once left to inform them in the village that we were terribly armed, and they must be careful. When he returned in the afternoon I spoke sharply to him; but he thought them shot until he saw them boiled and eaten. Our tinned meat he, with other natives, believed to be man; and long after our arrival would he shake his head incredulously when we would try to assure him it was poro (pig). He came to me once in great trouble. A chief came to the house one morning, and was very troublesome, saying, 'You are useless as a chief, having no arms; wherever you go, you are unarmed.' I told them I was a man of peace, had come to preach peace, but if necessary should defend myself. I brought out two bottles—one containing sulphuric acid and the other muriatic acid. I poured a little of each on the ground close by him; the fumes went into his face. Frightened, he started and ran, I believe, quicker than he ever did before; he got to Mannegu's house, and complained of being ill, assuring them that I had killed him. There was great consternation, and the old man came to inquire and beg of me to remove the evil influence. I told him it was all right, that nothing would happen. He was quite satisfied, and left. A fortnight after the chief returned, wishing to make friends.

As time wore on it became evident my old friend was very jealous of the attention shown to Quaiani; and once

when the latter came to see us and was in the house, Kirikeu rushed down to the beach and began breaking the canoe. I ran down and dragged him away; he was in a terrible passion. We were house-building at the time. I stopped the work, and told the people unless I was allowed to have my friends come and see me unmolested I must leave. They insisted on the old man giving compensation to me; and knowing well it was a native custom, when he came with his armlets I accepted them, saying I was sorry for what had happened, and hoped we should have no repetition of it. In the afternoon our whole party went to him on his platform, where he sat very disconsolate, and presented him with things he liked much. Now all was right, and we became good friends again. He accompanied me once down the coast, introducing me as his son to many of his friends. On the night of our return he helped to exorcise the wind. One boy becoming ill, he assured me that he was inwardly speared by some power! Sitting enjoying an evening pipe with friends, we were astonished to hear our old friend beginning one of his wrathful harangues. Curiosity brought us out to see and hear him. He was on high pitch, and laying forth with great energy.

‘Kirikeu, what is the matter, and why are you so angry?’

‘Have you not heard what a Bonorua woman has done?’

‘No! what is it?’

‘She dug up her buried husband to feed her friends who came to condole with her, she having no pig.’

‘And what of that? it is only what you all do—eat human flesh.’

‘What? Who can let such be done? When I die, my wife might do the same with me. No; the whole crowd of women must go, go for ever. There, they can take these canoes; let them be gone before morning, or they will be killed. Will you have them? Take the whole crowd, and never return.’

A woman challenged the old man, and marched up and

down in front, telling him to be quiet as long as he eat human flesh. It looked serious for that woman, as he threatened to come down to her.

On hearing of Tamate Vaine's (Mrs. Chalmers') death, the old man cried bitterly.

I left them for a long time, and then returned to find my good old friend in great trouble: he had lost his only son—a man thirty-five years old. Instead of painting his body black, he had got on old clothes given him by the teacher, but I would certainly have preferred him in his native mourning. He attended all services in the teacher's house, and was never absent from services in the chapel. Everywhere he advised the natives to give up cannibalism, and spoke on behalf of peace. When some of our teachers were poisoned at Isiuisu, he advised the teachers on no account to accept of cooked food from the people, and be careful who went for water. On recalling the past, I cannot but feel thankful for so good a friend in those early days; may he receive the light, and be made free!

Quaiani was a different man; much more likeable, very much more excitable, but not so determined. I could not think him guilty of doing much killing; but Kirikeu would glory in nothing so much as those he killed, and the more the merrier. Quaiani was the first to listen to my proposals of peace between the natives of Catamaran Bay, including Suau and Tepauri and Garihi. He gave tocas to the Suau friends of Tepauri, and asked them to negotiate for peace. Wherever he went he might be seen with cassowary feathers hanging down behind from his arms and on his head. He attended all native feasts, and was considered a great dancer, and all round that region he was very much respected.

When I first visited him in his own village of Varauru, he presented me with taro, yams, and sugar-cane, and a dog that he wished to have slain at once; but I objected, not desiring to have to eat any of it. My not doing so, if

once it were cooked, would annoy him. He brought me all his friends, and it was through him I got to know natives from all about Cloudy Mountain and the ranges extending to the west and east. On my first long walk in New Guinea, when accompanied by Mr. Chester, Quaiani was our guide, introducer, and interpreter. When we reached Vagavaga, the village in Possession Bay, he resigned us entirely into the hands of the chiefs, saying, 'I have done, I have led you safely over; now your friends will look after you;' and assuredly he did leave us. He was much pleased with the presents he and his people received. He has never made any profession of caring anything about the Gospel, but has remained a good friend of the mission right through. It is strange that two men so very unlike should have become our fast friends."

No one can read these passages from the book of Mr. Chalmers without being deeply interested in the author, and in the success of his work in New Guinea. In enterprise, endurance, perseverance, and all excellence as an explorer and traveller, we are often reminded of Livingstone, whom he also resembles in his Christian heroism, and in his love for the people to whose advancement he has devoted his life.

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS FROM CASTLE CORNET, GUERNSEY.

EVERY visitor to Guernsey carries away a vivid impression of Castle Cornet, whose bold and massive structure first arrests the eye on approaching St. Peter's Port from the sea, and whose grandly picturesque outline it is a constant delight to behold. This island fortress is as interesting in its history as it is beautiful in its appearance. Some say that the Romans, by whom Guernsey was occupied as a station under the name of Sarnia, first fortified this rocky islet.

Others say that no traces remain of any permanent fortifications before the middle of the twelfth century, when Rudolf de Valmont, A.D. 1145, was sent over by Henry II. to hold the island during his conflict with Stephen. The name of Castle Cornet does not appear in records before the year 1327, in the reign of Edward III. Although thus obscure in its origin, the Castle has had a history, with not a few notable incidents.

From the earliest epochs of navigation and commerce, the seas between Gaul and Britain, especially around what are now known as the Channel Islands, were infested by pirates. In after-times these sea rovers and robbers came from afar, from Spain and the coast of the Mediterranean. The people of the islands were themselves a lawless set for the most part, and their descendants, down to very recent times, were a race famed for smuggling and for any rough adventure. But there were also peaceable rural folk, who cultivated the land and engaged in lawful trade. To these the fortress of Castle Cornet, when the epoch of settled government came, under the Norman dukes and the English kings, was a stronghold of refuge and a place of protection.

In 1372, five years before the death of Edward III., Sir Evan of Wales, an adventurer of princely descent, in the service of the King of France, made a descent on Guernsey from Harfleur, with a force of between 3,000 and 4,000 men. Froissart's Chronicle gives details of the invasion, and a curious narrative of the expedition remains in an old metrical French ballad. Froissart relates that Evan "laid siege to Cornet Castle, and made several assaults, but the Castle was strong, and well provided with good artillery, so that it was not easy to be won." By order of the King of France, Evan raised the siege, and soon after left the island, which had been in his power for many months. This is the last successful invasion of Guernsey, although the island has often been threatened by the French in later times. There were frequent descents, however, of lawless pirates and sea robbers down to the last century.

It is not our purpose to give detailed account of the many

events associated with the history of Castle Cornet. We confine ourselves to one notable incident, at the beginning of the civil war of the seventeenth century. When Charles I., by his tyrannical and unconstitutional proceedings, had roused the better part of the nation to resistance and rebellion, Guernsey declared itself on the side of the Parliament. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Peter Osborne, remained true to the king, and, in the island fortress of Castle Cornet, defied the hostility of the town of St. Peter's Port. There were ample stores of provisions, and a well of good water existed on the rock.

The English Parliament felt the importance of getting the command of the Channel Islands, and appointed five commissioners to go to Guernsey to see about the reduction of Castle Cornet. The commission was signed by men well known in those times, including Lord Saye and Sele, Bolingbroke, John Pym, and Henry Marten, the regicide. Sir Peter Osborne put off the Commissioners by evasive replies to their messages. Presently there arrived at St. Peter's Port, with his ship from Dartmouth, a Captain Bowden, supposed to be on the side of the Parliament, but in heart a Royalist. He arranged a treacherous plot, by which three of the Commissioners, Peter de Beauvoir, James Carey, and Peter de Haviland, were invited to a conference with the Governor in the Castle. Here they were seized, closely imprisoned, and treated with great hardship and contumely.

Ten days after their incarceration, Mr. de Haviland proposed that they should make an attempt to escape through the window of their room by aid of the cotton, allowed for them to rest on, being twisted into ropes. While thus employed, the porter, for greater security, put a strong iron grating, through which it was impossible to force a way. As they were able to get their heads through, they managed to get sufficient purchase to bend the iron so as to open a way of egress. They next began to cut through the floor with their knives. At this they worked some hours each day, one keeping watch while the others laboured. In four days they

finished cutting, replacing the boards so exactly that the keeper did not perceive any alteration when he brought their meals. On the same day they made two small holes in the plastering to see if they had cut directly over that part of the lower room where the cotton was stored ; the result was satisfactory. In half an hour afterwards the porter and several soldiers opened the door of the lower apartment, which greatly alarmed the prisoners, lest the holes made in the plastering, some particles of which had fallen down, should be detected ; fortunately no alarm was excited.

They next proceeded to draw up from the lower room bundles of the old cotton, part of which was sound and the remainder rotten. They effected this by cutting off a slip of soft deal board, which was nailed to the head of a bedstead, and fixing to the end of it a tenter-hook which they found in the room. They hid the cotton under their bedsteads till after supper, when they commenced twisting it into ropes. The first they made of three coils, and about twenty fathoms long, and was to be used in descending from the window to the base of the dungeon ; the second, of two coils, and ten fathoms long, was to be used for dropping down the first wall ; the third, also of two coils, was for the descent down the last wall.

When these ropes were completed, they united in prayer for the Divine protection in attempting their hazardous experiment. But the extreme stillness of the night rendered the attempt imprudent. The atmosphere was also so clear that the prisoners could see the sentinels in every direction. The tide now began to rise, which at low water leaves the space between the Castle and the mainland dry. So they concealed the rope under their beds and went to sleep, not without great regret, and with fear lest anyone might again enter the lower room and discover that the cotton had been removed. But Providence willed it otherwise. On the following night they entertained sanguine hopes of carrying out their design, but it was as calm and as clear as the preceding night, and therefore equally unfavourable for their purpose.

At length a very dark night encouraged them to prepare for the attempt. Again they were doomed to disappointment. On a sudden the porter awoke the soldiers, and doubled the guard, as he expected M. de Saumarez and two captains of the king's ships stationed at Pereche to arrive that night at the Castle. At the half-moon battery, under the window of the prisoners, he placed some soldiers, close to where they would have been obliged to pass. These arrangements destroyed all hope of escape at that time.

On the following morning the weather was very stormy. At 10 a.m. the two ships of the king approached the Castle. M. de Saumarez, who embarked in one of their boats, arrived about noon at the fortress, where he was joyfully received and saluted by the loud acclamations of the troops, who hoped by the aid of these ships to gain possession of the island. The prisoners themselves entertained the same opinion, on account of the great dissensions which they knew to prevail among the inhabitants. Mr. de Beauvoir, nevertheless, proposed to attempt to escape by the lower gate; but the proposal was not at once accepted, the difficulties appearing insurmountable. After dinner they plucked up courage to make the attempt. Taking the ropes from under their beds, they fastened one to a pillar in the middle of the room; they then passed an end through the aperture they had made in the floor, and slid down into the lower room, where they listened and heard the tramp of soldiers all around them. They were not, however, discouraged by this. Mr. de Haviland took up a bar of iron, and began to bend the cramp of the lock which secured the door. This was done at the moment the bells of the town church had ceased to ring for evening prayers. Mr. de Beauvoir, going out to look over the wall to see if any person was on the platform of the tower, called Carey Tower, observed their keeper, Nicolas Stinquer, approaching, his eyes fixed on the ground, which circumstance made them all retreat to their hole, and having remained there a quarter of an hour they again sallied forth. Finding the road free, they ran to the first cannon facing

the west, where they fastened the rope. Mr. de Beauvoir was the first to descend, and he perceived three persons beneath who were on guard. This compelled them at once to detach the rope. Mr. de Beauvoir and Mr. de Haviland now deemed it prudent to return to their room, but Mr. Carey would not consent, and induced them to go to the south side of Carey Tower, from whence they descended the first and second wall, the guards who had been stationed there having fortunately quitted their post, and retired to a drinking and smoking room adjoining the garden of the porter.

Having cleared the second wall, they ran along the sea side without anyone challenging them. When they had reached about the passage of the neck of the Castle, John Chamberlain, who was at his post, saw them, and instantly gave the alarm, crying out, "Fire, fire! the prisoners are escaping." Immediately the cannon were discharged, some with heavy balls, others with grape shot, which fell around the fugitives, but providentially without striking them. At slow pace—for the swampy and adhesive nature of the ground would not allow of their running swiftly—they reached the steps of the south pier, where being recognized, the news of their deliverance was carried to the church, and the whole congregation rushed out to congratulate them on their miraculous escape.

It is particularly remarkable that the sentinels, posted both at the south-east and south point of the Castle, had quitted their guard just before the prisoners lowered themselves down, and had gone to join the sentinels stationed at the west. But for this the escape would have been impossible. Moreover, as they ran along the platform of the tower, they were seen by a young Norman, who remained silent, thinking that the fugitives were friends of his, one of them his cousin. Nor is it the least curious fact, that when they were first seen on the Castle beach the guns missed fire six times, which allowed them time to reach the mainland. It was fortunate they escaped when they did, for Captain Sippins, who also contrived to make his escape, declared that he afterwards was told on

oath by Mr. Amias Andros that in another hour they were to be hanged, an order to that effect being brought by himself from the king. Other persons heard Andros make this statement, and he was believed as being a zealous and faithful adherent of the king. It was altogether a wonderful and providential escape.

It may be here added that under successive governors the fortress held out for nine full years, and was not reduced till the year 1651, when the great Admiral Blake was sent, with a large naval and military force, to bring the islands to complete submission to the English Commonwealth. The capitulation did not take place till December 15th, 1651, and so Castle Cornet boasts of being the last place in the kingdom that held out for the Crown. Fort Elizabeth in Jersey had already surrendered. Cromwell's decisive battle of Worcester was fought on September 3rd of the same year, 1651.

In 1672, on December 29th, Cornet Castle was struck by lightning, a great storm then raging, with the wind blowing hard at south-west. The powder magazine, the door of which faced the point, was blown up. The Governor, Lord Viscount Hatton, had a marvellous escape. He was sleeping in a small house, and was carried by the explosion as far as the battlements of a wall overhanging the sea. He was awakened in that position, to which he must have been swiftly carried, by a shower of hail battering on his face. His mother, Dowager Lady Hatton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, and most of the servants, were buried under the ruins of a larger house in the Castle. A nurse was found dead with the Governor's second daughter in her lap, and holding a silver cup, which was much bruised, but the child had no hurt. Another child, an infant, was untouched in a cradle, while the nurse was killed by the falling rubbish. Two of Lady Hatton's sisters had a still more wonderful escape. A beam fell near them in such a way that, though they were close together, they could not get near each other after the fall of the beam, and they were both rescued in safety through a

360 *Escape of Prisoners from Castle Cornet.*

hole made in a partition wall. The events of that night made a deep impression, and a solemn fast was ordered by the Court of the Island to be held on January 15th, 1673.

In 1850 it was in contemplation to demolish the earliest fortifications of Castle Cornet, so as to adapt the site to the requirements of modern warfare. Mr. Martin F. Tupper, with his family, was at the time on a visit to the island, which was the birthplace of his father and ancestors since 1592. The vandalism of the proposal roused the patriotism and poetry of Mr. Tupper, and, with happy inspiration, he invoked the "Clameur de Haro," the well-known traditional appeal against any threatened injustice or wrongdoing. The enthusiastic poet saved Castle Cornet from demolition, and deserves the praise and thanks of all lovers of ancient histories and picturesque antiquities :—

"Haro, Haro ! à l'aide, mon Prince !
 A loyal people calls ;
 Bring out Duke Rollo's Norman lance
 To stay destruction's fell advance
 Against the Castle's walls.
 Haro, Haro ! à l'aide, ma Reine !
 Thy duteous children not in vain
 Plead for old Cornet yet again,
 To spare it, ere it falls !

* * * * *

"Nine years old Cornet for the throne
 Against rebellion stood alone —
 And honoured still shall stand,
 For heroism so sublime,
 A relic of the olden time,
 Renowned in Guernsey prose and rhyme,
 The glory of her land.

"Ay—let your science scheme and plan
 With better skill than so ;
 Touch not this dear old barbican,
 Nor dare to lay it low !
 On Vazon's ill-protected bay
 Build and blow up as best ye may,

And do your worst to scare away
Some visionary foe ;
But if in brute and blundering power
You tear down Cornet's granite tower,
Defeat, and scorn, and shame, that hour
Shall 'whelm you like an arrowy shower.
Haro ! à l'aide, Haro ! ”

The appeal was successful, and Castle Cornet remains as a picturesque memorial of historic times.

A NOBLE RECORD: ADMIRAL LORD DE SAUMAREZ.

IN St. Peter's Church, Guernsey, a memorial tablet records the services, in war and peace, of one of the illustrious natives of the island, of whom all Englishmen are proud. The inscription runs thus :—

“ Sacred to the memory of the Right Hon. JAMES SAUMAREZ, Lord de Saumarez ; Admiral of the Red, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Order of the Sword of Sweden, General of Marines, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, a Baronet, and D.C.L. of the University of Oxford. Born 4th March, 1757, he entered the naval service in 1770, was made a Lieutenant 1776 by Sir Peter Parker, after the memorable attack on Fort Sullivan ; served in that rank in the *Fortitude*, bearing the flag of Sir Hyde Parker in the action off the Dogger Bank, 4th August, 1781, and on that occasion was made a Commander. The 7th February following he obtained the Command of the *Russell*, 74 guns, with the rank of Post Captain, and in that ship bore a distinguished share in Lord Rodney's victory 18th April, 1783. At the commencement of the war with France in 1793 he captured, in the *Crescent* frigate off Cherbourg, the French frigate *La Réunion*. In 1794 he beat off by skill and consummate bravery a French squadron of very superior force, on the

shores of this island, and in sight of his admiring countrymen. In 1795 he was Captain of the *Orion*, of 74 guns, in Lord Bridport's victory off Cape La Hogue, and took a prominent part in that of Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, 14th February, 1797. He was second in command to Sir Horatio Nelson in the glorious battle of the Nile, 1st August, 1798. He was made a Rear Admiral 1st January, 1801, and, being entrusted with the command of a separate squadron, he had on the 8th July a severe engagement with a detachment of French ships and batteries in the Bay of Algesiras, and refitting with unparalleled expedition, he again on the 12th attacked the enemy, now increased to double his own force, when he captured a 74 gun ship and destroyed two first-rates. For this achievement he received the thanks of parliament, being the fifth time that honour had been conferred upon him. In 1803 he was appointed to command the naval force stationed for the defence of the Channel Islands, and in December 1806 he was specially raised to the rank of Vice-Admiral to enable him to command the Channel Fleet. In the absence of Earl St. Vincent, in 1808, he hoisted his flag as Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic Fleet, which appointment he held five years ; his firm but conciliatory measures at this crisis were mainly instrumental in detaching the northern powers from the domination of France, and thus materially conduced to the restoration of peace. He held the command at Plymouth from 1824 to 1827, and in 1831 was created a peer of the United Kingdom.

To a loftiness of character, which indicated him born to command, was united a benignity of spirit and an urbanity of demeanour which ensured him universal love, esteem, and veneration, both in the public and private relations of life. His zeal for the welfare of his country was surpassed only by devotion to his God. He exhibited in his whole life the example of an earnest Christian, striving to further the will of his Divine Master. Great as his deeds were in life, his greatest triumph was reserved for the last conflict, in which

his Redeemer taught and enabled him to conquer. Full of years, and full of honour, and in the blessed hope of immortal glory, he resigned his spirit into the hands of his God and Saviour, on October 9th, 1836, in the 80th year of his age."

This monument was erected by his widow and four surviving children. A conspicuous obelisk was raised to his memory on a height above Port Sampson, visible from St. Peter's Port and the surrounding country. Lord de Saumarez is one of the names of which Guernsey is most justly proud.

It is seldom that a monumental tablet contains so many historical allusions, and, therefore, it may well find place in a book recording daring deeds and illustrious services; while also furnishing an example of a good as well as a great man.

JOHN BROWN OF KANSAS.

THE distinguished men who have borne the name of John Brown are numerous enough to fill a book; but there is not one of them all more worthy of remembrance and honour than the John Brown known to fame as "the liberator of Kansas and the martyr of Virginia." The freed man's song about "his body mouldering in the grave, but his spirit marching on," has gone the round of the world; and although often sung with levity by those who knew not the man nor cared for the cause for which he died, there is a martial and heroic ring about the words which stirs the blood in noble natures. No wonder that the black regiments in the civil war were inspired by the music of this their favourite march! When the poet Wordsworth addressed the fallen negro patriot, Toussaint L'Ouverture, in his French dungeon, he described the state of John Brown of Kansas when in the hands of his relentless foes, the slavery supporters of the southern states.

“Live and take comfort ! Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee—air, earth, and skies.
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast grand allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies !
And love and man's unconquerable mind.”

He perished in the good cause on the side of which he threw his energies, and the name of John Brown of Kansas will live in history among the noblest martyrs of liberty.

A memoir of John Brown, by his friend F. B. Sanborn, containing a full narrative of his life, with numerous letters and other papers, has been published by S. Low & Co. To this book the reader is referred for the story of his life, and for illustrations of his character. Our present object is only to give a brief account of the last daring enterprise in which he was engaged, and in carrying out which he was taken prisoner, and killed by the slavery party.

The struggle had been long and fierce in Kansas territory between the supporters and the foes of slavery, and it was of mighty importance that Kansas, when it reached the required amount of population, as it was rapidly doing, should enter the Union as one of the “free” states. The previous events of the struggle it is not necessary to relate. It was when Brown appeared on the scene that the crisis drew near.

After the cession of Louisiana, which brought with it to the United States all the region then known as “the Missouri Territory,” including Kansas, the slave-holding party used every effort to check the progress of freedom in these newly acquired regions. The “Missouri Compromise” was held to be a triumph by this party. William Pinkney, of Maryland, and Henry Clay, of Kentucky, were the statesmen who mainly carried this “compromise,” by which it was arranged that Missouri territory should come into the union as a slave state, upon the condition that all the northern territory should be given up to freedom. When Kansas was first opened up to colonisation, the attention of politicians was anxiously turned

to the new territory, which, along with Nebraska, was rapidly being populated. Not only the leading politicians of the south, but treacherous time-serving statesmen in the northern states, such as Pierce, Buchanan, Cass, and Douglas, laboured to force slavery upon Kansas. A new slave state was wanted, in order to neutralise California, which had excluded slavery. It was the excitement of this conflict between the slave and the free party which led John Brown to throw himself into the struggle. His hatred of slavery had been a passion from early life. As early as 1837, the year of the accession of our Queen Victoria, he had come to the conclusion that by force alone could slavery be put down. He was then thirty-seven years of age, being born in Connecticut in May 1800. He was a descendant of one of the pilgrim fathers who came to New England in the *Mayflower*, and the spirit of old English freedom was strong in his soul. He watched with indignation the successive schemes and compromises by which the leading politicians sought to postpone the terrible conflict which he foresaw must come sooner or later. The passing of the Fugitive Slave Act, by which the free states undertook to hand over escaped slaves to their owners, stretched his patience to the end. To think of men like Webster and Clay stooping to such infamy! He then began to organise bands to assist the captives fleeing from their oppressors, and many a fugitive slave, when he was a resident in the forests of Adirondac, was sheltered and saved by Brown and his rescuing bands. But we pass on to the closing scene of this heroic life.

Harper's Ferry, so named from an Englishman who obtained a grant of it from Lord Fairfax, the friend of Washington, is a spot wellknown to all travellers in the region of the Shenandoah and the Potomac rivers, and the mountains and valleys of Virginia and Maryland. It is said that Washington selected this ferry in 1794 as the site of the national armoury. It was to surprise and capture this post that John Brown started, with eighteen daring companions, on the night of October 16th, 1859.

It was a cold dark night. At the door of a farm-house a

horse and waggon, with some pikes, a sledge-hammer, and a crowbar, was waiting. Brown put on his old Kansas cap, mounted the waggon, and said, "Come, boys!" at the same time driving the waggon down the rude lane into the main road. His men followed on foot, two and two, Charles Tidd, a Maine farmer, and John Cook taking the lead. At a proper time these were sent forward to tear down the telegraph wires on the Maryland side of the Potomac. The other couples walked at some distance apart, and in silence, making no display of arms. Now and then some of them rode beside Brown. When overtaken by any one, the rear couple were to detain the stranger until the party had passed on or concealed themselves, and the same order was given if they were met by any one.

The road was unfrequented that night, and they passed down through the woods to the bridge across the Potomac without delay or adventure.

Upon entering the covered bridge they halted and fastened their cartridge boxes, with forty rounds of ammunition, outside their coats, and brought their rifles into view. As they approached the Virginia side the watchman who patrolled the bridge met them, and was arrested by two of the party, who took him to the armoury gate, leaving two others to guard the bridge. The rest of the company proceeded with Brown, in his waggon or on foot, to the armoury gate, which was at a short distance from the Virginia end of the bridge. There they halted at about half-past ten o'clock, broke open the gate with the crowbar, brought in the waggon, rushed inside the armoury gate, and the other fourteen men were sent to different parts of the village. Oliver Brown and William Thompson guarded the bridge over the Shenandoah, and there arrested a few prisoners. Two others went up the Shenandoah banks, about half a mile to that part of the armoury called "the rifle works," where the watchmen were seized, and the building occupied. All this was done quietly and without the snapping of a gun; and before midnight the whole village was in the possession of Brown and his men.

The leader then despatched six of his men on the turnpike-road towards Charleston, to bring in Colonel Washington, and some of the neighbouring residents, with their slaves.

Colonel Washington, a descendant of the great Washington, was on the military staff of the Governor of Virginia, but he took no active part in the subsequent civil war, which he survived. His widow sold George Washington's sword, and other relics, to the State of New York after the colonel's death. This sword was in the hands of John Brown during the affair of Harper's Ferry, and he promised the colonel to take special care of it, and restore it when he was released, on sending in a negro slave as a ransom. This interview with the colonel took place at about 4 a.m. Other estates were visited in Maryland, and some slaves released.

The first shot fired that night was by the guard on the bridge. They wounded mortally a negro who refused to halt when summoned, and who was taking to his heels, and might prematurely have raised an alarm. Brown had been by this time above three hours in the village. The railroad train from the west came in before 2 a.m. Some of the railroad men fired on hearing the shot by which the negro porter of the train had fallen. Before sunrise the train was allowed to proceed. Meanwhile other prisoners had been taken, and were not ill-treated, but only detained as hostages. Before long there were twice as many prisoners in the armoury yard, as the men who composed Brown's band.

Before 10 a.m. the whole surrounding country was roused, and the Virginians, officered and armed, were surrounding Brown's position, and taking measures to prevent his escape. His men urged him to retreat, but by noon it was too late. It was a great mistake not to have got to the woods or the mountains of Virginia, for he was now caught as in a trap with his little force against the gathering foes. The small number was also divided, some being with his son Owen Brown on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Before the afternoon several of the band were shot or captured, and in the evening, when

Colonel Lee arrived with a company of the United States marines, Brown was left with only six men, two of them severely wounded. Two others unwounded were in another part of the arsenal.

Captain Dangerfield, then a clerk in the armoury, who was made prisoner early in the affair, has described the state of matters on the arrival of Colonel Lee with the Government troops.

Colonel Lee at once sent a flag of truce, by his aide, Lieutenant Stuart, to notify Brown of his arrival, and to demand his surrender in the name of the United States, advising him to throw himself on the clemency of the Government. Brown refused, and resolved to await the attack. When Stuart came in, and a light was brought, he exclaimed, "Why, are you not old Osawatomie Brown of Kansas, whom I once had there as a prisoner?" "Yes," he replied, "but you did not keep me," referring to a fight and capture of a former time. "This was the first time," says Captain Dangerfield, "that we heard Brown's name, and knew who was the invader." When Stuart went out Brown said, "I know what the clemency of the Government means; it means a rope for myself and my men." He then declared that he would die the death of a soldier and a freeman. Stuart was to return to get the final reply, after reporting to Colonel Lee. Brown then barricaded the door as best he could, and arranged their guns and pistols for effective and rapid use.

When Stuart came in the morning Brown repeated his resolve not to surrender, saying, "No, I prefer to die here." The attack soon began; the door of the arsenal being forced open, Lieutenant Green, of the marines, was the first to strike Brown, hitting him several times on the head with his sword, not thrusting, but stunning him by the blows. Thus he was not killed, as he expected, but carried as a prisoner to Charleston, where he was confined in the jail, and after a fair trial was hung as a rebel against the Government.

"At this trial," says Captain Dangerfield, "I was a witness ; and I must say that I never have seen any man display more courage and fortitude than John Brown showed under the trying circumstances in which he was placed. I could not go to see him hanged. He had made me his prisoner, but had spared my life and that of other gentlemen in his power ; and when his sons were shot down beside him, almost any other man similarly placed would at least have exacted life for life."

This Colonel Lee was the same who afterwards was the illustrious leader of the confederate armies in the civil war, and who surrendered to General Grant at Richmond, in April 1865. In 1859 he was high in command under General Scott in the United States army. A year before his death General Lee told John Leyburne at Baltimore, that he had never been an advocate of slavery, that he had freed most of his own slaves before the war, and that he rejoiced when slavery was abolished. "I would have cheerfully lost," he said, "all I have lost by the war, and have suffered all I have suffered, to have this object attained." It was loyalty to what he believed the constitutional upholding of State's rights against the central government that moved him to take arms. He loved Virginia, and fought in its defence. Possibly a conference of soldiers as noble as Lee and Grant, apart from the politicians, might have found a way of avoiding the most terrible war of modern times. But it seems to have been otherwise appointed by the Divine decree. The accumulated wrongs of generations, in which the north was guilty as well as the south, were only to be washed out by blood. Brown often expressed his belief that the crime of slavery, sanctioned by the nation, could never be expiated but by terrible national judgments.

In his last speech, when allowed to say a few words after his conviction, he said, "If it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are

disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit; so let it be done! Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received at my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first that I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel, or to raise any general insurrection. I have always discouraged any idea of that kind. But I have done what I could in behalf of God's despised poor, and what I have so done I believe to be not wrong but right."

The truth is that he was too good and too humane a man to become a successful leader of rebellion, still less the director of a servile insurrection. He believed that by force alone could slavery be destroyed, yet he shrank from the shedding of blood required for the deliverance. Hence the feeble conclusion of the daring attempt at Harper's Ferry. A sterner man would have prepared beforehand for arming the slaves, and gathering a strong force of abolitionists, to take advantage of the capture of the armoury and arsenal. The personal effort failed, but the story of it spread abroad, and roused men to larger plans and more decisive deeds in the cause of freedom.

Very touching are the letters written by Brown during his imprisonment, and before his execution. To his surviving children he wrote in noble strains. To his younger children he wrote: "That you are well and cheerful is the greatest comfort I can have, except it be to know that you are all Christians. God in mercy grant it may be so! This is what you all will certainly need. When and in what form death may come is but of small moment. I feel just as content to die for God's eternal truth, and for suffering humanity, on the scaffold as in any other way; and I do not say this from any disposition to 'brave it out.' No, I would readily own my wrong were I the least convinced of it. I have been here confined

for more than a month, with good opportunity to look at the whole thing, 'fair in the face,' and I feel grateful that I am counted in the least possible degree worthy to suffer for the truth. This life is intended as a season of training, chastisement, temptation, affliction, trial, and the righteous shall come out of it all. Oh, my dear children, let me again entreat you to choose the better part. 'Godliness with contentment is great gain, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'"

The last letters to his friends, his sisters, his wife, no generous heart can read without emotion, and without hearty love and admiration of the man. He may be deemed fanatic or fool by the world, but in the roll of eternal fame his name is written, and his spirit marches on in the Great Republic, where all men are now free, and where the strife of the terrible war is now replaced by peace and goodwill. In recalling the records of those times, we say, "All honour to the name and the memory of John Brown of Kansas!"

THE BATTLE OF KAMNITZ, AND THE STORY OF ZISKA THE PATRIOT OF BOHEMIA.

THE battle of Kamnitz is not one of the famous fights in the annals of war. To many readers the name itself may be new. No historian or poet has made this battle familiar, as has been done with many a victory less worthy of renown and of remembrance. Yet it was one of the most decisive, and its results the most important in the age when it took place; and the victor in the fight, John de Trocsnow, better known among his Bohemian countrymen as John Ziska (or Ziska), was one of the grandest heroes and noblest patriots of any land or time.

John de Trocsnow was a gallant soldier of a noble family

in Bohemia, who had distinguished himself in the wars with the Turks; and having lost an eye in the service, was generally known by the name of Zisca, which signifies *one-eyed* in the Bohemian language. He was universally loved by the soldiers and the people, and was a great favourite with the king of Bohemia, Wenceslas, whose chamberlain and chief counsellor he was. Wenceslas was not a king of much dignity, or worthy of much honour, being of coarse and sensual character, and delighting in brutal practical jokes, one of which was his keeping a dog which had been taught to bite any one, young or old, to whom his master pointed with his finger. Other worse cruelties are recorded of him, and the only redeeming point, apart from his being a jovial boon companion, was his retaining respect and affection for his faithful chamberlain, John Zisca.

One day, in 1418, shortly after the murder, or rather as rightly called the martyrdom, of John Huss and Jerome of Prague by the cruel and treacherous action of the emperor and the prelates at the Council of Constance, Zisca was pacing to and fro on the terrace before the king's palace. Wenceslas, from the window of his apartment, saw his chamberlain, and after watching him for some time, was struck by his strangely agitated movements and demeanour. The chamberlain's usual manner was tranquil and cheerful, but on the present occasion, as he hastily paced the terrace, with folded arms and troubled countenance, he seemed plunged in profound grief, and vexed in spirit. The king came down to see what was the matter.

Meeting his chamberlain, he saluted him with his wonted familiarity, and said, "How now, John? What are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking," replied Zisca, "of the base and disgraceful affront put upon your Majesty and upon our country by the proceedings at Constance."

"You refer to the execution of Huss, I suppose?" said the king.

"Execution! call it not execution, sire," answered the chamberlain. "It was a cruel and treacherous murder. One of the noblest and best of Bohemia's sons to be decoyed to their den at Constance under the false promise and pretended safe-conduct of that priest-ridden Sigismund; baited and bullied before a council, not one member of which could be compared with him in sacred learning or orthodoxy, and, notwithstanding the protest and remonstrance of our nobles, to be dragged on a hurdle to the stake! What true-hearted Bohemian can hear of so foul a deed in cool blood?"

The careless and indolent king could not help being moved by the earnest and vehement words of his chamberlain.

"Well, Ziska, what would you have us to do?" said the king. "The University of Prague has protested against the deed to the world; we have appointed the day of his death, or martyrdom as you call it, to be observed as an annual fast, and have ordered medals to be struck in honour of his memory."

"True," returned Ziska, "but the wrong-doing has been repeated, and a second insult put upon our nation. One victim was not enough for these bloodthirsty and cruel persecutors. They seized on the venerable and gentle Jerome also, and after starving the good old man, and goading him almost to insanity by inhuman treatment, they compelled him to repeat words which they chose to dictate, and boasted of his recantation. They then threw him again into his dungeon-prison. There, in his solitary meditation, the spirit of the enfeebled old man revived, and the fire of his faith was rekindled. When again brought before the council, he spoke words of truth, and defied the malice of his foes, thirsting for his blood. Then they cried, 'Away with him!' and they hurried him to the place of execution, which strangely bore the name of *Paradise*, and there they burnt him on the pile, yet charred and steeped with the blood of the noble John Huss. Ah! but the true old Slavonian rose above their poor tyranny, and he died with

more than the heroism of an ancient Roman. Methinks I see him standing undaunted at the stake, and hear him singing our hymns; and when the executioner would have set light to the pile at his back, the old man shouted to him, 'Light it before my face; had I the least fear of death, I should not be standing here!'"

The king was struck dumb by the burning words and impetuous manner of Zisca, to whom he had listened with patience, but without showing any sign of emotion. After a little he said, "I fear, Zisca, it is not in my power, nor in yours, to avenge these deeds."

"It is in mine," was the reply, "if your Majesty says the word."

"Well," said Wenceslas, with more earnestness than he had ever shown in any other matter of importance, "if you know of any way of avenging these wrongs, you may try it."

This word was enough for Zisca. He soon had seen and taken counsel with his most trusty comrades, and in a short time a plan was concerted for effecting the liberation of their country from the oppression of the clergy, and for doing something to wipe out the insult done to their land and their nation by the murder of John Huss and Jerome of Prague.

The priests soon discovered that some enterprise, hostile to their abused power, was on foot. Sinister rumours were made to reach the ears of the king. Some of the leaders of the plot expressed doubt as to the sincerity of the king, in the words reported to them by Zisca. It was said that a royal ordinance was to be issued for a general disarmament. Zisca, on hearing this—for they were in deliberation at the moment—suddenly started to his feet, exclaiming, "I have long known the king; I know his temper well; come instantly, and follow me."

Inspired by Zisca's courageous words, those present accepted his leadership, and following him, they were in a few minutes standing fully armed in presence of the king.

"Your Majesty," said Zisca, in a resolute tone—"your Majesty told his servant to find a way to avenge the wrongs done to our

country. Your Majesty wishes our arms, it is said " (referring to the rumour of disarmament). " Here are our arms. What would you have us to do with them ? "

" Keep your arms, gentlemen," said the king, " and see that you use them rightly."

Such was the influence exercised over the feeble and vacillating Wenceslas by his intrepid chamberlain. The king's courage soon, however, failed him, and he was torn with anxiety after the departure of Ziska and his armed companions.

The shock given by this scene, and the perplexity caused by the intrigues of Ziska's enemies, gave the king an apoplectic fit, which ended his career, and he was succeeded by his brother, Sigismund. This monarch was cordially hated and despised by the Bohemians for his treachery towards Huss at Constance, and he showed such readiness to follow the advice of the adherents of the Romish court to put down the followers of that reformer by fire and sword, that the popular feeling was aroused, and such an impulse was given to the enterprise of Ziska, that he found himself in a very short time at the head of 40,000 men, determined to rid their country of civil as well as ecclesiastical thralldom.

The scene now changes from Prague to a rugged mountain fortress, forty miles from the capital of Bohemia. An arm of the river Moldau, winding round a craggy steep, forms it into a peninsula, accessible only on one side, where a passage scarce thirty feet broad connects it with the mainland. Here was a town, consisting of rude huts, built on the sides of the mountain, crowned by a castle on the summit, defended, on the neck of the peninsula, by deep trenches, and a wall of prodigious strength. A visitor would scarcely believe that this impregnable fortress had been but recently an unoccupied barren mountain. Such, however, was the famous Fort Tabor, so called from the Bohemian word signifying a tent. This fortress was the headquarters of Ziska and his army of Taborites.

An explanation may here be interposed as to the relations

of the Bohemian reformers to the Church of Rome and to the papacy. The followers of Huss were "reformers before the Reformation." They had, from the study of the Scriptures, been led to see the errors and corruptions of the Romish Church, and they sought to restore the early simplicity and purity of the Christian faith. As patriotic men, they also resented the tyranny of the bishops and priests. In the main, the creed of the Bohemian reformers agreed with the Confessions of the Protestant Churches of the next century, after the Reformation in Luther's time. Unfortunately, there arose controversies and dissensions among the Bohemian reformers, and their divisions so weakened their strength that the movement lost its early power, and the influence was so weakened that no general or permanent reformation of religion was accomplished. One large body of the reformers spent its strength mainly in opposing the usage of the Romish Church in denying the cup to the laity. From their position as to this point they obtained the name of Calixtines. They became bitter in their hostility to other followers of the teaching of John Huss, who opposed the Romanists on far broader ground than mere ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies. By these divisions the course of the reformation in Bohemia was prematurely checked, not, however, without having given to reformers in other lands an impulse that never was lost. Among the most precious effects of the movement in the Bohemian Church was its influence in the cause of truth and the Gospel in England. In our own lands were many adherents of John Huss, and the relations of Wycliffe to the Hussite doctrine are well known to all students of English history in those times.

But from this digression let us return to the story of Zisca in his own country. It is now the summer of 1420. The Pope Martin V., enraged by the reports received from the emissaries and agents of Rome, put the whole of Bohemia under the ban of excommunication, devoting the land and the people to desolation. The king, Sigismund, was a willing and zealous tool of the papal tyranny. He levied a powerful army,



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with which he proceeded to carry out the decree of destruction against the rebels who resisted the papal tyranny.

Ziska saw that the time had come for resolute action. From the mountain fortress of Tabor he led his followers to the field of battle. The march of the main body of troops presented a strange aspect. In the van of the army were the Hussite priests, without distinctive sacerdotal dress, but bearing in their hands the sacred chalices in the form of wooden cups, the symbols of the protest against refusing the communion in both kinds. It was an unhappy and almost ludicrous indication of the narrow spirit with which they sought to animate the defenders of true religion and real patriotism. Ziska felt this ; but he feared to rouse further the dissensions which already had weakened his power. The troops were poorly equipped for war, most of them having no better weapons than halberts and poleaxes. The music of the march was the rude chanting of psalms. The rear was brought up by women and unarmed men, with entrenching tools and appliances for the sick or wounded. At every halt preachers incited the soldiers by their harangues, something in the same strain that Cromwell's Ironsides were plied by the ministers in his camp. There was like enthusiasm among these Bohemian peasants, but not the deep piety and stern discipline of the soldiers of the English Commonwealth. After the addresses there was ostentatious administering of the Communion, the priest holding aloft the cup which symbolised their religious worship.

Ziska was no fanatic, and he was sorely annoyed by the misguided zeal and troublesome interference of his priestly followers, who even tried to dictate to him the proper time and place for engaging in battle. At length an incident occurred which gave opportunity for asserting his authority. After an altercation with some of the leading priests, he was told that, if he remained in a certain position, fire from heaven would compel his removal. The prediction was refuted by the fall of a deluge of rain. The camp rang with laughter at the discomfiture of the prophets, and Ziska, on an early occa-

sion, took advantage of the prevalent feeling. He addressed himself to the patriotic spirit of his troops. He reminded them of their Slavonian ancestry, and of the oppression to which their native land had been so long subjected. "Think," he cried, "of those who have been persecuted and cruelly murdered by the enemies of your faith, especially by those Germans who are seeking to enslave you. Imitate your Bohemian fathers, who were ever ready to defend the cause of God and their country. The hand of God is not shortened. May He strengthen and support you!"

While thus striving to sustain the spirit of his troops, the general was anxiously watching the army of Sigismund. Perceiving that they were chiefly mounted men, and being himself almost without cavalry, Zisca retreated from the open country into one of the mountain regions, where the enemy's horses were so useless that, in attacking the Hussites, the men had to dismount and fight on foot. There is a legend that, in order to increase their embarrassment, the women and camp followers strewed the ground with all sorts of woollen garments, by which the spurs of many of Sigismund's dismounted horsemen were entangled. The result of the day's fight was that Zisca gained an easy victory, and was able to form a regiment of cavalry with more than a thousand horses captured from the routed army of the king. Other encounters followed, and Zisca advancing to Prague, forced Sigismund to evacuate the city and take refuge in the castle, from which he was soon glad to escape by making a sally at midnight.

The war continued for more than a year, the king obtaining frequent reinforcements, but making little impression on the insurrection. In almost every engagement the Hussites were victorious; and at the siege of Wisgrade the flower of the German and Hungarian nobility serving under Sigismund fell before the impetuous attacks of the Bohemian troops. Sigismund was at last compelled to retire baffled and defeated, and Zisca was left sole ruler of Bohemia.

Now came the most difficult part he had to play. In

attempting to establish a better government, and to carry on a reformation in Church and State, the wild passions and unhappy dissensions of the people had full scope. Churches and other sacred edifices were ruthlessly demolished, the fury of the populace being chiefly directed against the monasteries, which were regarded as centres of vice and of oppression. The words ascribed to John Knox in Scotland might have been used by John Ziska, "Pull down the nests, and the birds will flee." We do not believe that either the Scottish or the Bohemian reformers encouraged the vandalism which they yet were powerless to restrain. But it is credibly reported that Ziska said of the monasteries, "Let us drive the hogs from their styes;" and we know that he acted up to his sternly announced resolution to hang as many monks as they had burned Hussites. The mind revolts from these scenes of mutual carnage; but it is only justice to remember that the reprisals on the part of the Bohemians were to avenge the atrocities committed on their compatriots, and were not prompted, as in the case of their foes, by cold and cruel fanaticism under the guise of religion, as when John Huss and Jerome of Prague were burnt at the stake. Poor Ziska had a troubled period of government, far worse than our own Cromwell had during his protectorate. Nothing in English politics was so foolish and perplexing as the discords and conflicts between the Hussites and Calixtines, which divided the Bohemians and destroyed all hope of a prosperous future for their country.

The threatened invasion of the land by Sigismund, now Emperor of Germany, led Ziska to hasten to the head of his army, where he was received with boundless enthusiasm, and where he felt at home far more than in the palace at Prague. The soldiers, wearied of his absence, had declared they would throw down their arms unless their old blind general was restored to them. For, strange to say, the one-eyed Ziska had lost his other eye by the wound of an arrow in one of his latest expeditions. He, nevertheless, hastened to lead the

army against the hosts that Sigismund was bringing for the subjugation of their country. The imperial troops numbered above twenty-five thousand well-armed Germans, and no less than fifteen thousand Hungarian horse. Against such a host resistance seemed hopeless, and it was only by skilful generalship, in keeping the invading host divided, and by separate attacks in various quarters, that the contest was prolonged. But at last, on January 13th, 1422, the emperor, with his forces concentrated, met the Bohemian army face to face at Kamnitz.

Every advantage, in numbers, in preparation, and choice of position, was on the side of the emperor. But Zisca set little store by the ordinary calculations of warfare. His one trust was in the goodness of his cause, and in the personal enthusiasm of his soldiers. He knew that there was not a man in his army who was not ready to dare, and do, and die, if need be, with the unbending spirit of a martyr. To get to close quarters with the foe was the chief point in his generalship. In reading of this battle, we are reminded of Nelson's famous words to the captains of his fleet, "Never mind manœuvres; go at them." Our Wellington, too, felt that all would be right when the British bayonet came into play. In those days there were no guns or firearms of any kind, but Zisca would have no bows and arrows or other missiles; "Charge home!" was always the order of the day with him. He led his troops in serried array right into the midst of the opposing force, when the trusty poleaxes soon settled the affair. It was so in the memorable battle of Kamnitz.

Zisca rode at the head of his troops, guarded, or rather guided, by a horseman on each side of him, armed with a halbert. Before the charge the troops sang a hymn, as the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus used to do in after-times, and then with cool courage awaited the signal to advance.

"Are they all ready?" asked the blind old chief.

"They are, sir."

"Then for God and our country!" cried Zisca, waving his sabre round his head.

The shock of the charge was tremendous. The imperial infantry hardly waited the assault. The cavalry, after a feeble resistance, wheeled round and fled in confusion. Great was the number of the Imperialists that fell in the short conflict and in the pursuit of the victors. In the hurry of retreat the bridge over the river Ingla, which they had to pass in their flight, was choked by the fugitives. A multitude attempted to cross the frozen river, but the ice gave way, and not fewer than two thousand perished in the water.

It was a victory so decisive that Bohemia was from that day freed from fear either of pope or emperor. Ziska returned in triumph to Prague. He was earnestly urged to assume the crown, and become the founder of a new dynasty in Bohemia. But this he resolutely refused, as our own Cromwell, whom in many points he so much resembled, did in his day of triumph.

Ziska advised his countrymen to trust no longer in kings or princes, but to establish a republic, which he deemed the kind of government most likely to secure their civil and religious liberties.

There was fighting after this in various parts of the country, where the extent of the defeat at Kamnitz was not fully known; but the patriots were everywhere successful. The emperor was at last induced to offer terms of reconciliation, and the aged chief set out from the capital to settle the terms of the treaty. On the journey, however, he was seized by the plague, which was then raging, and in 1424 he ended his days. When asked where he would have his body interred, he replied that it was all one to him whether his remains were given to the vultures or interred in the grave. The body, however, was borne to the great church of Czaslow, where a monument was erected, with this inscription :—

“ Here lies JOHN ZISKA,
who, having defended his country
against the encroachments of papal tyranny,
rests in this hallowed place, in despite of the pope.”

It is altogether a glorious, yet sad record, this story of

Zisca, the patriot of Bohemia. Had he been supported by many of the nobles and people, like-minded and like-hearted, the subsequent history of his country would have been very different from what it was. Not only was the temporal usurpation and tyranny of the pope renounced, but much of the superstition of the Romish creed was banished. Worship of images, prayers to the Virgin and Saints, auricular confession, and sacerdotal assumption of every sort, were fast disappearing before the light of the Gospel. The movement in Bohemia was almost like the dawn of a general reformation. But dark clouds gathered again, and the influence of the Hussites was greater and more lasting in other countries than their own. Luther in his day looked back with joy to that early light, as did the Wycliffites and the once despised but now honoured Lollards, who were the precursors of our own glorious reformation. It is good to recall the struggle for freedom and right in those times of Bohemian history, and to remember with perpetual honour the name of blind old Zisca.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

IN the very centre of the city of London, at the entrance of Lombard Street, close to the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, and the Bank of England, stands the church of St. Mary Woolnoth. Of the thousands to whom its conspicuous porch and towers are familiar, few comparatively are aware of the special object which gives the chief interest to the place. True, it is the parish church of the Lord Mayor, and on some occasions of official ceremony receives crowded audiences. The organ is a remarkably fine one, and the history of the church itself has some notable incidents. But the chief attraction to most who enter the building is a plain mural tablet to the memory of a former rector, who was buried in the vault beneath. The inscription was written by

himself, leaving only the date of his death to be added. The epitaph begins thus: "John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy." The record then tells that he ministered nearly sixteen years as curate and vicar of Olney, in Bucks, and twenty-eight years as rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, in the city of London. He died in his eighty-third year, on the 21st of December, 1807, and was buried on the last day of that year, a great concourse of ministers and people being present.

It is not our purpose here to say anything about his long and faithful services as a clergyman, which are recorded in books of biography, and in the Church histories of the time, and in better "books of remembrance" on high. He has left no great name as a man of learning, or genius, or eloquence, although his writings have had wide circulation, and his church was always crowded. His was the higher honour of being an earnest evangelist, a wise counsellor, and a faithful pastor and teacher. He was no common man who was the intimate friend of William Wilberforce and of Hannah More, of the Grants and the Thorntons, of Lord Dartmouth and Ambrose Searle, and of the best of the laity, as well as of the clergy of all denominations in that day. A more enduring fame is his, in having been long the companion and the comforter of the poet Cowper, and the joint author with him of the still popular and classical book of "Olney Hymns."

The years of the good man's ministry, whether in the country or in London, were uneventful, so far as outward incidents of any remarkable kind are concerned. But the early career of this "clerk in holy orders," to which reference is made in his epitaph, was marked by a succession of adventures and a variety of experiences such as has fallen to the lot of few. The genius of Defoe himself could not have

the distressed and so go away and leave it all to itself. The letter, though partly answered, is still a letter, and by itself does no business, as they say in the North. When there is still a great misunderstanding, and the heart is full of bitterness with the words which he has written.

He returned to England, and, supposing he could be pardoned for not having written any more, he wrote the letter which he had written, and so it is that the second letter is written. The third letter, however, is not sent, and it is the third and last, of which I have given the account. The fourth letter, and so on, is the fourth and last, and so on.

There were, however, many other letters, and so the fourth is that he wrote with gratitude of religion, and the fifth is the sixth letter, and so on. The sixth letter is the seventh letter, and so on. The seventh letter is the eighth letter, and so on. The eighth letter is the ninth letter, and so on. The ninth letter is the tenth letter, and so on. The tenth letter is the eleventh letter, and so on. The eleventh letter is the twelfth letter, and so on. The twelfth letter is the thirteenth letter, and so on. The thirteenth letter is the fourteenth letter, and so on. The fourteenth letter is the fifteenth letter, and so on. The fifteenth letter is the sixteenth letter, and so on. The sixteenth letter is the seventeenth letter, and so on. The seventeenth letter is the eighteenth letter, and so on. The eighteenth letter is the nineteenth letter, and so on. The nineteenth letter is the twentieth letter, and so on. The twentieth letter is the twenty-first letter, and so on. The twenty-first letter is the twenty-second letter, and so on. The twenty-second letter is the twenty-third letter, and so on. The twenty-third letter is the twenty-fourth letter, and so on. The twenty-fourth letter is the twenty-fifth letter, and so on. The twenty-fifth letter is the twenty-sixth letter, and so on. The twenty-sixth letter is the twenty-seventh letter, and so on. The twenty-seventh letter is the twenty-eighth letter, and so on. The twenty-eighth letter is the twenty-ninth letter, and so on. The twenty-ninth letter is the thirtieth letter, and so on. The thirtieth letter is the thirty-first letter, and so on. The thirty-first letter is the thirty-second letter, and so on. The thirty-second letter is the thirty-third letter, and so on. The thirty-third letter is the thirty-fourth letter, and so on. The thirty-fourth letter is the thirty-fifth letter, and so on. The thirty-fifth letter is the thirty-sixth letter, and so on. The thirty-sixth letter is the thirty-seventh letter, and so on. The thirty-seventh letter is the thirty-eighth letter, and so on. The thirty-eighth letter is the thirty-ninth letter, and so on. The thirty-ninth letter is the fortieth letter, and so on. The fortieth letter is the forty-first letter, and so on. The forty-first letter is the forty-second letter, and so on. The forty-second letter is the forty-third letter, and so on. The forty-third letter is the forty-fourth letter, and so on. The forty-fourth letter is the forty-fifth letter, and so on. The forty-fifth letter is the forty-sixth letter, and so on. The forty-sixth letter is the forty-seventh letter, and so on. The forty-seventh letter is the forty-eighth letter, and so on. The forty-eighth letter is the forty-ninth letter, and so on. The forty-ninth letter is the fiftieth letter, and so on. The fiftieth letter is the fifty-first letter, and so on. The fifty-first letter is the fifty-second letter, and so on. 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The eighty-third letter is the eighty-fourth letter, and so on. The eighty-fourth letter is the eighty-fifth letter, and so on. The eighty-fifth letter is the eighty-sixth letter, and so on. The eighty-sixth letter is the eighty-seventh letter, and so on. The eighty-seventh letter is the eighty-eighth letter, and so on. The eighty-eighth letter is the eighty-ninth letter, and so on. The eighty-ninth letter is the ninetieth letter, and so on. The ninetieth letter is the ninety-first letter, and so on. The ninety-first letter is the ninety-second letter, and so on. The ninety-second letter is the ninety-third letter, and so on. The ninety-third letter is the ninety-fourth letter, and so on. The ninety-fourth letter is the ninety-fifth letter, and so on. The ninety-fifth letter is the ninety-sixth letter, and so on. The ninety-sixth letter is the ninety-seventh letter, and so on. The ninety-seventh letter is the ninety-eighth letter, and so on. The ninety-eighth letter is the ninety-ninth letter, and so on. The ninety-ninth letter is the hundredth letter, and so on.

men deserted. He was no sooner on land than he betrayed his trust and went off himself. When within two hours' distance of his father he was discovered by a party of soldiers, brought back to his ship as a deserter, and, after being kept in irons some time, was publicly flogged, and degraded from his office. His rage was so great that he conceived the purpose of taking the life of his captain ; then, overwhelmed with despair, he was tempted to drown himself. But from this crime and shame the thought of Mary Catlett was the means of saving him. He could not bear that she should think meanly of him after he was dead. No fear of God was consciously present with him ; yet His merciful providence and abounding grace preserved the graceless reprobate.

By a singular accident his design of going to Africa instead of the West Indies was brought about. The *Harwich* was in Funchal Bay, Madeira, and the fleet was to sail on the following day. That morning he was late in bed. One of the midshipmen coming down told him to turn out. Not complying with instant haste, his hammock was cut down. Although very angry, he dared not resent it, and was soon on deck. Here he saw a man putting his clothes into a boat, saying he was going to leave the ship. On inquiry Newton learned that two able seamen from a Guinea coast ship had entered on board the *Harwich*, the Commodore ordering the captain to send two of his crew in their room. The boat was detained a few minutes, when Newton appealed to the captain to give him his discharge and to let him go in place of one of the men in the boat. The captain consented, though he had refused to do so at Plymouth, even at the request of the Admiral. In less than half an hour after he had been asleep in his hammock he was on board the Guinea trader. In a few months the captain died of fever, and the mate, who took the command, had no good feeling toward Newton, who, fearing he might be put again on board a man-of-war, determined to stay on shore at the first opportunity.

The deserter, utterly destitute, was glad to enter the service of a slave-dealer settled on one of the Plantain Islands. Here

he passed a time of terrible hardship and wretchedness. The slave-dealer's black mistress treated him with the utmost cruelty, even when he was weakened by fever. He was nearly starved to death, and in his own "Narrative" of this part of his life he tells how his hunger had compelled him to go out at night and prowls about for food. At the risk of being flogged as a thief if discovered, he used to pull up roots in the plantation, and to eat them raw on the spot. Sometimes the poor slaves in their chains pitied him, and secretly gave him some of their scanty food.

The master was absent during this time of misery, but the poor stranger's lot on his return was still more wretched, owing to the falsehoods told about him by the black demon who had been his persecutor and reviler. The details of his sufferings and of his ultimate rescue and escape form a stirring chapter of the narrative afterwards published. By a happy accident, as it was called, a strange ship hove in sight, and it turned out to be one belonging to Mr. Manesty of Liverpool, the same friend of his father who had proposed years before to send him to Jamaica. The father did not know where his son was, and supposed he was in the West Indies. He had given instructions to the captain to bring his son home if he met with him. Little did he expect to find him on the coasts of Africa.

A new succession of adventures commenced during the voyage in the new vessel. In January 1748 they started for England, but not by the direct route that steam now allows ships to take. There was a long navigation of more than seven thousand miles, including the circuits necessary to take advantage of the trade-winds, and for purposes of trade. At Newfoundland they amused themselves at the cod fisheries, and being delayed by the ship needing repairs, they had to fish for their maintenance instead of for pleasure. It was the 1st of March before they left the Banks. The ship was leaky, and the passage stormy, so that it was near the end of the month before they sighted Ireland, and were then driven by a

storm to the Hebrides, where there was narrow escape from becoming a total wreck. Not till the 8th of April did they cast anchor in Lough Swilly, in Ulster.

Newton had some wonderful personal adventures and deliverances during this voyage. Once he was awakened by a violent sea breaking over the ship. Going on deck, the captain desired him to bring a knife. While he went below for it, another sailor went up in his stead, and was immediately washed overboard. The vessel would have sunk from the quantity of water shipped, but the lightness of the cargo, much of which was wax and wood, buoyed it up, and gave time to attend to the worst of the leaks, and to abate the danger by pumping.

It was during the perils of this voyage that the prodigal and infidel Newton came to himself; and though his views were hazy, and his feeling not very deep, the mercy of his Lord and Saviour brought him afterwards to a position where he was "restored," as well as "preserved and pardoned," as his epitaph describes. We can understand what he meant when he described himself as "a servant of slaves," and point is given to the well-known anecdote of his replying to friends who urged him to cease from preaching in the feebleness of his old age—"What!" he said, "shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?" How, after leaving the sea for good and all, he obtained more peaceable official employment as tide surveyor at Liverpool, after other voyages of peril and adventure; how he married his loved Mary Catlett, and lived happily with her for many a year, till her death at a ripe age; how he came under the influence of Whitefield and the evangelists of that time; how he entered the ministry, and became famous as one of the most faithful and useful leaders of the evangelical clergy of the Church of England,—all this and more will be read in his biography with double interest by those who know the wonderful events of the early life of John Newton, the story of which is indeed "stranger than fiction."

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